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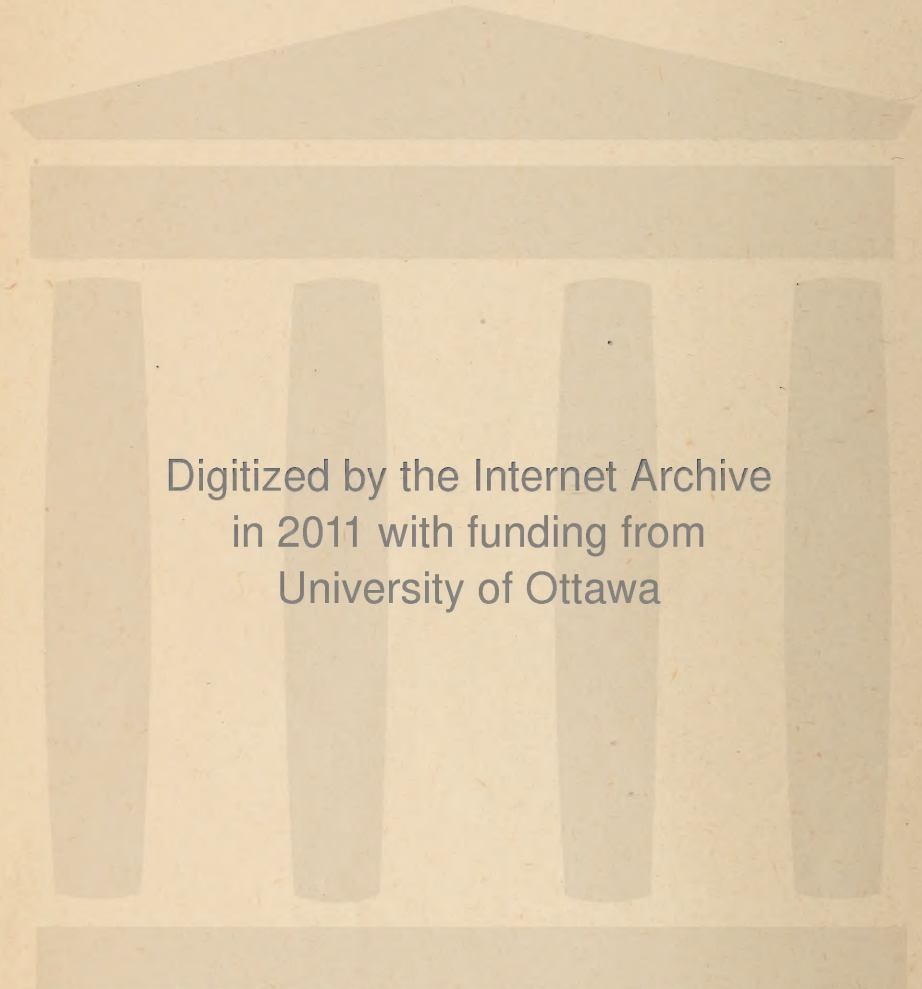
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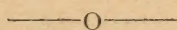
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No. I.

AUBREY DE VERE AS A SONNETEER.

AS the spoils of very many countries have gone to swell the fat national coffers of England, so numerous languages have contributed to the formation, richness and ornamentation of the verbal mosaic, which we call the English language. So far as its vocabulary goes, the English language is throughout mingled and composite. Its architectural surface is neither Doric, Ionic, nor Corinthian, but rather a mixture of all three, and much more; and it has about it, therefore, no little of that want of harmonious completeness made up of "the lines of beauty and curves of grace," so generally shared by all manners of hybrids and things of mixed nature, from a mule or a cur to a coalition government. Nevertheless, the English language, taken all in all, may safely be considered as by far the richest, though not the most sonorous of all languages spoken in our day. Madame deStael proved herself a competent authority on the relative ability and adaptibility of languages when she crowded into one sentence a whole essay on living tongues. "Were I mistress of fifty languages," she said, "I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek and make love in the soft Italian." Generalizations have almost invariably a screw loose somewhere, but these are, I believe, as correct as such things can be framed. It is safe to conclude that while the consonantal qualities of the English, whether guttural, sibilant or

mute, are indeed marked, they leave the language less harsh than German, though infinitely more intractable than the triune daughters of Latin, the French, Spanish, and Italian.

Perhaps, as an aid towards the attainment of the supernal finish which more than aught else lends to literary composition the lasting charm and value that make literary masterpieces rank among the eternal monuments which are carved in stone that can never crumble, and which is generally produced, not by intuition—although there are, I willingly grant you, rare cases of “inspiration,” of “divine afflatus”—but rather by patient work with the file and the pumice-stone, the scoring-pencil and the rubber eraser, it is just as well that the raw material out of which our poets are compelled to chisel rather than to mould their creations should be in part refractory. The very intractableness of the raw material compels the artist in words, by filling him with doubts (if his head be not swelled by conceit) and by spurring him to put forth his most strenuous efforts, to work slowly, carefully and thoughtfully.

To paraphrase a famous saying of Shelley to the effect that no man can say, I will compose poetry, it may be affirmed with at least equal correctness that no poet using the English language can say, I will compose poetry without exertion. Great art is the production of great labor and mental suffering. Nothing that is really excellent is easy to do or to find. The “divine afflatus,” as displayed in the verse of an overwhelming majority of versifiers everywhere through the English-speaking world in our time, appears to be the direct opposite to the divine.

Real poetry is nobility of intellect. A language may have versifiers, with smooth numbers and easy rhymes, and yet have little or none of that dignity of thought which always goes to the making of poetry worthy of the name; as witness the Troubadour lays of Provence, the volatile chansons of Spain, and the mass of the amatory verse of Italy, especially the article produced in modern times. To think deeply is to toil hard, and wearing toil goes against human nature. Very few would refuse to join the numerous and noble Order of Sons of Rest were there no such things as dinners to be earned. In the case of the Latin languages, their flexibility greatly relieves the poet from the arduous toil of profoundly thinking, and all too frequently allows him to follow

the natural bent of a first notion without a single effort at reflection, so the minor composer in the Latin languages—in French or Spanish, or Italian—rhymes, as Cunon whistles, for want of thought. The minor bards among the Latin nations are more numerous than the minor bards that use the English language; for one Austin Dobson or Edmund W. Gosse that we could show, the Latins could produce several scores, and with these careless singers the rhythm is jingle, the words are strained, the pictures are hazy and the sentiment is silly. So, I make bold to repeat, a language that puts the poet on his mettle from the outset, constraining him to bring all his resources of conception, contemplation, and expression into action, as a military commander in extremity does with his troops, is very far from being an unmixed evil to the industrious artist in words, and such the true poet must always be.

The English tongue—our cartilaginous tongue, as someone has styled it—has been described, even by scholars, and great writers, as harsh, hard, dry and inadequate. But surely those learned men spoke of the language rather as it was than as it is. The very works of more than one of these sweeping witnesses refute their testimony and stamp their medium of expression as the reverse of harsh and inadequate. When we contemplate what those men have said about the language in the light of the masterpieces which their genius has constructed by its means we are struck by the incongruity, and we find ourselves instinctively recalling glaring instances of inconsistency, that for instance, of Carlyle's life task of preaching eternal silence in over thirty portly volumes of words, or the three-hour sermon on the Brevity of Human Life. Without in the least desiring to stand out as the protagonist of learned men and great writers, I nevertheless without hesitation venture the opinion that the fault, if fault there be, lies oftener with the user of the language than the language itself, to confirm which statement I need only refer the reader to his own linguistic experience, for, although the English language is comparatively defective in unity and symmetrical grace of proportion, it possesses vast resources and is of immense power. Of it Sir Thomas Moore declared: "It is plenteous enough to express our minds." It is allowed by all that our language grows sweeter

and deeper every day, Many years have passed since good Sir Thomas spoke, the golden roll of English writers has lengthened four-fold, and if the language was, according to the conviction of a surpassing intellect, "plenteous enough" for the expression of the things, "one man hath used to speak with another" then, it surely must be, to copy the appetizing diction of the hotel advertisements, "gracefully abundant" now, since, like a careful household manager, or port wine, it has been growing rich with age. Nay; there are no mysteries of faith so sublime, no speculation of philosophy too subtle or too profound, to be adequately expressed in the popular idiom. The instrument which makes us the highly favored possessor of the many-sided fullness of Shakespeare, of the majestic music of Milton, of the wit of Dryden, of the homely sympathy of Cowper, of the descriptive power of Thompson, of the romance of Scott, of the elegance of Tennyson, of the pathos of Longfellow, of the sparkling fancy of Burns and Moore—such an instrument is, rest assured, equal to every demand. "Who cannot dress it well wants wit, not words," was the conclusion arrived at long ago by the worthy George Herbert. "The obscurity uttered is the obscurity thought," is an apposite dictum attributed to the distinguished Swedish poet, Teyner. Then, possess yourself of the necessary ideas, and feel them profoundly, and you will be certain to find the English language, like our inspiring and noble Ottawa river, deep, clear and resistless in its sweep.

On language, poetry acts as a solvent and precipitant, if I may use the terms of the chemist. The matter and diction of poetry tend alike towards the enrichment and refinement of the language. Matthew Arnold insisted that there must be something of the grand style in every composition that is truly poetic; something that rejects the trivial and the low, or even the familiar and the homely, as beneath the dignity of poetry. In general, poetry not only deals with those thoughts and sentiments which are universal to the race, as distinguished from those which are in any sense limited or conventional, but the constraints of verse compel a selection in the words employed, and a special nicety in their arrangement and combination. As man, when he passes the emotional dawn of intelligence and advances to a station where literary culture is refined and matured, finds it less easy

to write in verse than in prose, he reserves for the poetic form of writing his choicest thoughts and his best emotions. Thus, poetic thought requires a certain dignity and elevation of diction inconsistent with the employment of trite, trivial, vulgar and slangy expression. Poetry is the immortality of language. As regards arrangement and connection of words, poetry and highly impassioned prose are sometimes not very dissimilar ; but in the choice of words a marked distinction is observed by the best prose-writers. Poetry, in its different styles, uses almost all the words of poetic prose; but prose avoids a number of words belonging to poetic diction. The poet, by virtue of his calling as maker, invents new new words and recalls old words. Forms and words, constantly repeated by successive poets, become, as it were, the legitimate inheritance of all who write poetry. Poetry being less conversational than prose, is less affected than prose is by the change of a living language, and more affected by the language of the poetry of past ages. It is, to use the words of the rhetoricians, the diction of poetry is archaic and non-colloquial, and it is also more picturesque, ornamental, euphonious and concentrated.

Real poetry is rich thought clothed in rare words. The attentive reading of poetry is so far from being a waste of time, that it should, I venture to think, be made an indispensable condition of education, as it gives us not only a deep and broad insight into our own language, but also sharpens our taste (vitiating by sucking at trashy magazines and nibbling at still more trashy novels) for the undoubted masters of the world, and restores to us the healthy use of the great classics of antiquity.

To indicate with anything like precision the distinctive amount of benefit which our language has gained from any special form, is a work that call for better ability than mine. But, it is probable, that the lyric in all its phases, especially the song and its sister, the hymn, has done most to enrich, ennoble, and beautify our language.

It is quite certain—and this bears closer on my present theme—that since the sonnet was given a home in British Literature by the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, it has been made, in each succeeding age of its progress, the fitting vehicle of deep and refined feeling, of lofty and noble sentiments, of bold and soaring

thought, of tender and impassioned emotions. To write a detailed history of the English sonnet is not my object; but I may mention in passing that he who desires such reading will find much to satisfy his desires in the essays on the sonnet prepared by such writers as Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Main, Mr. Ashcroft Noble, the late Archbishop French, Mr. J. Addington Symond, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. William Sharp. By referring to the collection of sonnets published by Hall Caine and William Sharp we are at once convinced that the mightiest of the British poets, not urged thereto by any form of necessity, but of their own free choice, have one after another chosen this form of verse in which to embody and preserve some of their very choicest thoughts, their most personal and most vivid utterances. As an exercise in metre and compression, the sonnet form commends itself forcibly to the poetic worker. The mold has ever been a favorite one with our poets, who, no doubt, felt the advantage of that check to diffusiveness, that necessity of condensation, which its narrow limit imposes. The point is made clear on Wordsworth's famous Sonnet on the Sonnet, wherein we are told of the many great poets who loved it, and found it the casket in which they were pleased to treasure some of the very best which they possessed. Our sonnet literature is, consequently, extremely rich and various, and the influence exercised by the sonnet must be great on the more cultivated and scholarly minds, as the English sonnets contain a large amount of the material from which none, capable of enjoying true poetry, should willingly cut themselves off.

But while the sonnet form has always been, and is, a prime favorite with the poets, so much cannot be affirmed of their readers. To resort to paradox, the sonnet is a popular form of verse which is not popular. Leaving aside the fact that good sonnets are crammed with high thought, the work of quarrying which marble many good people dread, the chief reasons for the disrelish are, I believe, two in number. A great number of bad sonnets have found their way into our literature, commonly through the kitchen door of our lesser magazines; for, be it remembered, some of our truest poets have been and are unable to write sonnets of the first order, and, where the great ones failed the little ones simply floundered. On the other hand some of the lesser lights

succeeded where the bright suns shed few rays. Matthew Arnold and Alfred Austin, for example have sauntered gracefully down the sonnet glades, where Percy Bysshe Shelley and Samuel Taylor Coleridge cut poor enough figures. Again, the sonnet is not popular because it is not everyone, even among the most cultivated, can tell precisely what a sonnet should be.

A sonnet has been defined by an intelligent young lady as "a thing that rhymes with bonnet." A young gentlemen of some literary pretensions and a turn for satire perhaps, has called the sonnet "a little poem used to stop holes in magazine copy." A learned pedagogue in reply to a question of the present writer replied: "a sonnet is fourteen lines of decasyllabic metre." Now, all these definitions are lamentably deficient. As Mr. R. K. Munkittrick recently reminded the readers of a magazine, a decasyllabic poem of fourteen lines is not a sonnet any more than an octasyllabic poem of twenty lines is a lyric, or a poem of eighteen thousand lines in iambic pentameter is an epic. Sonnets are, it is true, extensively used to fill in blanks in magazines, and as tail-pieces for prose articles, but this use does not make them sonnets. As to the definition of the intelligent young lady it can be truly averred that it is as nearly right as any one that would be submitted by the average member of any social circle. In fine, the sonnet is a form of very often used but little understood.

Spirit goes for much in a sonnet. Perhaps the best way of briefly showing the spirit which should actuate this form of poetry would be to analyse the thought of one of the greatest sonnets in the language, if not the greatest—poor Blanco White's sonnet on Night. The grand thought of it I take to be this: Night, which at first threatens to hide all things from view, in fact reveals to us those illimitable starry worlds of which, and of the existence of which, except for it, we should not have had the least suspicion. What if death, which in like manner threatens to hide so much, shall indeed reveal far more than it hides? This profound thought is worked out by means of two quatrains, its octave, or major system, and two tercets, its sestet, or minor system. The quatrains are, you perceive, objective, and make a statement, and the tercets are subjects, and express the simile suggested in the quatrains, just as William Clarke says they should. The sonnet

closes with a great wave of suggestiveness, which closing impressiveness transcending all the preceding gravity is another characteristic of every first-class serious sonnet. A study of the sonnet on Night shows, I think, not only the spirit which should underlie this form of poetry at its best, but also demonstrates the thought relation that should exist between the two parts of a sonnet, and show very satisfactorily that this form is admirably adapted for the graceful and adequate expression of a more than ordinary valuable single thought.

The reader is probably aware that in English we have more than one legitimate form of the sonnet. According to Professor Sharp the formal types used in our language are, the Petrarchan, the Spenserian, the Shakesperian and the Miltonic. The Guiltonian, or Petrarchan sonnet is the classical type now in use, and of which I shall have more to say presently. Spenser, according to the same authority, after many experiments, and having grown dissatisfied with the quatrains and couplet mold of Wyatt and Surrey, produced a modification of both the English and the Latin form, retaining something of the rhyme-iteration of the latter along with the couplet ending of the former, but failing to please the ear either of his contemporaries or of his successors. What is now called the Miltonic mold has the characteristic of unbroken continuity between the octave and the sextet, a system probably suggested to the great poet by a sonnet by Sir Walter Raleigh. The Shakesperian sonnet is distinctly different from the normal Italian type, as, still following Professor Sharp, unlike the Italian sonnet, it is not divided into two systems, though a pause corresponding to that enforced by the separation of octave and sextet, is very frequently observed. Instead of having octave and sextet, the Shakesperian sonnet is made up of four elegiac quatrains clinched by a rhymed couplet with a new sound.

I will now briefly enumerate the chief conditions which, according to the rules laid down by the very best authorities, the ideal classical sonnet should fulfill. In the first place it must consist of fourteen decasyllabic lines, neither more nor less. These, again, must be distributed into two groups or systems; the major group or system consisting of the first eight lines, which should be complete in themselves; and then the minor

group or system, of the six concluding lines. Again, the first eight lines should only have two rhymes between them ; and these rhymes distributed in a fixed order and succession. Let A stand for one rhyme and B for the other and the succession may be clearly indicated by the following diagram :

A-B-B-A--A-B-B-A.

The first, fourth, fifth and eight lines should all rhyme with one another, and the second, third, sixth and seventh lines should also rhyme identically. There should then be a pause in the sense and the six concluding lines, or minor system, should similarly contain only two rhymes ; these in the most finished specimens of the sonnet, alternating with one another. Resorting again to the diagram, and supposing the letters different sounds, or rhymes, this alternation may be clearly shown as follows :

A-B-A-B-A-B.

Or, again, as there is a certain freedom allowed in the rhyming of the sextets :

A-B-B-A-A-B.

All other things being equal, a sonnet may be considered as nearest to perfection in its outward form. Other rules, both numerous and trying, have been laid down, as, for example, that no terminal should also occur in any portion of any other line in the same system, that the rhyme sounds of the octave should be harmoniously at variance, that the rhyme-sounds of the sextet should be entirely distinct in intonation from those of the octave, that the continuity of the thought, idea or emotion must be unbroken throughout, and that—but this rule is regarded by many as merely capricious—the same word should never recur twice in the same sonnet. All the minor rules may well be left for the delectation of the sonnet student. Enough has, I venture to think, been said to show what a good sonnet should be in spirit and form, and the task that remains for me is to apply the rules of sonnet structure to the sonnet work performed by Aubery de Vere, to bring forward certain striking examples of his method, and to strive, according to the best of my poor skill, to determine his status among the sonneteers of our language.

(To be Concluded.)

MAURICE CASEY.

SQUIRE MORTON'S GHOST.



It is a peculiar errand that draws mortals to a graveyard after dark. At any time the resting-place of the dead is an awe inspiring spot ; but in the darkness of night when the blanket of repose is spread over a slumbering world, the death-like calmness of the cemetery, occasionally disturbed by the mournful dirges of the winds as they whistle through the trees and around the crumbling tombstones, impart to a naturally weird scene an uncanny character, suggesting to ordinary minds horrid ideas of spirits and hobgoblins.

It was about ten o'clock one night in September that a span of horses drawing a waggon and driven by two men, halted on a quiet by-path which led from the main road around to the rear of Marklyne cemetery. The weather had been sultry since sundown and the dense clouds gathering in the west portended an approaching shower. Evidently expecting the rain, the drivers were comfortably wrapped in waterproofs and furnished with umbrellas. An occasional glimpse of the moon, darting through a rift in the clouds, showed both men to be of dark complexions, one apparently about 22 years of age, the other about 30. The younger man was the taller of the two, and wore an embryonic moustache, which however, sank almost into insignificance, when compared with the well cultivated product of his companion's upper lip. At times his bearing and conversation indicated education, but gave no signs of that refinement usually accompanying it. The other had a rougher appearance, his dark, heavy eyebrows imparting to his broad face an unprepossessing and rather sinister expression. The hushed conversation of both men, but especially the marked restlessness and caution of the older companion, whose attention was called to every rustle of the surrounding bushes, plainly intimated that they were engaged in some secret and hazardous enterprise.

As already stated the horses halted in an unfrequented locality. "We've struck luck," remarked the younger man leaping

from the waggon. "The contents of those clouds will soon be upon us, Curdzon, so that we need expect but little disturbance from nocturnal stragglers."

"Let it come," responded Curdzon in a hoarse but subdued tone, as he cautiously alighted from his seat; "if the night were only as dark as the heavens above us, we'd be none the less secure from detection, for this is a dirty and risky piece of business we have before us." So saying, he led the horses by the head to an enclosure surrounded by dense bushes, and tied them to a low log-fence that skirted the grave yard. "Now Hardy," he continued, "get the instruments ready and let's to work; the sooner we get out of this the better for the both of us."

Hardy at once complied. Approaching the waggon, and removing a large oil-cloth, he uncovered a long wooden box, on opening which he produced two spades, an axe and several smaller tools. Having collected the necessary instruments, without further words both men leaped the fence into the cemetery, and hastening warily past many a sepulchre, stopped suddenly in front of a new-made grave which Curdzon described as that of Squire Morton.

Without a moment's hesitation they set to to work at their unholy task. Plying their spades with an assiduity that was disturbed only by an occasional intrusion of a night-bird in the neighboring bushes, in a short time a coffin was unearthed and unscrupulously robbed of its hallowed contents. In order to prevent suspicion of the deed, they sealed the empty coffin, and prudently replaced the sand that previously covered the grave. Then wrapping the corpse in a white linen covering, the impious pillagers carried it to the waggon and laid it in the long wooden box which they carefully locked.

During the process of disinterment the diggers worked so strenuously that their task could not have lasted more than half an hour. During its progress they conversed freely in a low tone, at the same time using the utmost circumspection lest they should be disturbed by unwelcome stragglers. Any third party having an opportunity of listening to the subdued conversation of the two men, might have gathered much of the following information regarding the object of their nefarious occupation.

John Morton, or as he was more popularly known, Squire Morton, was an old gentleman whose ample fortune had been acquired by close attention to a large wholesale business, carried on in a city which for convenience sake we will call Martville. After several years of successful commercial life, during which time he amassed wealth, sufficient to keep his small family in princely comfort for the remainder of their days, declining health began to exclude the squire from the practice of that strict attention so necessary to the successful carrying on of extensive mercantile pursuits. Not having any competent relatives to whom he could entrust his vast concerns John Morton found it necessary to retire from business, so with some reluctance he was induced to hand over his extensive commercial interests to a wealthy company for a satisfactory consideration.

It was the fond expectation of his family, that cessation of the heavy strain necessitated by diligent care of vast financial affairs would produce the salutary effect of restoring to the Squire that vigorous strength which previously resided in his robust constitution. Hence their repeated importunities were to a great degree responsible for his retirement. Rest, they thought, was the only remedy needed, and the merchant submitted to its treatment, more to satisfy the desires of solicitious relatives, than from any great hope he entertained of bodily improvement.

For one who has long been engaged in active occupation, dull inactivity is not always calculated to produce beneficial results. Thus it was with the Squire. Not having to attend to his usual employments, life began to lie heavily upon him, and day by day his health continued to decline. His characteristic sauvity of temper gradually grew worse, and his friends began to have serious fears regarding his condition. At the suggestion of the family physician, one Dr. Merden, a skilful, but unscrupulous practitioner,—John Morton removed to his country seat at Marklyne, which for a quarter of a century had been the permanent homestead of the Morton family. At the death of the Squire's father which occurred about eight years previous, the Marklyne property was bequeathed to the only surviving son, who henceforth occupied the rural residence only during those summer months in which there could be found a few weeks relaxation from business. For the

remaining part of the year the unoccupied property was guarded and kept in order by the blear-eyed vigilance, and sweatless industry of two servants, one of whom we have already introduced to our readers in the person of Frank Curdzon.

By unusual diligence on the part of the above persons, the house and its surroundings were in a short time prepared to receive their owner ; so, having transacted all necessary business at Martville, Squire Morton with his wife and two daughters, departed for their new home. At first the change of residence produced the desired effect upon the merchant's health. The beauties of a naturally picturesque country were a source of pleasant contemplation for one accustomed only to the monotonous routine of business life, while the fresh invigorating country air acted as a stimulant, which partially restored to the depressed invalid his usual health of body, and characteristic buoyancy of temper. But the change was only temporary. Few weeks had passed before he relapsed into his former condition. Time only aggravated his malady. In a short time symptoms appeared for which the attending physician could not sufficiently account. Consultations were held but without effecting a satisfactory diagnosis. The real nature of his disease being unknown every treatment proved useless. Each day saw his health decline. But five months had been spent at Marklyne, when, notwithstanding the frequent attendance of practised physicians, and in spite of the loving care of his wife and daughters, Squire Morton died and was buried in the family burying plot, from which we have already seen his remains to have been shamefully removed.

During the merchant's illness Dr. Merden viewed proceedings with an interested eye. It is still a matter of doubt whether it was for the sake of science, or for some unknown personal motive, that the doctor conceived an intense desire to fathom the cause of his patient's death. Baffled until now he determined to yet learn the secret. "I'll search it out," he said to himself, "even though imprisonment be my reward." It was in consequence of this decision that Frank Curdzon, along with Tom Hardy, a young medical student in the confidence of Dr. Merden, was hired to procure the Squire's body, probably for purposes of dissection.

Such was the mission of the two diggers whom we left and to whom we now return, in Marklyne cemetery.

During their stay in the graveyard Curdzon gave evident indication of restlessness and timidity. This was caused not so much by fear of being detected in such an unlawful act, as on account of the uncomfortable sensation many weak-minded people feel when in the presence of the dead. In a word Curdzon was afraid—dreadfully afraid of ghosts. To such an extent was this the case that at different stages of the proceedings he would undoubtedly have left the place, were it not for the taunting sneers and laughter of his younger, but more experienced companion. It was consequently with considerable feeling of relief that he now saw the most arduous part of their task completed. So, when fully satisfied that they had left no traces of the deed, and every thing being set in readiness, they prepared for departure. Curdzon proceeded for a distance on foot, to prevent any unexpected meeting. Hardy followed leading the horses by their bridles. For a time they were disturbed by the rumbling of a passing wagon, but their fears gradually died away, as the sounds of the horses hoofs were heard to diminish in the distance. Hastening then to the main road, both men jumped briskly into their vehicle, and without further adventure, proceeded on their journey towards Martville.

About five miles down the road there stood an old country inn, kept by an aged widow named Lowery. It was a large brick building, the shattered appearance of which gave manifest signs of age, while the purpose to which a few dingy sheds were put, could hardly have been surmised, were it not for a prominent placard which read : “Good Yard and Stabling.”

At one time this house was known to do considerable business, but of late it had suffered greatly in this respect by the rivalry of another building of similar pretensions, but possessing more modern conveniences and accommodations. As a consequence Mrs. Lowery's staff of domestics, which at one time reached to the respectable number of three, dwindled down until the whole establishment was left to the sole care of a trusty servant known by the suggestive name of Reddy Jordon. The person who bore this weighty responsibility, was an honest orphan youth of about eighteen years of age, whose nickname, “Reddy,” had been de-

rived from the marked color of his complexion. A copiousness of uncombed auburn locks hung in natural luxuriance round his massive head, expressing with admirable effect the encomium of humorous honesty, plainly written with freckled characters upon his open countenance. On the night of our story, he was standing in the stable door, with lantern in hand, thinking whether he had forgotten any of his customary duties before retiring, when a handsome span of horses drove into the yard. In a moment he was by their side.

"Looks like a storm. Put yer horses in, boss?"

"No, but I would'nt mind if you'd give 'em a drink; they must be thirsty" responded Curdzon.

"I guess we're in a somewhat similar condition ourselves" added Hardy, and without further words both men walked toward the hotel. Immediately Reddy began to comply with their request. The horses were properly attended to, when as is customary with stable-boys in such places, curiosity led him to the wagon. "Rather a light load to be goin' to market with," he muttered to himself as he lifted the oilcloth. "Butter I s'pose." Without further ceremony he raised the lid of the box, the lock of which had been broken, by the jolting of the waggon along the rough roads. Removing the sheet, and holding the lantern in favorable position, his eyes fell upon an unexpected object. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, as in amazement he quickly withdrew from the waggon. Looking around to see that none of the strangers were in sight, he ventured another glance, when by a closer scrutiny, he easily recognised the features of "Squire" Morton. For a moment he stood dumb-founded. But almost immediately he began to consider how he might frustrate the villainous designs of the visitors. Assistance could not be summoned; with the exception of an old Mrs. Lawery there was not a soul within half a mile. What was to be done? Suddenly a happy thought struck him. Open resistance would certainly prove useless; he would try stratagem. Darting into the house, he passed through the bar-room, in which the strangers were comfortably seated, and in a short time returned again to the yard, bearing in his hand a quantity of flour. What the nature of his subsequent action was, we shall learn later on.

In the meantime Curdzon and Hardy chatted pleasantly until they began to think it about time to depart.

"Come Curdzon" said his companion "Let's risk the storm. Here, my boy, have another drink, if we meet the rain, we may as well be wet inside as outside, eh?"

"Yes I s'pose so" replied Curdzon willingly accepting the proffered glass. Feeling fully refreshed, the men muffled up, returned to their horses, and without further delay, set out once more upon their journey.

About fifteen miles of the road stretched before them, and in view of the threatening clouds that frowned from above, their drive promised to be under rather unpleasant conditions. However, the prospect of a shower, by no means dampened the drivers' spirits, which had been greatly enlivened by frequent application of the cheering glass. On the road Curdzon became unusually talkative. Hardy held his own in the conversation which drifted from topic to topic. A slight rain began to fall, but not a whit did it interfere with the travellers' mirth. Coarse jokes and spicy stories were in turn recounted and uproariously enjoyed. Soon their flashes of wit began to be followed by flashes of lightening, while their unrestrained laughter was mocked by the rumblings of the distant thunder. The storm speedily increased in its ferocity. The clouds flashed streaks and sheets of vivid fire. The thunders clashed like the meeting of supernatural hosts contending in frightful battle. Curdzon's cheerfulness quickly subsided. He fell into a contemplative mood. "Say Hardy" he suddenly questioned after breaking from a prolonged silence "d'ye believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" exclaimed Hardy, with difficulty suppressing a smile; "nobody has better reason to believe in them." And herewith, to the discomfiture of his impatient listener, he began to recount a hair-raising adventure of personal experience. The darkness and lonesome appearance of the road gave his story a realistic coloring. With glowing language he described the incidents of his narrative; how through curiosity, and a desire to make a showing of bravery, he and a companion had entered what was reported to be a haunted house; how they had waited quietly for that hour usually appointed for ghostly apparitions; how their lanterns were mysteriously

quenched ; how strange noises were heard ; and how there occurred twenty other such unaccountable circumstances as are usually narrated in such connection. Curdzon was wrought into a high pitch of excitement, his eyes peering forth into the enveloping darkness as if in search of expected apparitions. As the speaker proceeded his imagination became more vivid ; his language, more forcible and earnest. He was apparently becoming interested in the fabrication of his own fancy. They had reached a secluded part of the road, enclosed by dense bushes, when Hardy arrived at the chief point of his narration. Turning towards his frightened companion, with suppressed but emphatic tone of voice, he proceeded to introduce his principal character. "We had been but half an hour in the deserted building," he continued, "when just as the old time-piece in the corner had struck the hour of midnight, in the entrance of the adjoining room, great Heavens! there suddenly appeared——"

But, he never finished his story. At this juncture he was strangely interrupted by a low sepulchral groan, issuing from the back of the waggon. Curdzon and Hardy turned suddenly around when to their utter amazement, a vivid glance of lightning flashing through the trees, displayed standing in the wooden box, and enveloped in the milk-white sheet, such a ghastly figure as was never before seen, even by the eyes of the melancholy Hamlet.

"The Lord help us ! It's Squire Morton " exclaimed Curdzon, leaping from the waggon. Without waiting to halt the horses, Hardy followed, and both men fled to the woods, leaving Reddy Jordan, for he it was, complete master of the situation.

The stable-boy's presence is easily explained. Having returned from the hotel where Curdzon and Hardy were seated, he covered his face with the flour brought from the kitchen, and having quickly removed the corpse into the adjoining shed, took his position in the box, from which we have just seen him emerge, to the surprise and terror of the desecrators of the old Squire's grave.

With some difficulty Reddy gained control of the frightened horses, and turned their heads towards the hotel. The valuable span is still in his possession, no one having dared to claim them.

Curdzon and Hardy, by the assistance of Dr. Merden escaped from the country, thus avoiding the clutches of the law. When Reddy's adventure was made known, he became the hero of Marklyne, and from that day was received into the Morton family as an adopted son.

HANS NIX, '98.

Z.P.O.




"If I am traduced by tongues which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimmed, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mocked, or carped at
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only."—*King Henry VIII,*

VOLCANOES.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE STUDENTS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

BY T. G. MORIN, '01.

N developing the modern theory of Geology, writers have all along assumed that the crust of the earth has been subject to frequent disturbances from the earliest ages of the world. The crust of the earth, we are assured, is not that unyielding and immovable mass which men commonly take it to be. On the contrary, it has been from the beginning ever restless, rising here and subsiding there, sometimes with a convulsive shock capable of upturning, twisting, disturbing hard and stubborn rocks as if they were but flimsy layers of pliant clay ; sometimes with a gentle, undulating movement, which, while it uplifts islands and continents, leaves the general aspect of the surface unchanged, the arrangement of the strata undisturbed and even the most tender fossils unharmed. Disturbances of this kind have taken place in various parts of the world, even within the period of history ; and they may be distinctly traced to the action of subterranean heat.

In support of their theory, geologists bring forward the direct evidence of facts. They tell us that the deeper we penetrate into the crust of the earth the warmer it becomes. This seems contrary, no doubt, to what some of us have experienced. I myself have found it much cooler in a well thirty feet deep than in one ten feet deep. However, the reason I found it cooler below than above was because I did not reach the point where the sun's heat ceases to be sensibly felt. This limit in our climate, is at about 50 feet below the surface, and beyond this limit the deeper we go the warmer it becomes.

Again, all students of physical geography are familiar with the existence of hot springs which come from unknown depths in the earth's crust, and which appearing as they do in all parts of the world, testify in unmistakable language to the existence of internal heat. Then we have, in many countries, jets of steam

which issue from crevices in the earth and which tell of the existence of heated water below, as plainly as the steam that escapes from a locomotive or from the spout of a tea-kettle. These hot-springs are generally known by the name Geysers.

Such then are the evident symptoms of subterranean heat—hot springs, jets of steam, fountains of boiling water—which are manifested unceasingly at the surface of the earth in every quarter of the globe. But its sometimes given to us to behold the flames of this subterranean fire itself and to contemplate its power under a more striking and awful form—its power as exhibited by volcanoes. From time to time in the fury of its rage, the fiery element bursts asunder the prison in which it is confined. Then flames seem to issue from the surface of the earth, the roaring as of furnaces is heard in the depths below, clouds of red-hot cinders are ejected high into the air, and from every crevice pour forth streams of incandescent liquid rock, which rolling far away through once smiling fields and peaceful villages, carry destruction and desolation in their track. These are the ordinary phenomena of an active volcano during the period of eruption.

However, before proceeding further it would be well to have a clear idea of what a volcano is. The definition I learned in my first lessons in geography was that “a volcano is a mountain of fire.” A very short definition and easily remembered no doubt, but it is as faulty as it is brief. This description is not merely incomplete and inadequate as a whole, but each of the ideas of which it is composed is grossly inaccurate, and what is worse, perversely misleading. In the first place, the action which takes place in volcanoes, is not ‘burning’ or combustion, and bears indeed, no relation whatever to that well known process with which students of chemistry are familiar. Nor are volcanoes necessarily ‘mountains’; usually they are just the reverse. Most volcanoes are only holes in the earth’s crust through which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centres of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must therefore be regarded not as an essential element, but as a consequence of volcanic action. Nor does the action always take place at the summit. On the contrary the eruptions more frequently occur on

the sides and at the base. What is regarded as 'smoke' is generally steam or watery vapor, and the supposed raging 'flames' are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected on these vapor-clouds.

The popular but false notions of volcanoes have come to us from the earliest ages. The ancients had a reverential awe for the "fire engines" and their fear prevented them from making close observations and thereby obtaining a correct idea of volcanoes. But the question may be asked. How have we obtained our present knowledge of their phenomena since great dangers evidently beset the searcher for the truth concerning these "safety valves of our globe." ? Who, for example, would care to venture near Vesuvius when it vomits forth its streams of lava ? The dangers and difficulties attending such an undertaking are so great as naturally to lead the unsophisticated to believe the task of ascertaining the true nature of volcanoes quite a hopeless one.

To understand, therefore, how a correct study of volcanic action is made let us bring the matter home, and ask ourselves how we would make a study of a steam engine. Would we undertake to examine the workings of its various complicated parts when the full blast of steam is turned on, and the rapid movement of shafts and wheels baffles all attempts to follow them, and renders hopeless every effort to trace their connection with one another ? No ; rather would we ask the engineer to favor us by turning off the greater part of the steam supply, then, as the rods move slowly backwards and forwards, as the wheels make their measured revolutions, and the valves are seen successively opening and shutting, we have an opportunity of determining the relations of the several parts of the machine to one another, and of arriving at a just conclusion concerning the plan on which it is constructed. We should follow the same method with regard to volcanoes, which are in some sort, but great natural steam engines, and make investigations when the greater part of the force is cut off. The only difficulty in the latter case is that there are no friendly engineers to cut off the supply. But it must be remembered that nearly all volcanoes vary greatly in the intensity of their action at different periods, and by taking advantage of their quiescent mo-

ments we can acquire all the knowledge that would be obtained by regulating their action for ourselves.

We may divide all active volcanoes into two classes, those that are violent, and those that are comparatively quiet or regular. As an example of the latter we have Stromboli situated in the Mediterranean Sea ; while the well-known Vesuvius near Naples, Italy, exemplifies the former state of action. Let us not, like Pliny, venture near Vesuvius, but after example of our modern investigators who are just as curious as Pliny was, but more prudent, make our studies at the crater of Stromboli.

Stromboli is a volcanic island, rudely circular in outline, conical in form, and rising to the height of 3,090 feet above the level of the sea. From a point on the side of the mountain masses of vapor are seen to issue, and these unite to form a cloud over the mountain. Viewed at night, Stromboli presents a most striking and singular spectacle. Owing to the great elevation of the mountain the glow of red-light appearing from time to time above the summit is visible over an area of a radius of more than 100 miles. Hence, it has been appropriately called the " Lighthouse of the Mediterranean."

On landing upon the island, we find that it is built up entirely of such materials as we know to be ejected from volcanoes--lavas, cinders, tufas, etc. The lavas are of various kinds. They are generally heavy rocks, with some scattered ragged cellules or cavities through the mass. When a shower of rain, or of a moisture from the condensed steam, accompanies the fall of the cinders, the result is a mud-like mass, which dries and becomes a brownish or yellowish-brown layer or stratum, called tufa.

The irregularity in the form of the island is at once seen to be due to the action of the wind, the rain, and the waves of the surrounding sea. This great heap of material rises, as we have said, to a height of more than 3,000 feet above the sea level, but this does not give a just idea of its vast bulk. Soundings in the sea surrounding the island show that the Stromboli is a great conical mass of cinders and slaggy materials having a height of over 6,000 feet and a base whose diameter exceeds four miles. However you will not wonder at such an immense pile when it is known that this volcano has been in action for over 2,000 years.

At a short distance above the crater, there is found a ledge from which one can look down into the crater, and view the operations there. This is the spot whence all modern investigators have carried on their observations, because it is perfectly safe when the wind is blowing from the spectator towards the crater, and he may sit for hours watching the wonderful scene displayed before him. So exciting is the sight thus witnessed that it has been said by a modern scientist, "See Stomboli and die, for the world contains no more exciting experience." "To describe what is seen there," he adds "one must write like a god."

The black slaggy bottom of the crater is seen to be traversed by many fissures or cracks, from most of which curling jets of vapor issue quietly. But besides these smaller cracks at the bottom of the crater, several larger openings are seen, which vary in number and position at different periods, and the phenomena presented at these larger apertures are specially worthy of careful investigation. These larger apertures, if we study the nature of the action taking place there, may be divided into three classes. From those of the first class, steam is emitted with loud snorting puffs, like those produced by a locomotive but not so regular. In the second class of apertures, masses of molten material are seen welling out and flowing beyond the crater and rolling down the side into the depths of the sea. The openings of the third class present still more interesting appearances. Within the walls of the latter openings a semi-liquid substance is seen slowly heaving up and down. As we watch the seething mass the agitation within it is observed to increase gradually, and at least a gigantic bubble is formed which violently bursts, when a great rush of steam takes place, carrying fragments of the scum-like surface of the liquid high into the air.

This action of the boiling material within the volcano may be better understood by taking some familiar example on a smaller scale. Let us suppose, therefore, that a tall, narrow vessel is filled with some substance of imperfect fluidity, for example, porridge. If we place it over the fire, it will present very much indeed the appearance the crater of active Stromboli. As the temperature of the mass rises, steam is generated within it, and in the efforts of this steam to escape, the substance is set in violent

movement. At last, as we know, if heat continues to be applied to the vessel, the fluid contents will be forced up to its edge and a catastrophe will occur—the steam is suddenly and violently liberated from the bubbles formed on the surface of the mass, and a considerable quantity of the material is forcibly expelled from the vessel. The suddenness and violence of this catastrophe is easily accounted for if we bear in mind that the escaping steam acts after the manner of a compressed spring which is suddenly released. Steam is first formed at the bottom of the vessel which is in contact with the fire ; but here it is under the pressure of the whole mass of the liquid, and, moreover, the thickness of the substance tends to retard the union of the steam bubbles and their rise to the surface of the mass. But when the pressure is relieved the bubbles burst and the enclosed steam escapes with a violence that casts drops of the liquid high in the air.

Now within the crater of Stromboli we have precisely the necessary conditions for the display of the same series of operations. In the aperture at the bottom there exists a quantity of imperfectly fluid material at a high temperature, containing water imprisoned in its mass. As this water passes into the state of steam it tends to escape, and in so doing puts the whole mass into violent movement. Bubbles are formed from which, as they reach the surface, the pent-up steam escapes violently. Equilibrium being again restored there follows a longer or shorter interval of tranquility during which steam is being generated and collected within the mass, and the series of operations which we have described recommences.

But do not the mighty ebullitions of Vesuvius differ in violence and perhaps also in origin, from the feeble efforts of Stromboli ? As to the difference in degree of violence, there can be no doubt. In the year 79 A. D., Vesuvius in an angry fit poured its devastating flood over the neighboring territory and buried in one mighty tomb the beautiful cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Again, as a typical example of the eruptions of Vesuvius we may take that of 1779, which has been so well and so accurately described by an eye-witness, Sir William Hamilton :

“ For two years before the mountain had been in a state of citement and disturbance. From time to time rumbling noises

were heard underground, dense masses of smoke were emitted from the crater, liquid lava at white heat bubbled up from crevices on the slopes of the mountain, and through these crevices a glimpse could be had here and there of the rocky caverns within, all red hot like a heated oven. But in the month of August, 1779, the eruption reached its climax. About nine o'clock in the evening of the eighth, there was a loud report which shook the houses of Portici and its neighborhood to such a degree as to alarm the inhabitants and to drive them into the streets. Many windows were broken, and, as I have since seen, walls cracked from the concussion of the air from the explosion. In one instant, a fountain of liquid, transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike everyone who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you that, to the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, as you know, rises perpendicularly near 3,700 feet above the level of the sea. Puffs of smoke, as black as possibly can be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, and accompanied the red hot, transparent and liquid lava, interrupting its splendid brightness here and there by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke, at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical light playing about in zigzag lines. The liquid lava, mixed with scoria and stones, after having mounted, I verily believe, at least 10,000 feet, falling perpendicularly on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, and a part of that of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it a complete body of fire, which could not be less than two and a half miles in breadth, and of the extraordinary height above mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles around it. The brushwood of the mountain of Somma was soon in a flame, which, being of a different tint from the deep red of the matter thrown out from the volcano, and from the silvery blue of the electrical fire, still added to the contrast of this most extraordinary scene. After the column of fire continued in full force for nearly half an hour the eruption ceased at once, and

Vesuvius remained sullen and silent." Whence it will be readily seen that though differing immensely in degree of violence, the actions of Stromboli and Vesuvius are in their origins fundamentally the same.

These "fiery engines" of nature are distributed liberally over the surface of the globe. First, on our own great continents of America, the long chain of the Andes, which stretches along the western coast of South America from Terra del Fuego on the south to the isthmus of Panama on the north, is studded with volcanoes, most of which have been seen in active eruption within the last three hundred years. Indeed this line may be traced still further northward—to the mouth of the Columbia river.

Another vast chain of active volcanoes is that which skirts the eastern and southeastern coast of Asia. Commencing on the shores of northwestern America, which is almost a continuation of the American line which we have just traced, it passes through the Aleutian Islands to Kamtschatka, then in a sort of undulating curve it winds its course by the Kurile Islands, the Japanese group, the Philippines and the northwestern extremity of the Celebes, to the Moluccas. At this point it divides into two branches; one going in a southeasterly direction to New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, the Friendly Islands and New Zealand; the other pursuing a northwesterly course through Java and Sumatra into the Bay of Bengal. In considering these two lines of volcanoes one would almost conclude that they have sucked up the materials that occupied the space where now rolls the "deep and blue" Pacific, and vomited them again to form the continents they protect from further incursions by the breakers.

There is a third great line of volcanic fires which has been pretty well traced out by modern travellers, extending through China and Tartary to the Caucasus, thence over the countries bordering on the Black Sea to the Grecian Archipelago; then on to Naples, Sicily, the southern part of Spain and Portugal and the Azores. There are many others scattered over the globe which are not yet reduced to any general system.

From this brief outline we may form an idea of the magnificent scale on which volcanic agency is developed within the crust of

the earth. Moreover I have said nothing at all of extinct Valcanoes, such for exemple as are to be found in the Rocky Mountains of America, which have not been in active operation within historical times but where nevertheless the hardened streams of lava, the volcanic ashes, and the cone-shaped mountains terminating in hollow craters, tell the story of eruptions in bygone ages, not less clearly than, the blackened walls and charred timbers of some stately ruins bear witness to the passing wayfarer of a long extinguished conflagration.

It seems, therefore, that the crust of the earth is not that fixed and immovable mass of unyielding rock which it is often supposed to be. And whatever the gigantic power is, which lies shut up within it, and seems so clearly manifested by the direct testimony of our senses in the case of Volcanoes, that power exercises a mighty influence from age to age on the outward form of our planet. Like the wind, indeed it comes and goes, but we cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes ; but we can hear the rumbling sounds and witness the effects when this pent up power breaks out now in this quarter of the world and now in that, bursting open the massive rocks and furiously vomiting forth whole mountains of smouldering ashes and molten minerals ; or again, when failing to find a vent, it shakes the foundations of the hills, and shivers into fragments the most enduring works of man, —castles, temples, palaces,—filling every heart with terror and dismay.



A BRAVE LITTLE SACRISTAN.



REMEMBER, Phil, be home before dark."

"All right mother, I will be back by eight o'clock at the latest."

Then with a last hasty farewell the youth sprang on his bicycle and rode swiftly down the street, under the shady maples, through whose leaves, already tinged with the beauties of approaching autumn, streamed down the brilliant mid-day sunlight.

Phil Seton was the only child of a widowed mother, and had spent all his fourteen summers in the pleasant little village of Exeter. The opening passage of this story reveals to some extent the depth of that affection which existed between mother and son. To her maternal care and solicitude he responded with a truly filial devotion. He was a sturdy active lad, thoroughly inclined to all manner of sport, and, indeed, his proficiency in this line was greater than in his studies, though Phil was nevertheless a diligent student. Being the son of a pious, Catholic mother, he was intimately connected with all concerning the little parish church. He had lately been appointed assistant sacristan, and he took much pride in the performance of his duties.

"Oh! a goody-goody sort of a boy, this," some of my readers will perhaps be tempted to exclaim. But no, Phil had his little faults: who has not? This, however is not the place for enumerating them; it is upon other aspects of his character that we have to deal.

At present our hero is bound upon a visit to a young friend who lived on a farm distant about four miles from the village. Phil often wheeled out to "Elmgrove"—Harry White's home—and the two boys would then enjoy as only boys can, the delights of a day's tramp through the woods and fields. This particular day was drawing to a close as Phil remounted his wheel for the journey home, for though earnestly pressed by his friends to remain and spend the evening with them, the memory of his promise would not allow him to accept the kind invitation. The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the

tree tops, barring the long white road with the shadows of the great elms that skirted its borders. He had scarcely proceeded a mile when suddenly he felt the rear tire give way. What was his dismay to find that it was punctured.

"Whew ! this is a pretty fix. I have not my repair kit with me. It's a long walk back to Elmgrove—I have it ! I will just step into Mr. Cherry's house, which cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from here, and leave my wheel there until I can come and fetch it home ; while I myself——"

Phil stopped. He was going to add that he could walk back to Exeter. But it was now about dark and it would be a long, lonely tramp, while Mr. Cherry's hospitable family would be only too glad to retain him. Inclination pointed one way ; filial affection and obedience the other. The struggle was short. Virtue triumphed, for the thought of his mother's anxiety, if he should not return, effectually banished any lurking desire he may have had to evade the dreary walk home.

All this time Phil was proceeding towards the Cherry homestead, and by the time he had reached the above conclusion he was almost at the gate. Mr. Cherry, an old friend of Phil's father, welcomed him heartily and was loath to let him depart. But after Phil had gone, he remarked emphatically to his wife :

"Sarah, mark my words. That boy's got the makings of a good man in him. It's not often nowadays you see boys so obedient to their parents. Seems to me children ar'n't as dootiful as when I was young."

In which opinion, minus the characteristic grumble that accompanied it, Mrs. Cherry heartily concurred.

When our hero turned his back on the Cherry homestead, the journey seemed far drearier than before. The long road stretching out before him into the increasing darkness formed a most dismal contrast to the bright and cheerful fireside he had just left. The nights were growing colder, and a keen breeze, whistling through the treetops, swept down on the lad as he began his long walk. But, summoning up all his natural courage and buoyancy of spirits, Phil resolutely faced towards home. As he plodded along numerous thoughts chased one another through his busy brain, one of which seemed to make some impression for suddenly he exclaimed:

"The very thing ! Why did I not think of that before ? I'll just turn down that old lane Harry showed me last summer and it will save me at least half a mile. True it's a bit dark and dreary, but it cannot be much worse than this old road anyway."

So a little distance further on Phil turned down an old disused road leading to the left. He had gone scarcely two hundred yards when a surprising sight met his view as he descended a small hill. Behind a clump of cedar bushes was a camp-fire around which three or four men were seated.

"Tramps !" ejaculated Phil.

During the past summer Exeter had been tormented with the usual number of the tramping fraternity. The boldness and insolence of these Wandering Willies had grown intolerable, and finally they were strictly forbidden the town on pain of imprisonment. Recently burglaries had become numerous in the village and surrounding country, and it was thought that the perpetrators probably had a rendez-vous in some secluded part of the vicinity. All efforts to track them had hitherto, however, been in vain.

"Well what matter even if they are tramps. They won't hurt a fellow, and they would hardly hold me up," laughed Phil quietly to himself. "They would not get much for their trouble. I'm not going to go back for fear of them. I'll just walk right past them and as likely as not they won't say a word."

Still screened by the bushes he advanced. The men were taking in low tones about something, and when Phil was but a few yards from the fire one of the group, raising his voice, said :

"Well that settles it. Jack will pick the lock and stand guard, while the rest enter the church and collar the swag."

Phil's heart seemed to stand still as he heard those words.

"What," thought he, are these men going to break into the church ? 'The swag' ? What do they mean ? Surely they do not intend to lay hands on the sacred vessels of the altar."

Yet that such was the awful deed they contemplated he soon had ample proof. With the most profane language they outlined their plan in all its terrible details.

"Great Heavens ! Can this be possible ? Are these men so impious as to commit such a dreadful crime ?

Thunderstruck and horrified as he was, Phil could not but believe the evidence of his ears. No time then was to be lost. His duty lay plain before him ; he must prevent this sacrilege at all costs. The only safe course lay in retracing his steps and going around by the road. He wheeled in his tracks, but as he did so he stepped upon a dry twig which broke with a loud snap. At once the men around the fire sprang to their feet. The leader's " Who's there ? " was unanswered save by the sound of someone running away. Phil was a swift runner, and with the start he had he thought he might be able to evade his pursuers in the darkness. Unfortunately he had gone but a short distance when he stumbled and fell. Before he could rise they were upon him. Our hero was led back to the light of the campfire. Here he was interrogated by the leader of the gang as to his eavesdropping, but he refused to give any information. Thereupon the worthies held a consultation with regard to what they should do with him. Finally they decided to bind him hand and foot and keep him there until they returned from their intended robbery. In the meantime Phil's mind was tortured with terrible anxiety. What would his mother think of his failing to arrive at the usual hour ? And, oh, what if these villains should succeed in executing their awful purpose ? What would he not give to be able to frustrate it.

It was now about nine o'clock. They intended to leave for the village about midnight. Surely he could do something in three hours. If he could only free himself he might be able to reach the village before them. How to do this was the question, and Phil fruitlessly tortured his mind for an answer.

The group around the fire passed the time in gambling and smoking, while occasionally a bottle was handed round. This latter naturally had its customary effect, and suddenly one of the men, an Italian, took offence at some saying of one of his companions. Angry words followed, and finally the Italian pulled out a long, dangerous-looking knife and threatened the other with it. Instantly all were on their feet. With a savage oath the leader sprang between the two men and knocked the knife from the Italian's hand. It fell near Phil who, watching his chance,

rolled over upon it to hide it from view. In the excitement of the moment his action passed unnoticed.

“Fools ! What do you mean? Do you want to spoil our plans by your fighting? No more quarrelling or somebody will suffer.”

The leader's words had some effect on the gang for they immediately became quiet again. The Italian, however scowled darkly at his enemy, and luckily for Phil, his mind was so full of thoughts of revenge that he forgot about his knife. Our hero now cast off his despondency, buoying himself up with the hope that by this new found means he might yet be able to thwart the burglars. His bonds caused him much pain, the strong fastenings cutting into his tender flesh. But he bore it without a murmur. From his boyish heart he poured forth many a fervent prayer that he might be permitted to prevent this terrible sacrilege.

At length the time settled upon for the burglars' departure arrived. As soon as they were out of sight our hero prepared to free himself from his bonds. He had previously decided that the best way to use the knife would be to grasp it in his fingers, and then try to saw through the fastenings on his wrists. It was a difficult task, bound as he was, but after ten minutes' painful labor he succeeded in freeing his hands. This accomplished it was but the work of an instant to cut the thongs that bound his feet. His first act was to breathe a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. The next to restore the circulation in his cramped limbs by a brisk and vigorous rubbing. But time was precious. The distance to the village was about two and a half miles, and the men would easily do it in three-quarters of an hour. So that if Phil wished to arrive before them he must cover the distance in less than thirty minutes. The railroad track crossed the road at the end of the lane, so most probably the burglars would take to this as it was slightly shorter and less public.

The task our hero had set himself was enough to daunt an older and abler person, but despite his sore and cramped limbs he resolved to do it if it could be done. “I would gladly die,” he murmured, “to prevent this act of profanation.”

And so this brave boy started on his race. Wisely reserving his strength to the last, Phil commenced with a steady pace which he maintained till the final spurt. What a strange spectacle for men and angels—a young boy, panting and bleeding, swiftly racing along a secluded country road in the darkness of midnight. Past bush, and creek and meadow he dashed without abating his speed a jot. Gasping for breath, he utters a little cry of joy as he at length reaches the outskirts of the village. Putting all his available strength into one final effort he bursts down the village street. He must give the alarm at the priest's house. But just as he reaches the presbytery door he sees four dark forms skulking through the churchyard.

"Mother of God, am I too late? What can I do? It will take too long to rouse the house, and then—I must do something.—Yes, I will try it. It may succeed."

A sudden thought had struck our hero. He could not give the alarm by any ordinary means; so he must use extraordinary measures. If he could but get at the alarm bell in the church before the robbers forced an entrance, he could easily rouse the village and frighten the church-breakers away. This was the bold idea that suddenly had taken root in Phil's mind. He had the key of the sacristy, for, as we have seen, he was assistant sacristan. He now felt confident of frustrating the robbers' design. So proceeding cautiously to the rear of the church, he opened the door and stole in.

Now he was out in the main building. His heart throbbed violently as he caught the faint rasping sounds at the main door. For an instant, he halted to breathe an earnest ejaculatory prayer at the foot of the altar. Then with a few quick bounds he stood at the front of the church with the bell-rope in his hands.

More than the church-breakers were surprised as the clanging of the old bell disturbed the stillness of the night, but certainly none more so than they. From the dark old tower above them the sound came booming forth with startling suddenness. Thunder-struck, the would-be sanctuary-despoilers dropped their tools and ran. "The hand of God," gasped the renegade Italian, and all were more or less stricken with like feeling of fear. As to the parish priest at first he thought the sounds were but the noises of dream-

land. Next they seemed to him to proceed but from the trickster, Imagination. But finally, thoroughly aroused, he became fully alive to the reality of the clangor of the bell and rushed forth to enquire the cause of this mysterious occurrence. The other citizens of Exeter naturally thought a fire was in progress and each hurried forth from his home. But there was no sign of fire anywhere, and so those nearest the church hastened thither.

The old sexton was the first on the scene, closely followed by the pastor. Opening the main door they entered. The bell had ceased ringing but the rope yet swung gently to and fro, and underneath lay a limp, bleeding form. What was the astonishment of all present to find that the mysterious bell-ringer was Phil Seton who had fainted after completing the task. Tenderly they carried him into the presbytery while in the meantime the village doctor was summoned.

The mental and physical strain Phil had undergone proved too much for him: Brain fever resulted and for several weeks he lay at death's door. During this trying time he was tenderly and lovingly cared for by his anxious mother, whose grief, however, was submerged in feelings of maternal pride in her little hero, her little Knight of the Blessed Sacrament. Mrs. Seton finally succeeded in nursing her son back to health and strength, to the joy of the whole village, for Phil was now the lion and the idol of all Exeter, whose good citizens still love to discourse on the heroism of the brave little Sacristan.

J. R. O'GORMAN, '01.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. I.

Ottawa University expects every student to do his duty during the term of '99-'00.

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Remember the text of the Most Rev. Chancellor's sermon at the formal re-opening : " A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. XXII.-6.

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FATHER PALLIER'S JUBILEE.

A quiet celebration by the Oblate Fathers of the University marked the fiftieth anniversary of the religious profession of the saintly Father Pallier, O. M. I. Golden Jubilee, indeed ! Fifty years of religious life, almost fifty years of priesthood—golden measure heaped to overflowing with golden acts of charity towards

God and men. "To preach the Gospel to the poor He has sent me" has ever been to him more than a mere motto. It has embodied the deep conviction of his soul. It has traced for him the way of his vocation. And so through all the years of his life—as they testify that knew him and that know him—his words and his example have borne constant testimony that "to the poor the Gospel is preached." Men of state—law-framers and law dispensers—have sought him to obtain counsel and consolation amidst the difficulties incident to their station in life. But he has ever sought by preference the lowly and the humble and the poor. And into every home that he visited, into the heart of every one with whom he has come in contact, he has brought by his sunny ways, brightness and warmth and joy. Nor has he ever been an acceptor of persons. In Christ and for Christ he has loved one and all. In few, he has made himself all to all that he might win all to Christ. And so, if it be true, as the poet sings, that

"One sorrow only in God's world has birth
To live unloving and unloved on earth,"

then surely has Father Pallier ever been blessed with joy sufficient to make life a part of Heaven. For none have been without his boundless charity, and (love begetting love) all have loved him with the sincerest affection. In the name of the students, we desire to say *Amen* to the blessing we have heard so often and so fervently pronounced by the Irish people among whom he has labored so long and so faithfully: "God bless good Father Pallier ! Long may he live !"

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AT THE UNIVERSITY.

On the books for '99-'00 are to be found registered the names of nearly all the old students and of many new ones—a fact which goes to prove that the thoroughness of the education given in this Institution is becoming more generally recognized. A sign of the times, too, is the increased number of students from Ontario.

It was a general surprise for us on our return this year, to find that the genial Father Murphy had resigned the office of Prefect of Studies. The dignity and duties of this important

position have been assumed by Rev. Father Gervais who has brought to his new task an energy and a *savoir faire* that augurs well for the Scholastic year just begun. Few other changes are to be noted. The Philosophical course will be unusually good, the graduating class being presided over by Rev. Father Nilles, vice-rector, and the first-year philosophers being under the skilful tuition of Rev. Dr. Lacoste who by his deep study and faithful exposition of the teachings of the Angelic Doctor has merited the honor, unique on this continent, of membership in the Roman Academy of St. Thomas. Rev. Father Cornell still retains the chair of Higher English Literature, but his work this year is limited to the fifth, sixth, and seventh forms, while the first-year University and Matriculating classes have been placed under the able literary guidance of Rev. Father McKenna. The Collegiate Staff has been strengthened by the addition of two new professors in the persons of Rev. Father Flynne and Rev. J. Fallon, brother to Rev. Dr. Fallon. Rev. L. Binet will assist Father Gauvreau in his arduous labors in the chemical laboratory. To Rev. Father Lajeunesse, besides his important professorship, has been given the charge of the Dramatic Society. The energy, tact and artistic taste displayed by Father Lajeunesse in the direction of other Societies in past years, offer us the assurance that the Dramatic Society has in prospect a most successful year and that there are in store for us some rare theatrical treats.

In the Commercial Department Rev. B. Roy, as Prefect of Studies, replaces Rev. Father Hénault who has become Prefect of Discipline in the Small Yard to the enthusiastic delight of our Junior Brethren.

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A FEW WORDS TO OUR FOOTBALLERS.

Gentlemen Footballers, to the Athletic Committee of '99-'00 has it been left to inaugurate the policy of an All-College Team. To you is entrusted the task of demonstrating the wisdom of that policy or of proving the folly of it and we feel confident of your ability to do the former. Yet since "the eye sees not itself but by reflection of some other thing" and lest when it is too late, it

may be "lamented that you had no such mirror as turned your hidden worthiness into your eye," we

"Your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourselves
That of yourselves which yet you know not of."

The race, you know is not always to the swift. The battle is not always to the strong. Nor is the victory on the football field always to them that combine both speed and strength. Endurance and judgment are also essential qualities of the footballers that hope for success in their sphere. Speed, strength, endurance, judgment—these are the qualities that must in due proportion be found in the ideal footballer. These are qualities indigenous to natures that have received a proper physical, mental and moral training; and physically, mentally, morally, you are, to say the least, the compeers of the representatives of any Athletic Union in the land. Speed is yours, strength is yours, endurance has always been, and still is, a characteristic of Ottawa University men. Judgment you possess. You have within you therefore all elements that go to insure success. You can succeed, if you *will*.

Prove yourselves, then, worthy of the hopes of your fellow-students, worthy of the confidence reposed in you by the Athletic Association. Let the old time enthusiasm reign amongst you. Don the invincible spirit of manly self-confidence that carried your fore-runners to victory through many a seemingly forlorn hope. Be enthusiastic, be self-confident,—then *must* success crown your efforts. And success means greater glory to the Garnet and Gray. Success means renewed life and vigor to the Athletic Association. Success means the right once more to sing our exultant chorus:

Var-Rah ! Var-Rah ! we're champions again
Var-Rah ! Var-Rah ! bring on some better men,
Who are not afraid to beard the lions in their den,
Hurrah, for our glorious old Varsity !

Gleanings.

"One of President Kruger's chief legal advisers in his negotiations with Mr. Chamberlain is Mr. Michael J. Farrelly, a young Irish barrister, who went out to South Africa from London three years ago. Mr. Farrelly is an expert in international law, and was frequently consulted on intricate points by eminent London lawyers. During his brief legal career in London he secured the acquittal of a number of alleged anarchists, against whom the full force of Scotland Yard had been directed. He has since 1894 been a practicing barrister at Pretoria, and very quickly gained the confidence and friendship of President Kruger. Still in the early thirties, Mr. Farrelly is of medium size, and somewhat slightly built. He has pallid features, and keen dark eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He has an encyclopaedic memory, and great charm and courtesy of manner. His power of mastering a book and catching the tone of its author is little short of marvelous.—*Ex.*

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"The Catholics of Germany have, according to R. Mosse's "Zeitungskatalog," 274 Catholic or Centre papers. In Prussia alone there are 182 Catholic daily papers, 110 of which are published in the Prussian Rhine Province; Bavaria has about 50, Wurthemberg 10, Baden 24 daily Centre papers. Meiklenburg, Brunswick, Oldenburg, the Thuringian Dukedoms have none. The Kingdom of Saxony has one Catholic paper. In one of the recent Catholic Congresses of Germany it has been recognized that the Catholic press has largely contributed to win the famous battles of the German Centre party in the Reichstag."—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

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In reviewing Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland," a writer in the *Boston Pilot* says :

"Another point which strikes the reader of this volume is the splendid tradition of scholarship and artistic culture in Ireland. In the Isle of Saints, as Mr. Darmesteter expresses it, 'the renaissance began 700 years before it was known in Italy.' When the knowledge of Greek, which Ireland had acquired through an early

and direct commerce with the tri-lingual seaports of Gaul, so completely perished in the agony and darkness of the Middle Ages that even Gregory the Great was ignorant of it, 'there was a wide range of Greek learning, not ecclesiastical merely, but chronological, astronomical and philosophical, away at Durrow in the very centre of the Bog of Allen.' In the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, students flocked from all quarters to the schools of Erin and were welcomed with a princely liberality which not only provided free books and free instruction from Irish masters, but furnished a free board every day, and not improbably lodgment for the night, though this last is not specifically stated. And 'this noble tradition of free education to strangers,' Dr. Hyde observes, 'lasted down to the establishment of the so-called 'national' schools in Ireland, for down to that time 'poor scholars' were freely supported by the people and helped in their studies'."

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Julian Ralph, in the *Boston Post*, as we learn from the *Republic*, relates the following anecdote of the saintly missionary, Father Lacombe, O. M. I. :

"Some days later I interviewed both Crowfoot and a zealous old Catholic missionary and scholar, Père Lacombe, who, besides spending his long life with these romantic people, had written an authoritative dictionary of the parent tongue of the western Canadian Indians. The priest and the chief conversed in the Cree tongue, and what became my surprise to see them warming up, in time, and laughing and nudging one another like two schoolmates who meet after a long separation and rehearse the adventures or the mischievous pranks in which they have taken part. This proved to be what they were really doing !

"What is it, Father ?" I asked.

Then the noble old priest told me that he and his warrior friend were recalling the days when the priest was missionary to both the Crow nation and the Blackfeet—tribes at such enmity to each other that the world was not large enough to hold them both. They recollected how one night, when the priest was ministering to the Blackfeet, an attack on the camp was made by the Crows. It was pitch dark, and along with the first notice came a rush of the enemy, the firing of their guns, the screaming of the Blackfeet

squaws, the clamor of the startled dogs, and the hubbub of primitive warfare. The priest thought to restore peace by his presence, and so he rushed into the melee crying : " Stop this wickedness ! Go to your wigwams, you Crows ; do you hear me ? I am your priest." He might as well have scolded a hurricane or tried to command a volcanic eruption, Bullets whistled by his ears, and warriors rushed headlong upon him. Then his manner changed. He saw that it was to be a fight to the death and that the only part of wisdom was to counsel strong self-defence.

" Here," he cried to the Blackfeet, " give me a gun. Rouse yourselves. Save your women and children and your own lives. Quick, I say ; give me a gun and let us drive these mad people back to where they came from."

After that, side by side with Crowfoot, the priest fought ; and the sight so stirred the braves behind him that the battle was easily won. And so was a still greater battle, because from that time the gentle scholar, who came among them to preach love and mercy and faith in the true God, had gained a hold upon the hearts of those rude warriors such as no other priest upon the continent has or perhaps ever possessed."

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To the following extract from that brightest of our Catholic exchanges, the *Antigonish Casket*, we respectfully invite the attention of students and of the parents of students :—

"The advantages of a boarding-school under religious auspices, as against the public high-school, as a place for giving boys a real education, are well put by a correspondent of *The Watchman* (Baptist) of Boston. The considerations urged by him in favor of the former apply with almost equal force to the question, which parents too often allow the youth to decide for himself, of external or internal boarding. Two classes of boys, as a rule, are eager to live outside the walls of the college or academy—those who wish for greater freedom than the rules of the college allow them, and those who think they can study harder outside. The first want what is the very worst thing they could have ; the second ignore the benefits enumerated by this correspondent and never suspect that real education comes far more from association and

play of mind upon mind in the intercourse of daily life in the college than from books or class-room work. We quote from the source already mentioned :—

In a well regulated academy [by which the writer means a boarding-school] he may come under wise rules and restrictions, conducive to the formation of regular habits and to the cultivation of a spirit of obedience to rightful authority. In such a school a discipline is obtained which is not easily gotten even in a good home. Here, too, the boy is *kept* in an atmosphere of educational life from week to week and month to month. He is constantly in the helpful presence of teachers, and of young men of noble ambition from various sections of the country ; young men who are aiming for the advantages of the college and theological seminary.

In the academy the teachers, living in buildings and eating at the same table with the student, make a part of the school life, as the teachers in the public schools cannot. The teachers have constant supervision of the boys to secure their highest mental, moral, and spiritual welfare. The constant personal touch of good teachers and their private advice and encouragement inspire many a boy with high aims and noble enthusiasms. The teachers, being Christian men, aim to exert a positive influence in favor of Christian character and helpful to an entrance into the Christian life. The conscience receives attention as well as the intellect.

It is a genuine pleasure to find so strong a sentiment in favor of religious education among New England Baptists. It affords some ground for the hope the the curse of godless schools may yet be removed from our own Provinces and from the neighboring Republic."

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THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

On Thursday the 21st inst., His Grace Archbishop Duhamel paid his annual official visit to the University.

At 9 a. m., His Grace, preceded by the Rev. Faculty arrayed in their academic robes, entered the Chapel and during high mass assisted at the throne. After the Gospel, his Grace preached a very forcible and impressive sermon from the text : "A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. XXII. 6.) His Grace opened with a glowing tribute to the wisdom of the venerable Father Tabaret, from whose lips, the preacher stated, he had first heard these words of the Proverbs. Proceeding he impressed upon the minds of his young listeners, the necessity of preparing themselves now in their

youth in a manner calculated to make them in later years worthy members of the Church and worthy citizens of the state.

After Mass, the Profession of Faith was made by the professors with the usual solemnity. Then all marched in procession to the Academic Hall where His Grace was greeted on his entrance by the stirring strains of the Juniors' Band.

The visit of the Most Rev. Chancellor is always regarded by the students as one of the events of the year and is, in consequence, usually celebrated with great show and rejoicing. On such occasions in the past, too, His Grace has always been presented with addresses in English and French. This year, however, in view of the approaching Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration, when a grand celebration will be held at the University, it was thought more fitting to do away with all ceremony, and to give His Grace a respite from addresses and consequent replies. A few simple words of welcome, therefore, from the lips of the Very Rev. Rector and a brief reply on the part of His Grace constituted the program of this quiet "family re-union."



Priorum Temporum Flores.

M. A. FOLEY.

During the past few weeks a goodly number of old students visited their *Alma Mater*; and from all accounts, it seems that Dame Fortune has smiled very graciously indeed upon most of them.

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Mr. Elias Doyle, '99, informs us that it is his intention to devote himself to teaching. He will leave shortly for Hamilton, Ont., to enter the School of Pedagogy.

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Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99, has entered upon the study of law at Laval University, Quebec.

We are truly grieved to learn of the serious illness of Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, ex-president of the Athletic Association. While here, Mr. O'Meara did noble work in the cause of our athletic teams; and by his courtesy to all, and by his unfailing tact in trying circumstances, won the lasting affection of all with whom he came in contact. We tender him our sympathy in this hour of his affliction, and hope to learn of his speedy and complete recovery.

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Last June, John Garland, '96, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Bellevue College, New York. After a post graduate course he expects to begin practice in Syracuse, N.Y.

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A few day ago Mr. Patrick Lawn, ex-'99, put in appearance at the *Sanctum*, and with a smile, if possible more genial than ever, informed us of his recent marriage. Congratulations, Pat. ; may you live to enjoy many long years of connubial bliss.

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A number of former students on their return-journey to the Grand Seminary of Montreal, met at Ottawa and spent a pleasant day visiting old friends and making new ones. Amongst them, we noted particularly, Messrs. Fay ('96), Ryan, ('97), Quilty ('97) and Bolger ('98.)

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Mr. James O'Reilly, ex-'01, came back to the University shortly after the College reopened, but remained only long enough to resign his position as President of the Athletic Association and to see a new officer elected in his stead. Mr. O'Reilly has entered the Philosophical Department of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and it was this prospective step that led to his resigning the office he had so well discharged.

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Messrs. Raoul Bonin, Alex. Meindl and Thomas Saunders of last year's Matriculating class, have begun their medical studies at McGill.

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Geo. Kelly has accepted a position with the Federal Engraving Co. of this city.

Rev. Bro. Rheame, O. M. I., '01, has been selected by his superiors for the signal honor of a philosophical and theological course at Rome. We have every confidence in the ability of our old fellow-student to uphold the honor of Canada and of his *Alma Mater*, in the intellectual arena of the famous Gregorian University.

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Mr. J. B. Piette of last year's Matriculating Class, has gone to St. Laurent College in order to finish his course in French. In a recent letter, he expresses himself as quite at home in his new surroundings.

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During Exhibition Week, Messrs. Dan McGale, James Quigley, Raymond McDonald, Albert Dontigny, and Jean Patry, registered in our Visitor's Book.

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We would earnestly request the "old boys" to acquaint us from time to time with their places of residence and their doings. It will afford us much pleasure to publish such communications and our readers much pleasuse, we are sure, to read them.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

In many of the magazines of the present month there is a pleasant change from the super-abundance of fiction which filled their pages during the summer months. As the popular demand for this department has been supplied and the educational world has arisen from its short lethargy the reaction in favor of the more important contributions will indeed be welcomed by many readers.

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Donahoe's Magazine for September opens with a readable article, "Old Time Favorites," drawn principally from the poems of Chaucer, Dante, and Tennyson. In a forcible and tersely written paper entitled "The Power of Authority" a writer con-

siders the power vested in the Head of the Church. In view of the present intense ritualistic movement in England and of the position of Anglicans with regard to Papal Authority, the article well deserves the attention of every careful reader and will amply repay the time spent on its perusal. An interesting description of Costa Rica by E. Lyell Earle is found in this issue. Under the caption of "England and the Boers," J. W. Clarkson writes in a eulogistic strain of the efforts of the Boers for freedom. Other articles of considerable interest are "Catholic Literature in Public Libraries" and "Sketching in a Dutch Village."

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In the current issue of *The Rosary*, the progress of Catholic missions in Africa forms the subject-matter for a very readable article by Wm. S. Merrill. Among the contributors to this number E. Lyell Earle deserves the place of honor for his valuable paper on Cardinal Mazarin. During the minority of Louis XIV, the Regency of France had been entrusted to the young King's mother, Anne of Austria. She made choice of Cardinal Mazarin for her prime minister and to his master genius may be attributed the brilliant achievements that marked the early part of the reign of Louis. That era, too, has the distinction of being the golden age of French Literature with its galaxy of writers such as Corneille, Racine, Moliere, LaBruyere and Boileau. Religion found such defenders as Bossuet and Feulon; in the classical school of modern painting Lebrun, Rigaud and Mignard are known as masters, and in architecture Perrault and Mansard achieved fame in the construction of the Louvre and the palace of Versailles. Such then was the splendid effect of the policy formed and carried out so successfully by Cardinal Mazarin. The short sketch of Dr. O'Hagan together with a brief study of his works is especially interesting to the students of this University for this distinguished Canadian litterateur is an honored alumnus Ottawa University.

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The leading article of the *Catholic World* for September is an excellent review of the "Life of St. Vincent de Paul" a work lately published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is a just tribute of praise to the labor of the great saint and a true appreciation of his wonderful work as an organizer of Catholic charitable work. In

recent issues of this magazine there has appeared a series of articles treating of the relations of nations, society and the individual to Christ. These articles have drawn the attention and careful consideration of many readers and deservedly so, for their author (Rev. Michael P. Smith) is a learned theologian and reliable historian. Under the caption of "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago" there is another instalment of Father Walworth's interesting series of articles descriptive of his personal experiences as a young missionary priest among the peasantry of England. Other instructive and entertaining papers are Dr. Brann's criticism of the much-vaunted Ingersoll, Miss C. Brown's appreciative sketch of the missions of California, and an exquisite description of the beauties of Venice. The illustrations of this issue are excellent notably, those accompanying the last mentioned article.

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To the *Sacred Heart Review* of the issue of September 2nd, Rev. Mr. Starbuck contributes another scholarly paper in continuance of "Considerations on Catholicism by a Protestant Theologian." Readers of the Review will welcome the first half of that attractive Irish story entitled "Bridget's Experiment" from the facile pen of Clara Mulholland. These together with many forceful editorials and important items on literary matters make the issue both interesting and instructive for its large circle of readers.

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CURRENT HISTORY. A Quarterly Summary of the world's news and progress. Second Quarter, 1899. 256 pp. Illustrated with 20 portraits and 19 maps, diagrams and views. \$1.50 a year. Single numbers 40 cents. Sample numbers 25c. Specimen pages free. Boston, Mass. : Current History Co.

Current History is always interesting and instructive and the last number is even more than usually so. This number opens with an article on Wireless Telegraphy in which the Marconi system and other systems of wireless communication are described in a manner that makes the subject plain to every reader. The contents include a succinct review of all matters attracting general attention, amongst which stand prominent the problems arising out of the Spanish War, the work of the Peace Conference at the Hague, the Alaskan and Venezuelan boundary questions, the Samoan difficulty, the Transvaal crisis, and the Dreyfus case.

Athletics.

By W. P. EGLESON.

Now that the lacrosse season is over football has again become the all-absorbing topic of discussion and will form the principal amusement in the athletic world during the next few months. Ottawa University is once more represented by a senior team in the Quebec Rugby Football Union and will battle for the championship with formidable teams from Montreal and Brockville. As yet, it would be premature to indulge in any visions of future glory and triumph. Much less is it our intention to engage in vacuous speculation regarding our prospects or the outcome of approaching events. But, if good material, hard training, faithful attendance to practice, pluck and enthusiasm on the part of the players coupled with able and careful coaching on the part of the management may be regarded as the elements of success, we are fully justified in saying that the University team of '99 will retain the honorable position attained and so long held by its predecessors and that the present season's work will supply abundant matter for another interesting addition to the already glorious annals of the O.U.A.A.

The decision of the Committee of Management to place a purely student team in the field is one that should commend itself to all true admirers of this manly college sport, and awaken among the students and alumni of this institution a keener attention to the efforts and a more devoted attachment to the interests of the college fifteen. In fact this action on the part of the executive is fully warranted from a variety of circumstances and is regarded by those most eminently qualified to judge as the salvation of football at old Ottawa College, and the starting point of another long series of victories and championships for the wearers of the Garnet and Gray.

The following is the revised schedule of the Q. R. U. for the season of '99 :—

Date.	Teams	Grounds.
Oct. 7	College vs. Brockville	College.
" 7	Britannia vs. Montreal.....	Britannia.
" 14	Brockville vs. Britannia.....	Brockville.
" 14	Montreal vs. College.....	Montreal.
" 21	Brockville vs. Montreal.....	Brockville.
" 21	Britannia vs. College	Britannia.
" 28	College vs. Britannia	College.
" 28	Montreal vs. Brockville.....	Montreal.
Nov. 4	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal.
" 4	Brockville vs. College	Brockville.
" 11	College vs. Montreal	College.
" 11	Britannia vs. Brockville.....	Britannia.

Arrangements are being made for an exhibition match with the Irish International F. B. C. which intends to visit Canada during the present season, and if terms can be agreed upon the game will take place on Oct. 18th.

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A meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Thursday the 21st inst., for the purpose of electing officers to fill several vacancies on the Executive. The committee is now constituted as follows :—

President,	-	-	-	T. G. Morin.
First-Vice President,	-	-	-	M. A. Foley.
Second-Vice	"	-	-	J. F. Breen.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	J. A. Meehan.
Corresponding-Secretary,	-	-	-	W. P. Egleson.
Recording	"	-	-	E. W. McGuire.
Councillors,	-	-	-	{ J. McGuckin.
				{ J. Smith.

At a meeting of the Executive Mr. T. G. Morin was elected Manager of the Football Team for the season of '99.

BOOK NOTICE.

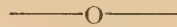
THE FOUR GOSPELS. A New Translation from the Greek Text, direct, with reference to the Vulgate and the Ancient Syriac Version. By Very Rev. Francis A. Spencer, O. P. Cloth-gilt. Price \$1.50. William H. Young & Company, 27 Barclay St., New York.

This handsome little volume we recently received from Messrs. James Hope & Sons, Sparks St. The New Translation is guaranteed by the approbation of three learned Dominican censors, by the *Nihil Obstat* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and by the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York. In his preface to the work, Cardinal Gibbons says : " In preparing this version of the Gospels, it has been the translator's aim throughout to make use of idiomatic English, as far as the character of the New Testament and the style of the original text permit. He has endeavored to represent Our Lord and the Apostles as speaking, not in an antique style, but in the language they would speak if they lived among us now."

There is also a harmony of the three "Synoptic" Gospels, which, together with the marginal notes and references, makes it a valuable book for clergy and students.



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University of Ottawa

REVIEW

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No. 2.

DIES MIRABILIS.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CON-
SECRATION OF HIS GRACE JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL,
ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

Rich in love
And sweet humility, he is, himself
To the degree that he desires, beloved.
—*Wordsworth's Excursion.*

Hushed be Care's dolorous sigh,
And loosed the voice of Joy,
Let ocean-mouthed multitudes acclaim !
Let thousands, Duhamel,
Troop fast and trooping tell
Of life-long toils that with Worth bind thy name ;
Till surging, throbbing down the wind
The praise of old and young peals out combined !

Two Sister Cities now
Before the altar bow,
And breathe for thee the simple, fervent prayer ;
That heart engrossing strain
Folk dotting dale and plain

In sympathetic concord waft on air,
And over wide and wider bounds
Murmur the cadence of the sacred sounds.

While echoes every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
And merriment and Muse ringing clear,
Loud organ tones that swell
Mix with the clang of bell,
And Oratory wins responsive cheer,
And woos the Music her speaking string
To audible creations swift of wing.

Wide from the Town's pent heart
To its remotest part
Chorussed, the thunder rolls all dins above ;
To thee, unsought, it brings
A boon denied to kings—
A loving people's offering of love :
Regard based on shared Hopes and Fears,
The shine and shade of five and twenty years.

As Moments come and go
Well may the Triumph grow ;
This purple-pinioned Day's bright fingers bind
A crown all pride to see,
Immortal wreath for thee
Who wear'st the graces of an bumble mind
To robe a spirit which, as Throne,
Three sisters, Wisdom, Truth, and Virtue own.

Ah ! sweetly speak thy days
As song's most liquid lays—
Though Modesty innate would have them dumb—
Of ceaseless Charity,
Of Griefs stilled silently,
Of Helpfulness too broad for word to sum,
Of vigils kept by wrecks brought low
And crushed, by Fate's enormities of Woe.

No knight of dead Romance
Who fleshed or sword or lance
Where flashing spears lit stubborn Victory,
In steel-clad breast could feel
For Glory more zeal
Than thou to spread aloft in spacious sky,
No pompous gawd, Pride's symbol frail,
But Faith's bright flag, to weather bolt and gale.
In mystic rhythm rolls
Ever athwart our souls
Some chime of steeple crowning hallowed fane,
And, thick as stars that gem
A lakelet's diadem,
Shine chancel-lights by street, and road, and lane :
All were illumined by thy hand
Which rears the frequent spire around the land.
Beneath yon towering dome
Soft Mercy makes her home,
And ever there Veiled Angels pain appease,
Keeping a sleepless guard
By fevered cot and ward
While Science changes agony to ease ;
Thy beneficence props these halls,
And Mercy's pile thy tenderness recalls.
And should one farther stray
Along the public way,
Soon palaces their chiselled fronts unfold,
Beneath those spreading eaves
The Lap of Ease receives,
Orphan, and outcast, and infirm, and old :
Each stately structure seems to bless
Thy tender heart, Friend of the Fatherless.
And many a tranquil place
Thy chiefs, Religion, grace—
Monastic heirs of famous saintly lines ;
And many a lamp sun-bright
Wise teachers trim to light

Youth delving lore in Wisdom's Parian mines :
The thick-sown school and monastery
Alike can trace auspicious births to thee.

So, as all these be thus,
Be thou more praised of us ;
In will a thousand, one in corporal power,
Thy goodness sighs to deem
Too few thy gifts that teem,
Linking some good to every blessed Hour :
Thy soul counts each rare act to be
But setting for its pearl, Humility.

Magnanimous, paltry pride
Thy greatness doth deride,
Though Admiration make thy people glad,
Though Truth proclaim thy fame
Ennobles Manhood's name,
Though alien Race and Creed their tributes add ;
Thou wouldst have God alone scan merits,
Meek Prophet of the Kingdom Faith inherits.

As erst, so to the end,
Tried councillor, true friend,
We from thy fostering fondness none shall wean :
Our grateful hearts replete
With love for thee will beat
Their blessings, while upon thy strength we lean :
Thy schemes one testimony bear
God is thy Patron, and His flock thy care.

Hushed be Care's dolorous sigh
And loosened the voice of joy,
Let ocean-mouthed multitudes acclaim !
Let thousands, Duhamel,
Trocop fast and trooping tell
Of life-long toils that with worth bind thy name,
And ever as the years increase
Preach still Goodwill's two Gospels, Love and Peace.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE THEME OF "THE TEMPEST."



AMONG the numerous productions of Shakespeare's genius, none perhaps is more suggestive of true moral principles and of higher conceptions than *The Tempest*. Multiple, inconsequence, appears the theme of this drama to the cursory reader, according as he deduces it from the general impression, or from the words of the personages brought on the scene.

In several passages of the play we are struck by the presentation of the idea that man though by nature ever subject to higher power, nevertheless always nourishes an innate but futile desire for complete liberty. He hates dependence, and strives to escape from it ; but if his endeavors to throw off the yoke of one master succeed, he unconsciously bends the head before a new tyrant perhaps more inhuman than the first. Ariel, Caliban, Ferdinand, Alonso, Prospero himself, are evident examples of this inconsistency of man.

No less striking than the first truth, is the thought of a Providence, watchful and paternal, who disposes all for the best. Trials, sufferings and dangers, contribute either to withdraw man from the path of sin, or to test his love and strengthen his virtue.

Besides these themes which seem to have an equal claim to our meditation, there is a third, which, if not the most salient, is certainly developed in a manner calculated to produce the deepest impression, and is resumed in an aphorism full of sense and vigor :

"The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance !"

Words indeed noble, heroic, sublime even, on the lips of a man whom injustice and ingratitude have reduced to the lowest depth of misery !

Unjustly bereft of his ducal crown, by an ungrateful brother, Antonio, banished from his dukedom by order of the king of Naples, an enemy to him inveterate, and exiled on a savage island, Prospero sees at last the long desired dawn of deliverance and of the return of fortune. By a providential disposition, the king, his court, and Antonio are at sea on a voyage from Tunis.

Favored by the assistance of Ariel, an airy spirit, Prospero rouses against them the fury of the sea and of the winds. The vessel tempest-tossed, is on the point of foundering, and the unchecked elements threaten death to every soul in it. Miranda, daughter to Prospero, at the sight of such a danger, is moved with pity and laments the lot of the noble creatures whom she supposes to be ship-wrecked. Her affliction provokes the first manifestation of Prospero's heart, who, in words which repudiate the natural desire for vengeance, reveals to her the sole motive of his conduct, together with the comforting assurance that nothing ill shall betide to any of his enemies.

* * * "Be collected ;
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

* * * No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter . . .
* * * Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort ;
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel,"
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Satisfied with his present condition, he would calmly die in obscurity, but for the future welfare of his daughter, his sole consolation. His hope is to bring his enemies to renew ancient bonds and live in tranquillity.

The tempest has accomplished part of his design. He has seen his enemies cast upon the deserted coast of the island. Notwithstanding his confidence in Ariel he apprehends some accident. His interview with his messenger betrays in him great anxiety. On hearing of Ferdinand's rash conduct, in throwing himself into the foaming waters, he asks with visible emotion,

"Was not this nigh shore?"

as if to calm his just fear by the possibility that Ferdinand "may yet be safe"; and the news of the ship's final landing on the island, dispels all dread and provokes a word of praise for Ariel, and a promise of liberty :

“Thy charge exactly is performed ;
Thou shalt be free . . .”

Victim of dark treason and bitterest ingratitude, Prospero sees a favorable occasion to take Christian revenge. Sebastian and Antonio have planned the murder of Alonso. Informed of this execrable plot, Prospero, on the eve of its execution, despatches his messenger to Gonzalo and warns him of the danger that threatens the king. Ambition is incapable of such an action, and less so vengeance. What in fact can Prospero hope for his action ? He does not seek reward, since he conceals his name by sending Ariel. Nor can he have in view the bettering of his condition, when those whom he saves, are the very men who are the cause of his misery and affliction.

This action, nevertheless, is but the prelude of what Prospero has planned in his mercy towards his foes—reconciliation and remorse for sins yet to be effaced by the tears of repentance. The marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, while uniting two pure affections, will, he hopes, open the way to the realization of his admirable plan. But with what prudence and wise moderation he proceeds in an action of such importance ! Ferdinand's love will be put to the trial of a long and arduous slavery. Nor is his conduct, so severe and brutal in appearance, to be attributed to any grudge, since it served to cement by degrees an affection and an attachment henceforth inviolable :

“All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love ; and thou
Hast strangely stood the test ; Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift.”

Prospero's project is pointing to a head. The achieved union of Ferdinand and Miranda has renewed and rendered more intimate the relations which cold ambition had broken. What now remains to be done, but to throw off all magic and disguise, and to reveal himself to those who are already his friends, although still irreconciled ? The story of their sufferings and desolation, reported by Ariel, put an end to all further hesitation and delay, and provoked these words, impressed with compassion and mercy :

“Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs, I am struck to the quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part: The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves."

The hour is then come for the manifestation of truth. The day of repentance and pardon has dawned. The king, Antonio, Sebastian, all the attendants and the court, appear before Prospero, who, amidst the solemnity and music prepared for such a scene, speaks the words of forgiveness and oblivion. First to Alonso.

"Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter."
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian."

Then to his perfidious brother:

"Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong—
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art."

His compassion goes still further, and prevents him from declaring to the king the abominable design of Sebastian and Antonio:

"But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors; at this time
 I'll tell no tales."

Merciful towards his greater enemies, will he not be kind and forgetful towards his lesser ones? Caliban, his slave, has conspired against him, and together with Stephano and Trinculo, has sought to murder him. He pardons and frees Caliban:

"Go, Sirrah, to my cell:
 Take with you your companions; as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely."

Having liberated Caliban, he grants like freedom to Stephano and Trinculo. One might accuse Prospero of reproaching his enemies with their faults, and thereby, apparently taking revenge from the confusion he brings on them. But it is not to be forgotten that Prospero's purpose is to excite his foes to repentance, real sorrow and shame, at the sight of their base conduct towards him. He wants to prepare their minds and hearts so that his last word of "forgiveness" shall cleanse all vestige of the past. His hope, as he himself expresses it, is that every action of a time so lamentable, should sink into complete oblivion,

" Let us not barden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone."

Therefore if to the evidence deduced from the text, we add the testimony of the impression left upon the mind after an attentive reading of the play, it seems to me indubitable that in *The Tempest*. Shakespeare wished to impress us with the moral grandeur of the man who, though "struck to the quick by the high wrongs" of his enemies, nevertheless could "with his nobler reason take part against his fury," and who, at an hour when all his unscrupulous enemies lay completely at his mercy, could still conform his conduct to that truly Christian maxim,

" The rarer action
Is in virtue than in vengeance."

L. BINET, O.M.I., '01.



“THE FAT BOY.”



ANY are the pleasant characters—genial, humorous or jovial—that we owe to the creative genius of the unrivalled Dickens. In this circle of amusing beings must be numbered one who, though not, as some, remarkable for the humor of his speech, or as others, for his rollicking jollity, yet by his extraordinary unwontedness of manner appeals with irresistible force to our risible faculties—Joe, the wondrous Fat Boy of *Pickwick Papers*.

The chief traits of this uncommon personage may be very briefly summed up. He was a very corpulent young man whose time was divided between sleeping and eating—that is all. In the words of Dickens, he was “a fat and red-faced boy in a state of perpetual somnolency, whom no speculative observer could have regarded for an instant without setting him down as the official dispenser of the contents of the hamper which contained the consumable articles.”

Joe’s corpulency is particularly to be noticed. One day, while he was sleeping on the seat of a carriage, his services were required. In answer to the summons to come down from his perch, he rolled slowly off the seat like a big balloon, and it was only by dint of extraordinary exertion that this remarkable achievement was accomplished. He was indeed a wonderfully fat boy. His extraordinary rotundity rendered him an object of downright amazement to all those who met him, even to the usually imperturbable Mr. Samuel Weller. The first time this latter worthy set eyes upon him, having a vague idea of the disease called dropsy he could find no better application of the word than to this young man’s plumpness. Hence “Young Dropsy” was entered on the Baptismal Register of the Weller parish as being the name of our interesting hero.

Joe had a very unfortunate tendency to fall asleep at the shortest notice. “Joe, Joe,” exclaims Mr. Wardle, “Damm that boy, he has gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—

on the leg, if you please, nothing else wakes him." Two seconds had scarcely elapsed when Joe was again in the same state of lethargy, whence he was aroused this time by sundry unceremonious taps on the head. On one occasion, in particular, Joe answered to his name with unusual alacrity, for at that particular moment he was only "three parts and a fraction asleep." Once, indeed, Joe remained awake, thoroughly wide awake, and that happened to be at a time when he should have been snoring his loudest. Thus it came to pass that he surprised Mr. Tupman and Miss Rachael Wardel in the very act of kissing and hugging each other, and for some minutes continued a bewildered spectator of this interesting scene. Mr. Tupman, on noting the presence of this intruder into private affairs, considered Joe altogether ignorant of what had just taken place, thinking that at the time, the Fat Boy was, as usual, fast asleep. But the worthy Mr. Tupman made a bad mistake, which he soon perceived by the consequences; for Joe lost no time in communicating what he knew to his old mistress, who was as much astonished at the declaration as our "*blanc-mange-like*" hero had been himself. Another occasion may be mentioned on which he was unusually awake and particularly loquacious. "I say," said he to Sam, "What a pretty girl Mary is, isn't she, I am so fond of her, I am." But he had to suffer the consequences of this unwonted occurrence, for Sam seized him by the collar, led him to the street door, and dismissed him with a harmless but ceremonious kick.

But these instances to the contrary notwithstanding, Joe was by no means afflicted with insomnia as the following passage relative to his somnolent propensities, amply proves:

"Mr. Perker had been congratulating Mr. Pickwick for a while on his happy exit from the Fleet when a most startling knock was heard at the door; it was not an ordinary double knock but a constant and uninterrupted succession of the loudest single raps, as if the knocker was endowed with perpetual motion or the person outside had forgotten to leave off.

"Dear me," said Perker, ringing the bell, "we shall alarm the inn; Mr. Lowten don't you hear a knock?"

"I'll answer the door in one moment sir," replied the clerk.

The knocker appeared to hear the response and to assert it was quite impossible it could wait so long. It made a stupendous uproar.

"It's quite dreadful," said Mr. Pickwick, stopping his ears.

"Make haste, Mr. Lowten," Perker, called out, "we shall have the panels beaten in."

Mr. Lowten who was washing his hands in a dark closet, hurried to the entry, and, turning the handle, then opened the door.

The object which presented itself to the eyes of the astonished clerk was a boy, an uncommonly fat boy, habited as a serving lad, standing upright on the mat, with eyes closed as if in sleep. The calmness and repose of his appearance so very different from what was reasonably to be expected of the inflicter of such knocks, smote him with wonder.

"What's the matter?" inquired the clerk.

The boy made no sign. He breathed heavily, but in all other respects was motionless.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the clerk.

The extraordinary boy replied not a word but he nodded once, and seemed to the clerk's imagination, to snore feebly.

The clerk repeated the question thrice, and, receiving no answer, prepared to shut the door, when the boy suddenly opened his eyes, winked several times, sneezed once, and raised his hand as if to repeat the knocking. Finding the door open, he stared about him with astonishment and at length fixed his eyes on Mr. Lowten's face.

"What the devil did you knock that way for?" inquired the clerk angrily.

"Which way?" said the boy, in a slow sleepy voice.

"Why, like forty hackney coachmen," replied the clerk,

"Because master said I wasn't to leave off knocking till they opened the door for fear I should go to sleep," said the boy.

The Fat Boy being so much given to sleep, a sudden waking generally had a confusive effect on his intellectual faculties. For instance he was one day charged by Mr. Pickwick to carry a message to certain of his young friends who had taken up lodgings in a distant part of the city. Joe played the anaconda inside a hackney coach all the way, and woke up suddenly when the coach came to a standstill.

"Now whether the suddenness of this awaking had jumbled the fat boy's faculties together, instead of arranging them in proper order, or had aroused such a quantity of new ideas within him as to render him oblivious of ordinary forms and ceremonies, or (which is also possible) had proved unsuccessful in preventing his falling asleep as he ascended the stairs; it is an undoubted fact that he walked into the sitting room without previously knocking at the door; and so beheld a gentleman with his arms clasping his young mistress's waist, sitting very lovingly by her side on a sofa, while another lady and her pretty handmaid feigned to be absorbed in looking out the window at the other end of the room. As the sight of this phenomenon the fat boy uttered an interjection, the ladies a scream and the gentleman an oath almost simultaneously."

Thus the confusion of his thoughts caused by his constant state of torpor had led him into a pretty fix indeed.

As to Joe's consuming abilities, they are not to be contested. In fact, how could he preserve his extraordinary rotundity if nurture were not plentiful. The mere expression "eatables" was enough to awake him at any moment. On one occasion, while the party were out witnessing a military display, when the time came for dinner, Mr. Wardle called upon the Fat Boy to hand him the food.

"There was something in the sound of this last word which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up and his leaden eyes which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks leered horribly on the food as he unpacked it from the baskets.

"Now make haste," said Mr. Wardle ; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply and bestowing an ardent gaze on its plum pies unwillingly consigned it to his master."

The next time Joe's services were required, everybody was surprised to find him awake. The surprise would not have been so great if they had seen him previously abstract a veal patty which he had just engulfed.

Nearly every morning when at his farm, Mr. Wardle used to go out rook hunting. Of course Joe made one of the party. When Mr. Wardle would kill a bird he would order Joe to bring it up. There was usually a smile on the youth's face as he advanced to do his duty. He laughed when he retired with the birds, for they were generally plump ones, and indistinct visions of rook pie floated through his imagination.

Christmas Eve at Wardle's was a time of pleasure, not only for the family but also for the servants. It so happened that Joe, Sam, and old Mrs. Wardle's maid, Emma, were all three in the kitchen. An unusually long silence was finally broken by Sam :

"Your master's a wery pretty notion of keeping any thin' up my dear ; I never seed such a sensible sort o' man as he is, or such a reg'lar gen'l'm."

"Oh that he is," said the fat boy, "don't he breed nice pork?" The fat youth gave a semi-canabalic leer at Mr. Weller as he thought of the roast legs and gravy.

"Oh you've awoke at last have you?" said Sam.

The fat boy nodded assent.

"I'll tell you what it is young boa constructor," said Mr. Weller impressively, "if you don't eat a little less and exercise a little more, ven you comes to be a man, you'll lay yourself open to the same sort o' personal unconvenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore the pigtail."

"What did they do to him? inquired the fat boy in a faltering voice.

"I'm going to tell you," replied Mr. Weller: "he was one of the largest patterns as was ever turned out—reg'lar fat man as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty year." Here Mr. Weller recounted the adventures of the fat man as wore a pigtail, and the recital was seen to affect Joe a great deal.

They then proceeded to the parlor where the sport was going on. Mr. Wardle, altogether taken up with the pleasant scene before him stood with his back toward the fire, heeding nothing but what was going on in front of him. The fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie which had been carefully put up for somebody else."

Indeed the drollness of Joe's manner is rendered still more striking by the Fat Boy's connection with Mr. Samuel Weller, a fact easily shown by the following quotation :

Mr. Pickwick and his friends were to pass Christmas at Ma. or Farm.

When they had reached Dingley Dell they found the fat boy waiting for them with a cart for their 'uggage. Mr. Pickwick with his three usual companions started on foot across the fields while Sam was directed to stay a d help load up the cart and then to go to the farm ho se in company with the fat boy.

When Sam perceived this latter personage, he looked on him with great astonishment but without saying a word. He then proceeded to store into the ca t, the oyster barrels, a large cod fish and sundry other articles of luggage whi h Mr. Pickwick had brought with him, while the fat boy stood quietly by and s emed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

"There," said Sam, throwing in the last carpet bag, "there they are."

"Yes," said the fat boy in a very satisfied tone, "there they are."

"Vell young twenty stump," said Sam, "you're a nice specimen of a prize boy, you are."

"Thank'ee" said the fat boy.

"You ain't got nothin' on your mind as makes you fret yourself have you?" inquired Sam.

"Not as I knows on," replied the fat boy.

"I should rayther ha' thought, to look at you, that you was a laborin' under an unrequited attachment to some young voman," said Sam.

The fat boy shook his head.

"Vell," said Sam, "I'un glad to hear it. Do you ever drink anythin?"

"I likes eating better," replied the boy.

"Ah," said Sam, "I should ha' s'posed that, but what I mean is, should you like a drop of somethin' as would warm you, but I suppose you never was cold with all them elastic fixtures, was you?"

"Sometimes," said the boy, "and I like a drop of something when its good."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Sam, "come this way then."

The Blue Lion tap was soon gained and the fat boy swallowed a glass of liquor without so much as winking, a feat which considerably advanced him in Mr. Well r's good opinion. Mr. Weller, having transacted a similar peice of b siness on his own account, they got into the cart.

"Can you drive?" said the fat boy.

"I should rayther think so" replied Sam.

"There then," said the fat boy, putting the reins in his hand, and pointing up a lane; "its as straight as you can go, you can't miss it."

With these words the fat boy laid himself affectionately down by the side of a cod-fish, and placing an oyster barrel under his head, for a pillow, fell asleep instantaneously.

"Well," said Sam, "of all th cool boys ever I set my eyes on, this 'ere young gen'l'm'n is the coolest. Come, wake up young dropsy."

But as Young Dropsy evinced no symptoms of returning animation, Sam Weller set himself down in the front of the cart and starting the old horse by a jerk of the rein jogged steadily on towards Manor Farm."

And thus it is readily seen that, though Joe is usually considered one of the minor characters of the *Pickwick Papers*, yet when he is singled out and the attention concentrated upon him he must be given a very prominent position amidst the droll characters of Dickens' creation. The absence of this amusing personage would certainly weaken the general effect of the novel; for the serio-comic nature of the Fat Boy adds a peculiar charm of its own to the *Pickwick Papers*. And so Dickens was inspired with a happy idea, indeed, when he traced the outline of Joe, the live-but-to-eat-and-to-sleep servant of the good-natured Mr. Wardle.

I M O, (age 14), '03.



ON SUICIDE.

One cannot read an author without imbibing a certain number of principles, and unfortunately these principles are not always of the best. It behooves one, therefore, to keep his mind ever on the alert in order to subject the ideas and thoughts of the writer to the test of truth. For instance, in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," when Cassius emphatically declares that

" Life being weary of these worldly bars
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure."

unreflecting minds might be inclined to add with Casca :

" So can I ;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity."

And yet the words of both speakers embody a most pernicious principle. That there is some truth, indeed, in the opinion of Cassius and Casca is quite obvious ; since the means of depriving himself of life are never wanting to man. Man, therefore, never lacks the physical power of taking his own life. But has he the moral power of doing so? That is the question. To those who believe in the revealed law of God, His positive command, "Thou shalt not kill," is adequate proof of the illicitness of suicide. But there are others to whom this expression of the divine law is insufficient, and who demand proofs of the natural order. To them we say that suicide, being an injury to the perpetrator himself, to society and to God, is evidently a violation of the Natural Law.

It will be admitted by all that Nature's first law is, that man, as well as all other creatures, should seek his own preservation. We see the brute animals observing this law, and why? Is it not because in protecting their existence, instinct tells them they are preserving Nature's highest gift? Among all Nature's subjects the only one who violates this law is man. And in transgressing it, does he not do himself irreparable injury? For no matter how unhappy may be his existence, it is immeasurably superior to non-existence, Therefore suicide is in diametric opposition to the natural law, and is an irremediable injury to him who commits it.

It is evident to all that society, as an organic whole, demands the concurrence of its individual members in the preservation of its integrity and also in the attainment of its end. Now if a man destroy his own existence, does he not thereby commit a great injury to society, inasmuch as his act, to a certain extent destroys the integrity of society? Moreover, he seriously wrongs society in refusing his assistance to the attainment of its end. Hence suicide is extremely detrimental to society.

Again, God as our Creator, has complete dominion over us, and we are totally dependent on Him. He cannot resign his dominion over us nor can we possibly withdraw ourselves from this necessary state of dependence. Hence when a man from pure moral cowardice deprives himself of life, he usurps a right to which he has no claim whatsoever, for he cannot rightfully destroy what is in nowise subject to his dominion; and his life is not his own arbitrary disposal, since by no act of his did he, nor by any possible industry on his part could he, give himself the blessing of existence.

Hence suicide is absolutely to be condemned since it offends grievously against the express command of God as well as against the law of nature, inasmuch as such cowardly and rashly presumptuous act is an injury to the culprit himself, to society at large, and to God, the Sovereign Lord and Master of all things. And hence from a moral standpoint we must condemn the opinion of Cassius and Casca that

“ Life being weary of these worldly bars
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.”

W. A. MARTIN, '02.



THE SONGS OF THE SETTLEMENT.



THE fault of present-day poets is that they too much indulge gloomy and melancholy thoughts. The people who above all should, in and out of reason, tirelessly preach the glorious doctrine of deathless Hope, are disposed to see everything in the worst light. A black cloud hangs hovering over their minds, and its formation is often purely mechanical, and owing either to some fault in the bodily frame, or some disorder in the mental constitution. No one should write poetry on a bad stomach. Dryden used to prepare for a poetic flight by taking physic. It is really too bad that his example is lost on so many of his modern disciples, who, like Job, go mourning with indigestion—I believe it was “indignation” the Hebrew bard wrote, but my slip of the pen may be permitted to stand—though whole cantos and volumes of verbal dyspepsia, fearful to contemplate. If a poet is intellectually morose it is probably because he does not understand himself and his relations towards the world and God. The best cure for this disease is earnest study along Christian lines. Christian hope is the mother of mental joy.

The little book of poems by Thomas O’Hagan, whose title I have placed at the head of this notice, forms a pleasant contrast to the productions of what may be called the Modern Dyspeptic School of Poetry. The volume is throughout as exalted and triumphant as the dyspeptic tomes are depressed. I am free to confess that this general tone of constrained sprightliness and unbridled hopefulness affords me a large amount of pleasure.

It may not be out of place to state that Dr. Thomas O’Hagan’s whole life has been an offering on the high altar of scholarship, to use one of his own favorite figures. Onward still and upward, is his motto; the strong muscles seconding the strong heart, obedient to the indomitable purpose. The earnestness and virility of the man in his search after knowledge brings out forcibly the strength of the truth he preaches in “The Dreamer,” where he affirms he would “count the step that leads not up a useless toil, a round of loss.” Dr. O’Hagan is not only a persevering student, but a gentleman as well, and a generous helpful good fellow at

all times. I am glad to have the opportunity of paying this tribute to Dr. O'Hagan, because he deserves it, although, I fear, my action in the light of something which is to follow, will appear not unlike the shake-hands of a pugilist before he proceeds to carry out the pummelling.

Dr. O'Hagan need not be told, that criticism should avoid the sweeping surface judgment which is the usurped prerogative of the unthoughtful. He knows criticism should do so. He is also well aware that its fine discrimination is what best makes for true justice. This said, I may be permitted to apply my principles to the volume before me—the third book of poems which Dr. O'Hagan has produced.

In the first place, then, it does not seem to me that Dr. O'Hagan has, notwithstanding his honest and praiseworthy efforts to do so, reached the poetic development which adorns truth, with striking imagery, which bedecks the object of its admiration in the point-lace and diamonds of sparkling imagination. Truth to tell, the imagination of our poet is, in general, far enough from being Miltonic nor has he yet acquired anything like a habitual Tennysonian felicity of language and mastery of touch. I say this in all gentleness, as I have no desire to have my honest conclusions strike like a storm; rather would I have them penetrate like a sunbeam that warms and softens the air and fosters germination. Dr. O'Hagan has, I assume, long ago risen above the egotism which always resents blame, or even the suggestion of blame, and is oblivious of the kindly interest which is often its foundation. I speak as a man to a man.

It must not be concluded from what I have said that much in this volume is not good. I consider the poems, "An Idyl of the Farm," "The Old Log Cottage School," "The Freckled Boy at School," "The Old Brindle Cow," "A Song of Canadian Rivers," and a few minor efforts, as positively good. I look upon the poems "The Dance at McDougall's," "The Song my Mother Sings," "An Invitation," "The Tears of the Maple," and, with some reservations, "A Lullaby of the Settlement," as very good.

All the poems of the "settlement," with the possible exception of "The Old Pioneer," which is, I fear, spoiled by its very faulty fourth stanza, are interesting and furnish pleasant reading. The

thought of every writer should be, I venture to think, how to convey his meaning to his readers' intelligence, not how to pose before them effectively with his own. In language simple and direct, with illustrations drawn from phases of what might be the experience of our backwood pioneers, Dr. O'Hagan brings before us in most of these "Songs of the Settlement" the leading relations of human life in the Canadian "clearances."

I do not like the system of elision employed by our author. I do not suppose the vowels should be cut out of their places as he cuts them out. Vowels, in common with consonants, should be given right of way if they conduct themselves and do not present in emitting untimely noises, like cats on the fence at midnight. As a matter of fact, every intelligent reader can, in almost all cases, make his own elision, and the reader who is not intelligent will not understand it and will find it only a block of stumbling when it is done for him by an author. Therefore, elision has little real utility.

More than one poem in this volume is, I fear, irreparably ruined by outlandish comparisons. Let me cite an example, even at the risk of overstepping my allotted space. The first stanza of "An Irish Mother" is as follows :

" Her dreams fill heaven and earth,
Her love is a love divine--
Ripen'd through sorrow and time and tears,
'Tis sacred as chalice of wine."

Now, will Dr. O'Hagan allow me to ask him why a thing "ripened through sorrow and time and tears," should be "sacred as chalice of wine"? Again, wine is only put in a chalice by the priest at mass, otherwise it is sipped from a wine-glass and, in certain circumstances, "scooped" out of a tumbler. But *peace!* I might pick flaws like this till the crack of doom, and I really have no desire for splitting hairs. In concluding this hasty and inadequate notice, I may say the whole book sustains the reputation which Dr. O'Hagan has built up for himself, and all the poems are written after that fashion which their author would seem to have made peculiarly his own. Be the poems good or bad, it is perfectly safe to assume that every fair maiden in the land will pass them over to turn up and gaze on the page that contains the portrait of their handsome young poet.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

Mgr. Diomede Falconio was born on the 20th of September, 1842, at Pescocostanzo, a small parish of the diocese of Monte Casino, Italy. At the age of 18 years he entered the Order of St. Francis. Having completed his studies under the direction of the learned religions of the Roman Province of his Order, he was sent to the missions of the United States. On the 4th of January, 1866 he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo.

While in America Mgr. Falconio was charged with several important offices of trust in his Order. He was for a time professor of Philosophy and vice-president of the Franciscan College at Alleghany, N.Y. (1866). The following year he became professor of Theology and Secretary of the Franciscan province of the Immaculate Conception. In 1868, he was elected President of the College and Seminary of St. Bonaventure. The same year Mgr. Carfagnini, Bishop of Harbor Grace, entrusted him with a delicate mission to Newfoundland; and a year later he became secretary to Mgr. Carfagnini and administrator of the Cathedral parish of Harbor Grace.

In 1882, Mgr. Falconio, returned to the States where he remained until, on his election to the Provincialship of his Order in Abruzzo, he was recalled to Italy in 1884. During the next eight or nine years, Mgr. Falconio occupied successive posts of honor and responsibility and was charged with several delicate and difficult missions in different Franciscan provinces.

He was about to visit France in obedience to the commands of his Superior General when July 11, 1892, Leo XIII proclaimed him bishop-elect of Lacedonia. On the 17th of the same month he was consecrated at Rome by His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valetta. His administrative success was so marked in the diocese of Lacedonia, that the Holy Father confided to him the difficult task of governing the united sees of Acerenza and Matera with their combined flock of 150,000 souls amidst whom he was zealously laboring when last August the voice of the Universal-Shepherd called him to a wider sphere of action as Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PAPAL DELEGATE.



ATURDAY, October 14th, Ottawa University was *en fete* to receive the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Falconio, who was extended a hearty welcome by the faculty and students. His Excellency arrived early in the morning accompanied by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Vicar-General Routhier, the two secretaries, Fathers Edward and Etienne, and two priests from the Archbishop's Palace, Montreal, Fathers Roy and Callaghan.

The Delegate celebrated Mass at eight o'clock, and afterwards he was escorted by the faculty to the Academic Hall, where the students were assembled to meet him. As he entered the hall the strains of the University band blended with 500 student voices to render that proudly-swelling, triumphal song of greeting to Leo through Leo's legate :

" Vive Leon Treize
Notre Père Souverain,
Que Jesus de tout mal
Le préserve toujours
A notre amour
Conservez-le, Dieu tout puissant."

When His Excellency was seated in the throne on the platform Rev. Dr. Constantineau, rector of the University, bade the Delegate welcome on behalf of the faculty in the following words :

" It is with feelings of most legitimate joy that we, the faculty of the University of Ottawa, welcome in our midst to-day the representative of our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. In the person of Your Excellency we behold an evident proof of the kindness, the love, yea the special predilection the Holy Father fosters to the Dominion of Canada.

" As the representative of our august Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, we, the professors in that University which he himself created, extend to Your Excellency a most sincere and filial welcome.

" It is with sentiments of reverence and of love that we greet the other Leo, who is our guest to-day, as we would the head of the Church himself. But as professors we specially welcome Your Excellency for another reason. Acquainted with the arduous work of your early days in Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, we have the fond hope that a very close tie will bind us together. We see in Your Excellency one who has sacrificed several years of

his life in the vast and difficult field of education. We realize, therefore, that our work and the difficulties with which we have to contend will be readily understood by Your Excellency, and it is for this reason that we feel confident of always counting upon the aid of Your Excellency's enlightened counsels and practical suggestions."

The address of the French students was then read by Mr. Langlois. This was followed by the address in English which was read by Mr. Joseph McDonald :

To His Excellency, Mgr. Diomedo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

In your first words to the Catholics of Canada, Your Excellency expressed the fervent hope that in your passage through this fair Dominion you should meet with no Godless schools. We are exceedingly happy to assure Your Excellency that at least so far as is concerned this institution which is so highly honored by your presence to-day, your hope is fully realized. This is a professedly Catholic institution, whose arms bear the faith-avowing motto, *Deus est Scientiarum Dominus*, and whose educational system places moral development in the foremost rank according to the inspired ideal of the Royal Psalmist, *Bonitatem et Disciplinam et Scientiam doce me*.

Yes, Your Excellency, this institution is Catholic, and Catholic is the education given here; and it is the Catholic spirit we have here imbibed that makes us feel it a duty and a joy to honor to-day in the person of Your Excellency the zealous and learned religious who have accomplished so much for the greater glory of God and His Church, both within the sacred limits of the Great Franciscan Order, to which you belong, and without the fold of the seraphic St. Francis in the world at large. Actuated by the same Catholic spirit, we deem it likewise a duty and a joy to honor in Your Excellency, the worthy prelate, who has administered with such heaven-blessed results a large and important portion of the Church of God, the distinguished Prince of the Church, who has been signally honored in divers ways by the Supreme Pontiff himself. But the thrice-pleasant duty and the thrice-double joy are ours to-day of honoring in the person of Your Excellency, him whom you represent amongst us, him who has graciously deigned in the depths of his wisdom to establish in this favored region a permanent Apostolic Delegate, and has chosen Your Excellency for that delicate office; him who is the grandest of the grand old men of the century; him who occupies with such surpassing dignity and renown the throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son, the great, the glorious, the supreme, Pontiff, Leo XIII, light in heaven indeed, because the Vicar of Him who is the "True Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Especially, then, in your capacity of vicar of the Vicar of Christ, do we welcome Your Excellency to this Canada of ours, to this Capital of our land,

and particularly to this University which was created by Leo XIII himself, and which he is pleased to designate "his own." We confidently trust that Your Excellency will find the Catholics of this country loving and generous of heart, and docile of mind, while we sincerely hope and earnestly pray that your sojourn in Canada may be pleasant and happy; and that Almighty God in His goodness may go before you in all your ways, so that your mission be fulfilled amongst us in a manner beneficial to our country, creditable to yourself, agreeable to the Sovereign Pontiff, and glorious for God and His Church.

We warmly thank Your Excellency for this gracious visit to our Alma Mater, and we assure you that it will ever be a source of the greatest satisfaction for us to see you present at any of our entertainments or academic ceremonies it may please you to attend.

Mgr. Falconio, in reply, spoke in English, and said that the Pope would be greatly pleased to learn of the reception his representative received from the faculty and students of Ottawa University. He eulogized their devotion to the Holy See, and their affection for the Archbishop of Ottawa. Then in terms of the highest praise he referred to the labors of the Oblate Fathers in the sacred causes of religion and education. He thanked all, faculty and students, for the hearty, faith-inspired and faith-bespeaking welcome extended to him. At the conclusion of His Excellency's reply all knelt to receive the Apostolic Benediction.



AD MULTOS ANNOS.



URING the half century that has elapsed since the founding of Ottawa College, its gray old walls have listened to many a hearty outburst of enthusiasm. Many a distinguished representative of both religious and secular power has, from time to time, deigned to honor its Faculty and its students with his presence in their midst. Many an illustrious assembly, representing both clergy and laity, has convened, for one purpose or another, within its time-honored halls. Never before, however, in its history has our noble institution, now known throughout Canada as Ottawa University, welcomed as its guests such a large and eminent gathering as the one which met under its roof on the twenty-fifth of the present month.

It was no ordinary feast that Ottawa University was then celebrating. On the contrary, it was an occasion long looked forward to as a great event in the history of the institution. It was the *Alma Mater's* day of rejoicing for the Silver Jubilee of her most illustrious son.

The same old walls that, years ago, echoed the boyish voice of Joseph Thomas Duhamel, were, on that day, destined to echo and re-echo the praises, congratulations and applause so eminently merited by his twenty-five years of episcopacy, and especially by his twenty-five years devotedness to the interests of his *Alma Mater*. Illustrious and holy men, distinguished prelates and faithful priests were present as if to stamp with a solemn sanction the University's act of homage and filial love. His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, together with Archbishops and Bishops, over a score in number, as well as representatives of various religious orders, and more than three hundred priests, all united as one in honoring the great Ottawa Prelate on the very spot where, as a boy, he took the first step towards God's sacred altar. It was an assembly certainly unique in the history, not only of the University, but even of Ottawa. Never before has the Canadian Capital been honored by the presence of such a numerous and distinguished body of churchmen.

Shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon, the procession of Bishops and clergy, headed by His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate, began to file into the Academic Hall of the University. All at once, five hundred students voices pealed forth the gladdening song of welcome :

"May he be long spared
Our beloved Archbishop.
May Jesus from all harm
Preserve him always,
O ! to our Love
Conserve him God All Powerful."

Then burst forth the familiar greeting which our beloved Archbishop always delights so much to hear. It was a lusty V-a-r-s-i-t-y, shouted with a kind of holiday enthusiasm, which only college boys can properly make manifest. Even the strong stone walls must indeed have vibrated in that mighty storm of voice. Never before, we feel certain, did Mgr. Duhamel hear a better rendered v-a-r-s-i-t-y, and never before did he listen to the favorite cheer of his *Alma Mater* with deeper emotion or greater affection.

When the long-continued applause had at length died out, and when the immense throng of ecclesiastics had taken their seats, Mr. John O'Gorman and Mr. J. C. Langlois, in the name of the University Faculty and students, stepped forward and read the addresses, one in English, the other in French. The following is the full text of the English address :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE :

A quarter of a century ago, the faculty, students and alumni of St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, assembled in joyous reunion to rejoice with you, in your recent episcopal consecration and to wish you *God-speed* on the way of your episcopal career. To-day, we that fill the places they once filled—we, the faculty, students and alumni of Ottawa University—gather about you to felicitate you on the happy attainment of your episcopal Silver Jubilee, and to congratulate you on the bright record of your administration of the Capital Diocese. Full well we know, Your Grace, that as on that first occasion twenty-five years ago, your humility shrank from the honors showered upon you, so now to-day your modesty shrinks from public encomium on deeds performed solely for God and God's greater glory.

"Yet can you ask that by God's eye alone
The Glorious record of your life be read ?
Ah, no ! let us your deeds on every side make known
To thus a brighter lustre on religion shed.

'Tis meet Christ's battles fought in every land
Unto the world should loudly be proclaimed—
The wounders wrought by His all-powerful hand,
The trophies that His sacred cross has gained."

The twenty-five years of Your Grace's administration have indeed been bright and prosperous ones for the Diocese of Ottawa. In the early Seventies, this Diocese was struggling against difficulties of every kind—scarcity of priests, sparseness of Churches, lack of educational and charitable institutions. But under Your Grace's fostering care, churches and convents and schools have increased and multiplied. So likewise have hospitals, orphanages and other charitable works; while to-day you, Your Grace, are chief pastor of over 150,000 souls and number within your jurisdiction over 200 priests, secular and regular. It is with feelings of pride and joy, Your Grace, that we read these signal evidences of great spiritual activity in the diocese entrusted to your vigilance and zeal.

But with feelings of thrice-double pride and pleasure do we recall your gratitude-provoking bounty towards our common *Alma Mater*. As student, classical and theological; and as alumnus, whether as worthy priest or distinguished prelate, you have watched with ever increasing interest and concern, the gradual growth of this institution from the unpretentious school of forty years ago to the present University. But you have not been an idle watcher. During all those years of your episcopate you have steadily assisted those into whose hands have been confided the destinies of this centre of learning. You have seized every opportunity, you have employed every means at your command, to further its development. You have urged, in every manner possible, its claims to the support and encouragement of the Catholic population of Canada. From the pulpit, and on the platform, you have championed its cause. You have been its advocate at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. From the Holy Father, you have brought honors to encourage its Founder and his successors, and medals to stimulate the students to greater zeal for study. And to crown your work of benevolence and beneficence, you obtained from the Holy See for Ottawa the powers and privileges of a Catholic University.

A mere "Thank you" is slight payment indeed for the sacrifices and labors and good offices of years; yet there is something priceless too in that simple expression when uttered by lips speaking from the superabundance of hearts that profoundly feel their deep indebtedness and that thrill with affection towards a benefactor. And so, Your Grace, we venture to make so bold as to ask you to accept in return for your tireless bounty of years, our simple but heartfelt, "Thank you." We assure you that it proceeds from hearts deeply sensible of the gratitude and the love they owe you.

But fortunately we are enabled to offer you something more substantial than mere thanks. It gives us, therefore, exceeding pleasure to be able to assure you—for we know the assurance will come to you as a joy and a recompense—that the day has at length dawned when the true status of

Ottawa University is generally acknowledged, that Ottawa University is now generally recognized to be what it claims to be, what Our Holy Father Leo XIII intended it should be, what you, Your Grace, have long hoped to see it be, the centre of higher education for the English speaking Catholics of this Dominion.

Thus, Your Grace, to your honor and glory be it said, Religion and Education have made wonderfully rapid progress in your Diocese. Under your surveillance, both have advanced with equally rapid pace, because from the outset you fully perceived the intimate relation they bore to each other. You with truth have ever considered that the parish without a school is incomplete ; that the diocese is incomplete without a seat of higher education, a centre of piety and learning for the formation of clergy and laity.

Hence, Religion and Education, advancing hand in hand, blend their voices to proclaim you a Bishop after the heart of St. Paul, and consequently after the heart of Our Blessed Savior himself :—"One that ruleth well his own House."

May God in reward for the piety, wisdom, prudence, vigilance and zeal you have ever displayed in the administration of your charge, grant you "length of days" sufficient to enable you to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of so glorious an episcopate. It is our earnest wish and our daily prayer : *Ad Multos Annos.*

Your presence, Lords Archbishops and Bishops, amongst us here to-night affords us the highest pleasure as it must prove flattering to our distinguished Chancellor on this auspicious occasion of his Silver Jubilee. We tender you our sincerest thanks and extend to you our heartiest welcome."

On rising to reply, His Grace was again greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He prefaced his remarks by saying that, as the evening was already rather far advanced, and as there were other important items yet to be carried out in the day's programme, he would not delay the audience by a lengthy discourse. He spoke briefly in both English and French, but these few words conveyed to professors and students a message of gratitude, affection and benediction which will not be soon forgotten. He dwelt upon the praises of his illustrious predecessor, Mgr. Guigues, O.M.I., and called attention to the grand work which that pioneer Oblate Bishop had initiated in founding Ottawa College. His Grace then touchingly referred to the good old days when he himself was one of the Ottawa College boys. He briefly pointed out the steady growth of the College, showing how faithfully and how successfully it has always carried on the glorious work of higher education. The distinguished speaker next recalled with pride

the striking mark of recognition and approval this institution received ten years ago, when, by the sacred word of Leo XIII, it was raised to the dignity of a Catholic University. His Grace then gave utterance to feelings of affectionate praise for those that have devoted, and for those that are still devoting their daily toil to the work of the University. He wished them the largest measure of success and invoked upon them the choicest blessings from on high. "If I am in this distinguished and honorable position here to-day," said His Grace, "I owe it all to the Oblate Fathers; I owe it all to Ottawa University."

The conclusion of His Grace's remarks was the signal for another mighty outburst of enthusiasm. It was a moment when everyone in the assembly must have been deeply impressed by the extraordinary tribute of honor that was being paid the venerated Archbishop of Ottawa. The scene was, moreover, well calculated to give us a lofty idea of God's Church. The royal robes worn by the Princes of the Canadian Church, the vari-colored habits of the different religious orders, the long rows of God's consecrated ministers and the multitude of happy, joyous student faces, all combined to teach the onlooker the truly fraternal affection and inseparable unity that has ever been characteristic of Christ's earthly kingdom. The whole scene was, indeed, a striking manifestation of that hundred-fold promised by Our Lord to those who leave all in order to follow Him. The whole student body must surely have taken to heart and deeply meditated the striking facts there brought so forcibly before them. In the distinguished personage there receiving a well earned crown of honors from the whole Canadian Church, they saw one who, a few years ago, sat in the very seats that they now occupy. What a glorious example for their imitation! The useful life of Joseph Thomas Duhamel is by no means beyond the reach of anyone that has courage enough to follow faithfully the Master's call. •

When the applause following His Grace's remarks had subsided, the curtain rose, revealing the University choir prepared to delight the audience with that magnificent chorus from Hayden, "The Creation." The singers acquitted themselves of this rather difficult task in a manner certainly very creditable both to themselves and to Rev. F. Fortier, O.M.I., their able Director.

The next item on the programme was the "Court Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice," in which the cast of characters was as follows ;

Duke of Venice	Mr. G. Harpell
Shylock.	" J. Hardiman
Antonio	" J. Coughlin
Bassanio	" G. Nolan
Solanio	" G. Poupore
Gratiano	" M. O'Connell
Portia.....	" J. O'Gorman
Nerissa	" J. Ball

In the opinion of everyone present this part of the evening's entertainment was carried out in a manner eminently worthy of the occasion. The scene chosen is one that is by no means easy to present with fidelity. Nevertheless the actors, as well as Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., their devoted Director, are to be congratulated upon their good taste in choosing something so beautiful as well as classical, and upon the decided success attained. The acting is especially worthy of praise when we take into account the short time allotted for preparation. The performance gives great promise of more than ordinary triumphs on the University stage during the present year.

A well rendered selection from the University band was next in order, after which came a very amusing French comedy entitled *Un Caissier*. In the presentation of this piece Mr. J. C. Langlois as Fourmidor and Mr. U. Valiquet as Isidore Feuille proved themselves adepts in the art of side-splitting.

With this comedy the literary part of the evenings entertainment was very aptly brought to a close. The distinguished audience then proceeded to the students' refectory where a grand banquet was served. The large room was decorated in a most attractive manner. In one end, surrounded by handsome drapery, was a handsome oil-painting of the Most Rev. Archbishop, painted last summer by the Rev. Mr. Myard, a student of the University Seminary. Amongst the varied decorations, the papal and episcopal colors, as well as ornamental designs representing the number 25 were most conspicuous.

Never before in any Ottawa banquet-hall were there gathered together such a large and distinguished assembly of guests. Grouped around His Excellency, the Apostle Delegate and our beloved Archbishop in the centre of the hall, we notice the following Prelates :

Most Rev. Louis Nazaire Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec.

Most Rev. Paul Bruchési, Archbishop of Montreal.

Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston.

Most Rev. Louis-Ph.-Adelard Langevin, O.M.I., Archbishop of St Boniface.

Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, C.S.B., Archbishop of Toronto.

Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

Right Rev. André-Albert Blais, Bishop of Rimouski.

Right Rev. John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish.

Right Rev. F. X. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers.

Right Rev. Maxime Decelles, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

Right Rev. Joseph Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield.

Right Rev. Elphège Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet.

Right Rev. Michael Thomas Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi.

Right Rev. Paul Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Right Rev. Narcisse Zéphirin Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke.

Right Rev. James Charles McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown.

Right Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London.

Right Rev. Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Alexandria.

Right Rev. Louis Zephirin Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough.

Right Rev. Emile Legal, O.M.I., Coadjutor Bishop of St. Albert.

Owing to the very limited time at the disposal of His Grace, the customary banquet speeches had to be dispensed with, so when the good things provided for the occasion had received due attention, the distinguished visitors left the University in order to take part in the public celebration at the Cathedral. As prelates and

priests filed out from the main entrance, the scene was a very pretty one. The reddish lustre of Chinese lanterns among the folds of bunting had a fairy-like aspect in the October evening darkness. A large number of citizens met the picturesque procession as it came out from the University and accompanied it to the Cathedral. The public demonstration then took place and lasted until a late hour.

After the guests had departed for the Cathedral the students, led by their prefects of discipline, entered the banquet hall and had their share of the good things. How highly they appreciated the sumptuous spread provided for them was evidenced by their shouts of surprise, jubilation and gratitude. "College life is not so bad after all," is the thought that occupied many a youthful head on that occasion. The students' banquet wound up with some impromptu speeches from rising orators, and then there was recreation and a "free smoke" until midnight. Undoubtedly, in the opinion of everyone, from the "short-panted" hero of the small yard even to the Very Rev. Rector in his busy room, the twenty-fifth of October had been a red-letter day in the annals of Ottawa University.

B.M.R.





FEDERAL PRESS. ENG. OTTAWA

HIS GRACE, JOSEPH THOMAS DUHAMEL,
ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

OTTAWA DIOCESE PAST AND PRESENT.

1874—1899.



FROM many centres of Catholicity both in Canada and the United States came illustrious prelates, distinguished clergymen, and noted laymen to the Capital city, from thousands of devoted children of the Church came greetings and congratulations, and from generous hearts came tangible expressions of joy and happiness, on the occasion of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Grace the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. Celebrations of such an imposing nature are happy moments for retrospection. Fitting it is, then, that in the pages of *THE REVIEW* should be traced the progress of the diocese over which our distinguished Chancellor has so successfully presided for the past quarter of a century.

God has blessed this part of His vineyard with two zealous and devoted prelates, the first the lamented Bishop Guigues who formed a diocese from scattered hamlets and laid the foundation of that prosperity which has wondrously increased under the fostering care of the present Archbishop. Co operating with him in this great work is the large body of faithful, devoted and intelligent clergy. Second to this direct influence of the clergy, must be considered the powerful agency of the flourishing system of Catholic Separate Schools which have modestly and quietly, yet effectively done the work of moulding child character after religious models. And all these agents have been generously assisted by the practical Catholic laity of the diocese.

A careful glance at the condition of affairs in 1874 shows that even at the very commencement of the episcopate of Mgr. Duhamel an era of prosperity had dawned upon the diocese. The spiritual condition of the diocese was full of encouragement. In the great field of labor that stretched before him, he had to direct and watch over the great works already established, while he unceasingly promoted and encouraged every new movement that advanced the interests of Holy Church. Unique in the history of Canada's dioceses stands the "Mission of the Shanties." From the early days of the settlement of Bytown, the expensive opera-

tions of the lumber industry necessitated the employment of thousands of men along the Ottawa, the Gatineau and their tributaries during the winter months. Here in these far-distant regions, remote from any salutary influence of religion, the good work commenced by Bishop Guigues was continued, and to those districts active, robust missionaries were sent. Life and vigor were inspired into these arduous but consoling missions. According as the stations were moved further north, thus doubly taxing the efforts of the good missionaries, Bishop Duhamel redoubled his efforts to promote the spiritual interests of these children of the Church. Owing to the rapid increase of the Catholic population in the immense territory in the northern part of the diocese, Mgr. Duhamel obtained in 1882 the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic. The administration of this important vicariate was entrusted to the Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, at that time Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Montreal. On May 4th, 1898, the vicariate was erected into the Diocese of Pembroke, and to the joy of his devoted people and clergy, Mgr. Lorrain was consecrated its first bishop. Thus it would appear that the sphere of work in the Ottawa diocese was narrowed, but we shall soon see that the tree of Catholicity, even when confined within narrower limits spread its branches with marvellous vigor. A few statistics will fully suffice to show its present position in comparison with the past :

* ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF OTTAWA.

	1848.	1874.	1899.
Parishes..	12	55	106
Missions.	21	33	72
Secular Clergy.. . . .	8	54	117
Regular "	7	26	83
Religious Communities.	2	4	18
Convents	2	13	52
University.	1	1	1
Catholics (English speaking).-	23690	40074	58201
" (French " ").	15246	56474	109673

* History of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ottawa by Rev. P. Alexis De Barbezieux.

In looking over these statistics the careful reader will observe the scarcity of priests and churches for the rapidly-increasing population. Gradually the want of parochial and missionary clergy was supplied by the number of young men ordained at the diocesan seminary and again by the introduction of several religious communities. One result of the increased population was the centralization of the scattered flock and as villages and towns arose in the diocese the prosperity of the people encouraged the clergy to build many beautiful churches.

Several religious bodies infused life and vigor into religious and educational work. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate had formed the diocese and ever since its foundation have continued their indefatigable labors in spreading the kindred lights of Religion and Science. The Dominicans were the next to give a helping hand by assuming charge of the Church of St. John the Baptist in August 1884. Not less zealous in their manifold duties as preachers and teachers are the Capauchins who came to our city during the summer of 1890. Owing to the rapid increase of the French-Canadian population in the suburban part of Ottawa particularly in Hintonburgh it was decided to separate the outlying districts west of the city limits from the Church of St. John the Baptist and erect the parish of St. Francis of Assissi whose spiritual charge was given to the newly-arrived Capauchins. No sketch of this Archdiocese would be complete without a mention of the older places of Catholic worship in this city. The Basilica is the largest and the most imposing church in Ottawa. This parish became so populous that the want of another church was felt and in 1889 St. Bridget's Church was erected to meet the wants of the English-speaking Catholics of Lower Town. The growth of the French-Canadian population in the south-eastern part of Ottawa or that known as "Sandy Hill," prompted the Oblates to undertake the organization of the Sacred Heart parish, and in 1889 was commenced the erection of a magnificent church which is now rapidly approaching completion. Close to this church is that of new St. Joseph's consecrated October 1892 and likewise under the control of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. In the midst of Upper Town stands St. Patrick's Church having for its devoted pastor the Rev. M. J. Whelan. To speak of the magnificent addition and altera-

tion of the church during 1898, the erection of the Catholic Lyceum the organisation of the Catholic laity, or again of the pastor himself as a priest and citizen are themes that would carry this essay beyond the limits assigned.

The apostolic labors of Mgr. Duhamel were productive of great spiritual and temporal good to his people. Not by words alone were his fostering care and encouragement evident, but from his generous heart he gave tangible appreciation to the religious orders, particularly the Grey Nuns in their works of practical charity among the sick and destitute. The magnificent east wing of the hospital, the large extensions to both of the orphan asylums, and to St. Charles' Home, the new St. Joseph's Orphanage, are a few of the great works of Catholic charity completed during the present episcopate. Among the recent religious institutions lately established in Ottawa is the Monastery of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood. On the invitation of the Archbishop they came to Ottawa during the month of May, 1887, and were for a time cloistered in a small frame dwelling on St. Patrick street. Through their own efforts and ably assisted by the generosity of the Catholic laity and clergy they were enabled to purchase, in 1898, that splendid property known as "Elm Bank," situated on the south bank of the Rideau. By the plentitude of good works, they powerfully illustrate the holiness of the Catholic Church and the sanctity of Catholic life.

Among the other divers institutions in which the master hand of His Grace has been felt none have had greater success than the charitable, fraternal, and national organizations of Catholic laymen. Particular mention must be made of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which now numbers thirteen conferences, and of the Catholic Truth Society, formed in Ottawa November, 1891.

While tracing the progress of religion in this diocese, the reader must have noticed how inseparably religion and education have been linked together. Education without religion is something unknown and undesirable to our Canadian people. A hasty review of events prior to 1874 shows that great work had already been accomplished in educational matters. The two city convents and the College of Ottawa had then entered upon their prosperous careers, while the high standing of the Catholic schools was in-

deed a source of gratification to our citizens. The triumph of the Catholic School System is signally illustrated in this city. By it alone could the Catholic people erect and maintain so many well-equipped and costly institutions wherein every child may reap all the advantages of a religious and secular education at a minimum cost. From the very commencement of his episcopate the Archbishop designed that the parish school should work harmoniously with the parish church, that the boys' schools were to be the feeders for the University and the girls' academies were to perform a like function for the convents. The Diocesan Seminary within the walls of the University was the object of his constant care and solicitude. The annually increasing number of students gives hopeful evidence that the dearth of priests will soon cease. Of the other teaching bodies engaged in the noble work of higher education particular mention must be made of the great achievements of the Grey Nuns in their leading academy on Rideau Street and in smaller institutions at Pembroke, Hull, Aylmer, etc. The Congregation Nuns were established in Ottawa in 1868 and have since erected magnificent pile of buildings on Gloucester Street. And now a passing word of ourselves. The history of the College of Ottawa, now the University, has so often formed the theme of essays that any further treatment of these subject would be superfluous. But there is one theme which never can be exhausted, never sufficiently treated and truly never over-estimated, and that is, our obligations to our most illustrious alumnus, His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa. For a quarter of a century he has been a true patron of the University, a generous and devoted friend, and a resolute advocate of its claims both in the Canadian Capital and in the Eternal City. Under his Chancellorship, the University has made giant strides.

And to our Archbishop who has so long directed the destinies of this flourishing diocese, whose inspiration has brought about such works whose administration has achieved such glorious results, the student-body of this University earnestly wish that as the cycle of years pass around, added strength and grace may be given him to spread the lights of faith and learning in this, the Capital Diocese of our fair Dominion.

MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 2.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Agreeable indeed is the task that devolves upon us in uniting our voices with those of all unbiassed Christians throughout this fair Dominion to welcome in our midst the representative of the august Pontiff, Leo XIII. We are especially pleased to note that His Excellency has been received in a manner worthy of his sacred calling and of his apostolic dignity by Canadians of different origins and of various religious beliefs. The delicacy of his mission, as well as the weight of responsibility resting upon his every public act will, undoubtedly, require on his part a more than ordinary diplomatic ability. That His excellency is well able for the occasion is, we deem, amply proved by the very fact of his appointment. The keen-sighted and all-weighing Roman Pontiff is by no means apt to mistake the proportion that should exist between the bur-

den and the shoulders by which it is to be sustained. Canadians may then always expect to find in His Excellency a capable and worthy ambassador of that Grand Old Sovereign who has ruled so long and so honorably the Christian world. With the whole broad-minded Canadian populace we join in wishing His Excellency a long and happy sojourn amongst us.

The fact that His Excellency has taken up residence under our own College roof is another reason why we should feel elated. The honor conferred upon us by such a noble presence in our midst, must not be lost sight of in our general welcome. Hence, after extending to His Excellency the most cordial welcome as Canadians, we offer from hearts especially grateful, our *caed mille failthe* as members of Ottawa University. The presence of His Excellency as a figure in our daily lives, is for us no small source of edification. His profound humility, from which arises his noble simplicity and heart-winning kindness, renders him in our eyes, a living image of that lowly, yet great, Master, of whom he is so intimate an ambassador. Yes, Your Excellency, welcome to Canada—a thousand welcomes from the Canadian people; welcome to the halls of Ottawa University—a hundred thousand welcomes from faculty and students.

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AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The magnificent demonstration recently held in Ottawa on the occasion of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of His Grace, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel, was a striking manifestation of a people's love for their chief pastor. It was moreover a clinching argument to prove the harmony and good feeling existing between Canadian bishops and priests and people. For Ottawa University the celebration was of especial significance. In all recitade it may be stated that His Grace the Archbishop has grown up with the University, or rather, the University has grown up with him. Half a century ago, under its infant name as College of Bytown, it received the young Joseph as a promising boy. It watched over his early training, religious as well as secular, and so promoted his rapid advancement in the various branches of sciences. Later on, when Joseph Thomas, having entered the ranks of God's holy

priesthood, was brought into prominence by his learning and especially by his virtues, and consequently promoted to the episcopal dignity, it became the former pupil's turn to help the old master. How faithfully that assistance has been rendered is indisputably proved by our University's present honorable position amongst educational institutions on this continent. That warm affection which binds our Archbishop to his *Alma Mater*, his fatherly interest in its work and his unceasing exertions for the improvement of its position amongst establishments of higher education in America, have, however, been repeatedly recalled in speech and address and sermon during the jubilee festivities. There is, nevertheless, one touching phase of His Grace's solicitude in our behalf, which seems to have passed unnoticed. We mean the active practical interest he has always taken in the daily life of the student body. Once, years ago, he occupied a place where we are now ; would it be in the least imprudent to suspect that a large share of His Grace's big heart is still amongst the boys ? Well are we aware how he grieves with us in our failures, and shares our enthusiasm in our triumphs. All our student undertakings, including *The Review*, have been favored with his kind approval, support and benediction. Even the "garnet and gray" might in all justice lay a share of its trophies at his feet. We feel sure that His Grace will be rejoiced to know that these special family kindnesses, although almost unnoticeable to the outside world, have been, and still are, highly appreciated by us. We deem this a suitable time and place to thank him for them with all the sincerity of our hearts, and, uniting our respects with those of his flock, and with those of the whole Catholic hierarchy and people of Canada we wish him long life and the fullest measure of God's transcendent blessings.

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QUO VADIS.

During the progress of our Jubilee rejoicings there was brought very prominently before our mind's eye a highly important and far-reaching consideration, suggesting as its sequel a very practical lesson. The subject of this serious and prolonged reflection was no other than the great affair of energetic fidelity to

the idea, according to which God wishes the life of each one amongst us to be moulded. We are taught by the greatest teachers produced by our Holy Church, that the Creator has special designs overshadowing the existence of every one of His rational creatures. Not a single one of us is outside the range of His all-benign care. From all eternity he meditated our greatest welfare, and, from the beginning, before time commenced its course, He formed an idea of us, to which every one of our ideas must be conformed. He has mapped out the particular territory of His Dominions, in which according to His divine will, each one of us must exert himself ; He has decreed and arranged the special vocation in which each one of us can strive successfully for the Crown of Immortality. He has carefully foreseen and weighed the amount of good that each one of us must do toward procuring the eternal welfare of ourselves and of our neighbors, according to the number of talents we have each received.

Do we often think as seriously as we should over these special designs of God in our regard ? Do we frequently pray both orally and mentally for grace to find out their nature and the extent of their requirements. Sad to say, it must be acknowledged that many young men and boys of the present day are criminally negligent in this respect. In their blindness they foolishly prefer the ephemeral whim of their own wayward fancy to the soul, saving order established for them by their Creator. Nevertheless this question is one of vital importance. On its decision will depend our lot throughout the endless ages of eternity. A wrong decision is the cause of the many unfortunate, tear-stained, aimless lives that we see in the world around us, for such a mistake places a young man outside the range of God's special graces and so leaves him to eke out a miserable existence, and probably to end his unhappy days in suicidal rashness. There is no reason why any student of this truly Catholic institution should thus expose himself to such dire misfortune. Every facility for finding out the true course, such as frequent sacraments, daily mass, prayers and good advice from wise and experienced directors, are, without any restriction, placed at the disposal of each one amongst us. We have, moreover, the noble example of hundreds that have passed before us through the same class-rooms and the same halls. His

Grace, our beloved Chancellor, is one of the many Ottawa College students that have followed promptly and faithfully God's gentle call to arms. Recently we have all listened to unlimited praises of the good he has done so well; we have all witnessed the generous richness of his reward even in this life. We have seen him honored by archbishops and bishops and priests and people, many of them from afar; and what is the lesson we have learned? Is it not something like this? What Joseph Thomas Duhamel has done for Holy Church and native land, we also, with a little energy and generosity can do, each in his own sphere. We may not all become archbishops or bishops, but each one of us can and must attain that useful position in God's family, which from before all ages was marked out for us by an all-wise Creator.



Among the Magazines.

Donahoe's Magazine gives the place of honor in the current number to the article entitled: "Justin McCarthy's Cheerful Yesterdays." These are a series of the best excerpts from the "Reminiscences" recently published and certainly make entertaining and profitable reading. A "City of Reminiscences," is descriptive of the town of Chattanooga, of Civil War fame. Readers of fiction will welcome the first installment of that splendid serial entitled "The Hand of the Crusader," by Miss K. T. Hinkson. The leading feature of this issue is, however, the prominence given to the different articles which treat of the management of a college paper. These contributions recall the programme adopted by the representatives of the Catholic College Press at their convention in Plattsburg during the summer of 1896, but for some reason or other this programme was abandoned and forgotten. Perhaps these articles will tend to a revival of the good work accomplished at this gathering.

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The *Ave Maria*, of the 9th inst., has some excellent articles. "The Heart Immaculate," "The Bright Side of Things" and

the "Three Archangels in Art," are contributions which have not been excelled in merit in any issue of the year.

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* *

The *Catholic World* for November has two powerful articles addressed directly to the Episcopalian difficulties—a felicitous coincidence in view of the general disturbances caused in the Protestant Episcopal Church by the recent resignation and withdrawal of Rev. Dr. DeCosta. In the same number of this magazine, the editor scores the *Independent* for admitting to its pages Rev. Harriman's article on Religious Liberty in the Philippines, without first ascertaining something of the character of the Rev. (?) author. It appears that at Iloilo even the sailors of the *Indiana* made a public protest against Harriman's presence on the boat. This issue likewise puts up a strange defence of General Otis, by its claim that the general is a badly misrepresented man, because he has by his actions in the Philippines brought upon himself the wrath of the Protestant missionaries. It says in effect: "General Otis has suffered not a little contumely from the accusations of caustic critics. It is rather strange that a great deal of this antagonism is traceable to the Protestant missionaries who have come back from the Philippines with a knife up their sleeve for Otis because he would not allow them to turn the resources of the army and navy into profelytizing institutions. A minister arrived in Manila, hired the theatre, and began, in true Maria Monk style, "to save the natives." General Otis sent for him the next day and ordered him to leave the city. So it happened with others. General Otis had troubles enough of his own. He found the people pretty highly civilized, and he knew that they felt that the religion that brought them to that state of civilization was good enough for them. Hence, in legitimate exercise of his authority he was bound to prevent anyone from creating religious antagonisms and so delaying the pacification of the islands. General Otis is no Catholic, but he is a prudent judicious maa, and is doing wonders in a most trying position. It good to know where the opposition to him comes in."

Athletics.

Ottawa College, 1. Brockville, 0.

Saturday, Oct. 7th, witnessed the opening of the Canadian Rugby Football season of 1899, and the first game of football ever played on the new Athletic Oval of Ottawa University. On that date the first scheduled match in the Quebec series was played between Ottawa College and Brockville and resulted in a triumph for the former team. As may be inferred from the score, the match was closely contested, but it was far from being an interesting or scientific exhibition of Rugby. It would be a tedious task to enumerate the many defects in both teams and an unpleasant topic to discuss the character of the match. Suffice it to say that although victory rested with the wearers of the Garnet and Grey, it was in no way attributable to any brilliant play, or to any superior system of the victors. Both teams played poorly. However, a comparison of the work and manoeuvres of each of the contesting teams is slightly favorable to College.

The teams and officials were the following :—

COLLEGE.		BROCKVILLE.
Callahan,	Full-back.	Simpson.
Dunlop, {		{ Jones,
McGuckin, {	Halves.	{ Martin, Capt
C. McGee, {		{ Donaldson.
McGuire, Capt.	Quarter.	Wilkinson.
Cox, {		{ McDougall
Clancy, {	Scrimmage.	{ Dobbie.
P. Murphy, {		{ Carr.
Fahey, {		{ Sheriff.
Filliatreault, {		{ McLaren.
Prudhomme, {		{ Graham.
J. McGee, {	Wings.	{ Ritchie.
Slattery, {		{ Doran.
Smith, {		{ Phillips.
Nagle. {		{ Hiscox.

Referee—Todd, (McGill.)

Umpire—McLellan, (Montreal.)

Touchline judges—T. G. Morin, (Ottawa University), Louis Rose, (Brock.)

Goal Judges—J. A. Meehan, (Ottawa University), A. L. Murray, (Brock.)

• Timekeeper—F. C. Chittick, (Ottawa.)

The game was called at 2.45 p. m. Brockville won the toss and elected to play from the northern goal, thus securing the advantage of a strong sun and a slight wind at their backs. Clancy kicked off and sent the sphere well into Brockville territory. Martin returned to Dunlop, who made a run for centrefield, but was well tackled. A series of scrimmages followed in which honors were evenly divided. By the hard work of the Brockville scrimmage and the efforts of their wings, the ball was forced to centre where it remained in scrimmages for some time. The ball was at last secured by Wilkinson and passed to Martin who kicked well down on College territory. Callahan returned before the Brockville wings could reach him. The play was now at about 50 yards from Brockville's goal-line; an off-side play gave College a free kick. The ball was returned and secured by Dunlop who made a rush and gained about twenty yards before being brought down. After the scrimmage which followed, Martin got the leather and sent it well up the field. The Brockville wings followed up quickly and another scrimmage took place close to College 25-yard line. Here College gained about 15 yards. McGuire secured the ball and rushed through the line, but was tackled by Doran. Play was now at centre, and here it remained for considerable time. College finally secured a free kick. Martin failed to return and a scrimmage took place within Brockville's 25-yard line. The ball was gradually forced closer and closer towards Brockville's goal. An off-side play on the part of College gave their opponents a free kick. C. McGee returned to Jones. A short kick by the latter placed the ball in possession of McGuckin, who punted over the Brockville line. Martin secured the ball but was forced to rouge and the score stood: College 1, Brockville 0.

So far there had been only twenty minutes of actual play. But the result of the game was destined to depend on this one solitary point scored by College. Play was resumed, and during the remainder of the first half College remained master of the contest, but could not succeed in adding to their score. When half-

time was called the ball was within five yards of Brockville's goal line.

In the second-half the ball was in scrimmage during the greater portion of the time, and the play very uninteresting from a spectator's standpoint. Several approaches to roughness were very promptly checked by the referee. The ball was within ten feet of College goal-line when the time-keeper's whistle announced that the game was over.

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Montreal 15, College 3.

To all spectators of the preceding match it was evident that College would have to change tactics and improve considerably if it was intended to defeat the other teams in the union. The next schedule match was with Montreal on the M. A. A. A. grounds, on Saturday, October 14th. This team was regarded as a much stronger and more dangerous aggregation than Brockville and the result of the match proved the correctness of the estimation. At the close of the game the score stood 15 to 3 in favor of the men in red and black. The teams lined up as follows:

College : Copping, full-back ; E. Murphy, McGuckin, C. McGee, halves; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter; Cox, Clancy, P. Murphy, Scrimmage ; Fahey, McCredie, Prudhomme, McKeown, J. McGee, Smith, Nagle, wings.

Montreal : Woodhouse, full-back ; Suckling, Henderson, Bonin, halves ; Jack, quarter : Bond, Savage, Vipond, scrimmage; Murphy, (replaced by Massey), Porteous, Barclay, Ogilvie, Lewis, Williams, Irving, wings.

Referee—Graham Drinkwater, Montreal.

Umpire, Shirley Davidson, Montreal.

Touch-line Judges—A. Russell and Gordon Lewis.

Time-keeper—J. W. Whitham.

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College 16, Britannia 11.

Defeat in no way disheartened our players, but seemed to stimulate them to mightier endeavors. That success crowned their efforts is eloquently attested by the result of our match in Montreal with Britannia on Saturday, 21st inst.

It was a hard fought battle and it was only eight minutes before the expiration of time in the second half that College finally evened up the score and changed probable defeat into substantial victory. The match was one of the best seen in Montreal this season, both clubs playing a fairly open game, the backs kicking and the forwards passing well. The match was entirely free from roughness. Not one man was ruled off. Our men proved their superiority at nearly every point, but a couple of the backs made bad fumbles. McGuckin and E. Murphy again distinguished themselves by brilliant runs, and the former's kicking was responsible for several points to the credit of College. The scrimmage put up a grand game, and Clancy's heeling out was superb, not one kick being given against him. The College wings were too strong for their opponents and were continually off-side. This gave the Brits a large number of free kicks that nearly won the game for them. Our boys won the toss and started to play with a slight wind in their favor, but with the sun shining in their eyes. The Brits were first to score after about seven minutes' play, McKenzie getting over for a try after a series of hard scrimmages in College territory. Wilson failed to convert. College were not long in the rear as after the kick-off and a series of punts McGuckin got in a brilliant run for a try which E. Murphy converted.

College 6, Brits 4.

Britannia now forced the play and soon Callahan had to rouge.

College 6, Brits 5.

Our players added another touchdown to their credit, McGuire being pushed over the line, but it was only after the hardest kind of play. Murphy failed to kick. Before the half ended H. Christmas made a neat run in for a try and Wilson converted.

Britannia 11, College 10.

In the second half there came a hard struggle in which the Brits were in College territory most of the time. Then McGuckin made several of his long kicks until within reaching distance of the Brits' line when he punted over and the Brits had to rouge. This tied the score to 11 all, and great excitement prevailed. After the kick-out College seemed imbued with new life, and in a few minutes McGuckin again punted for a rouge.

College 12, Brits 11.

The Brits made a plucky fight, but College was not to be denied, and just before time was called Prudhomme made a try on a pass from McGuire. The time-whistle blew before College kicked but the place was allowed them. Murphy missed the kick.

Final score: College 16, Brits 11.

The teams and officials were :

College—Callaghan, back; E. Murphy, McGuckin, C. McGee, halves; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter; Clancy, Cox, P. Murphy, scrimmage; McCredie, Dunlop, Fahey, Prudhomme, Smith, J. McGee, Nagle.

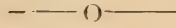
Brits—A. Christmas, back; Capt, McKenzie, W. Christmas Browne, half-backs; Bisailon, quarter ; Strachan, Byrne, Fisher, scrimmage ; Donnelly, Wilson, Ryan, H. Christmas, McLean Lightan, E. Christmas, wings.

Referee—Herbert Molson.

Umpire—I. S. Wotherspoon.



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AUBREY DE VERE AS A SONNETEER.

(Conclusion.)



AUBREY DE VERE has, at intervals, during a long life, written a very great number of sonnets on a correspondingly great number of subjects. As I have before intimated, the form he favors is the severely classical, or Petrarchan, but he generally allows himself much freedom in the sestet, or minor system. The sonnets may be found scattered among the volumes entitled *Irish Odes*, and *other Poems*; *The Search after Proserpine*, and *Alexander the Great*, and *other Poems*.

To read his poems, more especially the sonnets, is to become conscious of a cooler atmosphere than we of this age of electricity and steam habitually live in, a condition to which our quick mental respiration does not readily adjust itself, and it requires effort really to appreciate the work. I make this statement deliberately fronting the fact that many of the sonnets are alight with passion, and marked with color and originality in degrees that far outstrip many of his poems in other forms. Notwithstanding these qualities that appeal to almost everyone, the proper appreciation of the De Vere sonnets calls for a distinct effort on the part of the reader. This effort once made, we are repaid fourfold for our attention. We must stretch ourselves to

look any true poet in the eyes, and the process never fails to add something to our mentality. Capacity for passing from the finite to the infinite, for interpreting the high instincts of our nature, have been adduced as cardinal marks of all lofty imaginations. But lofty imaginations are not too plentiful. In general, it is as easy for a barn-yard fowl to keep pace with the flight of an eagle, as it is for an average intelligence to vie with the soaring mind of a poet. Yet, the barn-yard fowl, if it possess the smallest atom of hen-sense, a single gleam of instinct above the worm it devours, must find a thrilling and ennobling sensation in following the eagle afar off, and the analogy, as it touches that multitudinous identity, the average intelligence, is surely too obvious to require statement in words.

The poet, in a sonnet on "Poetic Reserve," assures us :

"Not unwillingly the muses sing of love."

That he would experience no trouble in amassing an enormous mass of evidence to prove his proposition, readers of poetry will, I have no doubt, agree. His own contributions to the shrine of Cupid are, however, like angels visits, few and far between. But the few examples he has given deserve attention. Be the subject a sweetheart or a cloistered nun, and she might be either, the following lovely sonnet, entitled "Her Beauty," was written in close sympathy with that love of beauty, pure and simple, of which Keats was the first prophet to the British barbarians :

HER BEAUTY.

A tranced beauty dwells upon her face,
 A lustrous summer-calm of peace and prayer ;
 In those still eyes the keenest gaze can trace
 No sad disturbance, and no trace of care.
 Peace rests upon her lips, and forehead fair,
 And temples unadorned, a cloistral grace
 Says to the gazer over-bold, "Beware,"
 Yet love hath made her breast his dwelling-place.
 An awful night abideth with the pure,
 And their's the only wisdom from above.
 She seems to listen to some strain obscure
 Of music in sidereal regions wove,
 Or to await some more transcendent dower
 From heaven descending on her like a dove,

It is interesting to get a look at the operations of a great artist's mind, to see how the rough material is worked up into the finished article. As a sample of the ceaseless care with which the poet clasps and clamps, alters and polishes, it may be useful to give the several alterations the foregoing sonnet underwent from its original appearance, for which record I am indebted to the researches of the editor of "The Sonnets of this Century." Here are the alterations: line first, "tranquil beauty"; line second, "lovely, etc."; lines third and fourth, "And the most penetrating eye can trace No sad distraction in her harmless air"; line sixth, "an unknown grace"; line seventh, "surrounds her like a crystal atmosphere"; line eighth, "and love"; line twelfth, "in the upper ether wove"; line thirteenth, "transcendent power." It is scarcely too much to claim that each alteration brought about a great improvement.

As many of my readers are probably aware, the author of the most finished, voluminous comprehensive and valuable of present day poetry written by an Irishman, stands aloof from Irish partisan politics. If he had his way, Ireland would, I think, be ruled by the Church. Unless I mistake the sense, his view of the mission of Ireland can be learned with accuracy from his lines on "The Desolation of the West," one of his Irish odes, wherein he states the conviction that to Ireland

"for earthly scath
In world-wide victories of her faith
Atonement must be made."

But a man may be a patriot without being a partyman. Few Irishmen will quarrel with the tone of the following sonnet, the first of five on Irish Colonization. It was written in 1848, the famine year:

" England, thy sinful past hath found thee out !
Washed was the blood-stain from the perfumed hand :
O'er lips self-righteous smiles demure and bland
Flickered, though still thine eye betrayed a doubt,
When round thy palace rose a people's shout—
' Famine makes lean the Helots' hapless land.'
What made them Helots ? gibbet, scourge, and brand,
Plaguing with futile rage a faith devout.
England ! six hundred tyrannous years and more,
Trampling a prostrate realm, that strength out-trod,

Which twenty years availed not to restore.
 Thou *wert* thy brother's keeper—from the sod
 His life-blood crieth, Expiate thou thy crime
 Or bear a branded brow throughout all time."

Although the poet is somewhat out of touch with three-fourths of his countrymen on current political questions, he is, yet, the poet of the moral sentiment, and of the religious faith, if not the heart and aspirations of the Irish people. It is what I may call the outspeaking of faith at every turn that gives his work the real and deep-seated unity which art demands, that of constant purpose and a pervading harmony of tone. If we do not find ourselves thrilled by listening to dogma and denominational religious creeds, when they come in the imposing vehicle of his own ardent faith and believing utterance, it is because dogma and creeds are unfitted for any verse that transcends Dr. Watt's hymns. His glowing religious faith is at once his strength and his weakness. As I have already said in another paper, the poet's efforts to embody metaphysical and theological discussion in beautiful and rhythmic words are in all departments of his poetry, far too persistent and far too unsatisfying. This passion for preaching in verse has deprived more than one of his sonnets of the wide appeal which they might otherwise exercise. I doubt if many admire solemn dogma tricked out in rhyme. For myself, I will own that amidst the grey haze of insoluble and debateable problems I do not care to linger.

Behind this passion for the Irishman's faith, the poet holds the love of the Irishman's land and the Irishman's heroes. The following sonnets, entitled respectively "Sarsfield and Clare," and "The Graves of Tyrconnel and Tyrone" are truly admirable, they have the true stamp; the thought is masculine and the expression masterly; the phrases engrave themselves in the memory, and we catch glimpses of a genuine patriotic thinker, healthful for a time like the present, when, in Ireland, owing to factionism, patriotism and thought seem to be, I hope only for the moment, separated.

SARSFIELD AND CLARE.

Silent they slumber in the unwholesome abode;
 And why lament them? Virtue, too, can die:
 Old wisdom labors in extremity;
 And greatness stands aghast, and cries for aid

Full often ; aye, and honor grows dismayed ;
 And all those eagle hopes, so pure and high,
 Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky
 Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betrayed.
 Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor
 Of this exulting earth, nor place to lie
 Where the thronged marbles awe the passer by :
 True rest is this ; the task, the mission o'er,
 To bide God's time, and man's neglect to bear—
 Hail, loyal Sarsfield ! Hail, high-hearted Clare !

THE GRAVES OF TYRCONNEL AND TYRONE ON SAN PIETRO IN
 MONTORIO.

Within Saint Peter's fane, that kindly hearth
 Where exiles crowned their earthly loads down cast,
 The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past,
 In death more royal thrice than in their birth.
 Near them, within a church of narrow girth
 But with dilated memories yet more vast,
 Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last,
 Their home the holiest spot, save one, on earth.
 This is that Mount that saw Saint Peter die !
 Where stands yon dome stood once that Cross revered :
 From this dread Hill, a Western Calvary,
 The Empire and that Synagogue accurst
 Clashed two ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one
 Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tyrconnel and Tyrone !

These sonnets, I venture to think, are in tone and execution in strict accordance with Aubrey de Vere's own definition of a sonnet, as given in the introduction to the collection he made of the sonnets of his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere. "A true sonnet," says Aubrey de Vere, "is characterized by greatness, not prettiness ; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a combination of many thoughts, but the development of a single thought so large as to be latently, a poem."

In the two following fine sonnets we meet with no little of the observant imagination of the artist :

HORN HEAD, COUNTY OF DONEGAL.

Sister of earth, her sister eldest-born,
 Huge world of waters, how unlike are ye !
 Thy thoughts are not as her thoughts : unto thee
 Her pastoral fancies are as things to scorn :

Thy heart is still with that old hoary morn
 When on the formless deep, the procreant sea,
 God moved alone : of that Infinity,
 Thy portion then, thou art not wholly shorn,
 Scant love hast thou for dells where every leaf
 Boasts its own life, and every brook its song ;
 Thy massive floods down stream from reef to reef
 With one wide pressure ; thy worn cliffs along
 The one insatiate Hunger moans and raves,
 Hollowing its sunless crypts and sanguine caves.

Ireland is a land of ruins. Like the desolate plains of Greece, the hills and valleys of Ireland present numerous masses of ruins that awaken in the sympathetic heart, trains of affecting remembrances. The message which "The Ruins of Emania, near Armagh," whispered to the poet from their lips of mouldering stone, he thus records :

Why seek ye thus the living 'mid the dead ?
 Beneath that mound, within yon circle wide,
 Emania's palace, festive as a bride
 For centuries six, had found its wormy bed
 When here Saint Patrick raised his royal head
 And round him gazed, Perhaps the Apostle sighed
 Even then, to note the fall of mortal pride :
 Full fourteen hundred years since then have fled !
 Then, too, old Ulster's hundred knights were clay ;
 Then, too, the Red Branch warriors slept forlorn ;
 Autumn, perhaps as now a pilgrim grey,
 Counted her red beads on the berried thorn,
 Making her rounds ; while from the daisied sod
 The undiscountenanced lark up soared, and praised her God.

Although of patrician birth and blood, the poet, as a fervent Catholic should, always sympathises with the Tribunes more easily than with Coriolanus, so he can say of "Common Life" :

Onward between two mountain warders lies
 The field that man must till. Upon the right,
 Church-thronged, with summit hid by its own height,
 Swells the vast range of the Theologies :
 Upon the left, the hills of Science rise
 Lustrous but cold : nor flower is there, nor blight :
 Between these ranges twain through shade and light
 Winds the low vale wherein the meek and wise
 Repose. The knowledge that excludes not doubt
 Is here ; the arts that beautify man's life :

There rings the choral psalm, the civic shout,
 The genial revel, and the manly strife :
 There by the bridal rose the cypress waves :
 And there the all-best sunshine softest falls on graves.

The departure from rule of the closing Alexandrine may be glossed over as a poetic licence in an otherwise splendid sonnet.

The width of sympathy displayed in the following conception of "Industry" is altogether Shakesperian :

Virtue defamed for sordid, rough and coarse,
 Unworthy of the glimpses of the moon,
 Praise of the clown alone whose heavy shoon
 Kneads the moist clay, nor spares the pure stream's source,
 In thee, how strange is grace ! how fair is force !
 Not thine the boastful plain with carnage strewn,
 Nor chambers wassail-shamed, where late Remorse
 Sits, the last guest ! From ocean on to ocean,
 From citted shore to hills far-forested,
 The increase of earth is thine, in rest or motion ;
 The crown is thine, on every sage's head ;
 The ship, the scythe, the rainbow among flowers :
 Thine too the song of girls exulting 'mid their bowers.

Here again, it will be observed, our poet closes with an Alexandrine, and a good one it is.

If we must visit the gloomier regions of the imagination, it is as well to visit them in good company. That our poet is no unworthy guide, his thoughts on "Sorrow," will, I venture to hold, prove conclusively :

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

The foregoing is, it seems to me, a sustained minor key, a complete working out of one pathetic idea in a simple melody.

To the purely pictorial or musical effects of the following charming poem, entitled "Galatea and Urania," no one claiming the slightest culture can be either blind or deaf :

Dread venerable Goddess, whom I fear,
Gaze not upon me from thy starry height !
I fear thy levelled shafts of ruthless light,
Thine unfamiliar radiance and severe :
Thy sceptre bends not ! stern, defined, and clear
Thy Laws : thy face intolerantly bright :
Thine is the empire of the Ruled and Right ;
Never hadst thou a part in smile or tear !
I love the curving of the wind-arched billow ;
The dying flute-tone, sweeter for its dying :
To me less dear the Pine tree than the Willow,
The mountain than the shadow o'er it flying,
Thus Galatea sang, whilst o'er the waters
Urania leant ; and cowered 'mid Ocean's foam-white daughters.

Once more that over-syllabled last line. I am beginning to lose temper with these heavy-brigade endings. I hold them to be far too frequent in the sonnets. Aubrey de Vere was not compelled to use a complex form, but when chosen, its laws should be obeyed to the letter; if success is to be obtained.

Archbishop Trench, in the course of a valuable lecture on "The History of the English Sonnet," to which I am somewhat indebted, well remarks that this form of poem, like the Grecian temple, may be limited in its scope, but, like the temple, if successful, the sonnet is altogether perfect. This charming comparison will be recalled by every one who peruses the following magnificent sonnet on "The Sun God," a veritable marvel of clearness and energy :

"I saw the master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
An Archer of immeasurable might :
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load ;
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountains glowed ;
Forward his eagle eye, and brow of light
He bent ; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.

No wings profaned that god-like form : around
His neck high-held an ever moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening : while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome

Thrilled as a dew-drop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam."

Although de Vere entertained none of his friend Wordsworth's pantheistic conceptions of nature, he could, to use a phrase of Thomas Campbell, "muse on nature with a poet's eye." The intellectual vivacity implied in the marvellously neat workmanship of his "A Winter Night in the Woods" will repay attention :

" When first the Spring her glimmering chaplets wove
This way and that way 'mid the boughs high hung,
We watched the hourly work, while thrushes sung
A song that shook with joy their bowered alcove :
Summer came next : she roofed with green the grove,
And deepening shades to flower-sweet alleys clung :
Then last—one dirge from many a golden tongue—
The chiding leaves with chiding Autumn strove.
These were but Nature's preludes. Last is first !
Winter, uplifting high both flail and fan,
With the great forest dealt as Death with man ;
And therefore through their desolate roofs hath burst
This splendor veiled no more by earthly bars ;
Infinite heaven, and the fire-breathing stars !"

In all his nature studies, the poet follows the method of the idealist as contradistinguished from that of the realist, and the sentiment is given without the minute statement of fact. In these productions, as almost everywhere within the spacious bounds of his works, we are amazed by sudden forked-flashes of wisdom, a characteristic of genius to be met with only in the productions of the very princes and kings of literature.

We have seen that the thoughts of Aubrey de Vere on Ireland and her ancient heroes are possessed alike of those melancholy graces which, by blending sympathy with admiration, give to worth and truth additional power. We can easily imagine how a heart as Catholic as his would be thrilled by the associations awakened by a visit to the City of Rome. His sonnets on Roman subjects, under the general title of "Urbs Roma" are very numerous and fine. He feels about Rome and her great men, as the artist does about the picture over which his soul has brooded with love, and which has for him a tender meaning and a chastened grace it can speak to no other one. The sonnets challenge multiplied quota-

tions, but I have allowed myself room for only one ; so let it be
 " St. Peter's by Moonlight " :

" Low hung the moon when first I stood in Rome :
 Midway she seemed attracted from her sphere,
 On those twin Fountains shining broad and clear
 Whose floods, not mindless of their mountain home,
 Rise there in clouds of rainbow mist and foam.
 That hour fulfilled the dream of many a year :
 Through that thin mist, with joy akin to fear,
 The steps I saw, the pillars, last the dome.
 A spiritual Empire there embodied stood :
 The Roman Church there met me face to face :
 Ages, sealed up, of evil and of good
 Slept in that circling colonnade's embrace.
 Alone I stood, a stranger and alone,
 Changed by that stony miracle to stone."

As is well known, in the war of the American Rebellion nearly all England sided with the cause of the South and slavery. Not so the Irish poet. He expressed a clear sympathy with the cause of justice, which is only another name for liberty, in two powerful sonnets, for which I cannot, however, make space here. Again, in the great centennial year of American liberty, the poet put himself on record as follows :

" A century of sunrises hath bowed
 Its fulgent forehead 'neath the ocean-floor
 Since first upon the West's astonished shore,
 Like some huge Alp, forth struggling through the cloud,
 A new-born nation stood, to Freedom vowed :
 Within that time how many an Empire hoar
 And young Republic, flushed with wealth and war,
 Alike have changed the ermine for the shroud !
 O, sprung from earth's first blood, O tempest-nursed,
 For thee what Fates ? I know not. This I know,
 The soul's great freedom, gift of gifts the first,
 Thou first on man in fulness did'st bestow ;
 Hunted elsewhere, God's Church with thee found rest :
 Thy future's Hope is she—that queenly guest."

But enough of criticism, even the most appreciative, and only the appreciative can be entirely just. All said, we have looked over the contributions of Aubrey de Vere to an important and artistic department of English literature, which is separated from the other departments by form as well as spirit. Is it too

much to claim richness of thought and fineness of finish for the sonnet work of our poet? Was not William Sharpe perfectly correct when he said, that Aubrey de Vere ranks amongst the foremost sonneteers of our time? That he is superior to all living poets who use the English tongue, as thinker, teacher, inspirer of thought and purifier of soul, is a proposition the affirmative of which will be denied by very few whose approval is worth having. Inexhaustible gentleness, imperturbable good sense, instinctive aversion to folly, affectation, meanness and untruth, ever mark Aubrey de Vere. Nothing like justice has yet been done to his power as philosopher, moralist and teacher. But, year by year, his work is growing more and more in favor, especially among the better-schooled classes of the reading public in England and America. Let us join in the hope that the moment is all but present when his thoughtful and polished writings will be recognized wherever genius and scholarship are cherished, as belonging to the foremost intellectual forces of our own time.

MAURICE CASEY.

ERRATA.

Owing to various causes, all entirely beyond the control of the writer, a vast number of errors crept into the first part of the article on "Aubrey de Vere as a Sonneteer." To correct all the mistakes would require more than a page, and is out of the question; but there are one or two I cannot suffer to pass unchallenged.

In the first place, I am made to say that there are only two legitimate variations of the sestet of the English sonnet; whereas there are more than two score of such variations. What I tried to say was, that, other things being equal, a sonnet written according to either of the formula given in my article, would nearest approach the English classical form.

Again, on page 3, Sir Thomas More is confounded with Thomas Moore, the Irish lyricist.

On page 6, "Archbishop French" is printed for Archbishop Trench, the well-known Dublin churchman, poet, and authority on the English language.

There are other mistakes equally serious, but I have neither leisure nor space to set them right.

In much the same way so many errors have intruded in my verses, "Dies Mirabilis,"—this time through fault of the printer, who did not incorporate the corrections made by me on his proofs—that I would only have to correct the lines to make the whole production look like quite another poem.

MAURICE CASEY.

MR. WINKLE.



AMONG the three followers and would-be staunch friends of Mr. Pickwick, the one that attracts from readers the majority of notice, is undoubtedly Mr. Nathaniel Winkle. This personage, with the brilliant qualities which characterize him, can be ranked, without difficulty, among the best productions of Dickens' imaginative genius. Without this individual's invigorating presence, many chapters of *Pickwick Papers*, in which he appears, would inevitably fall into insignificance ; and chapters are not few in which he figures as the hero.

The distinguishing peculiarities of this conspicuous character can be comprised in a very few words : *He could do anything*. This, you will admit, is an extraordinary summing up of a man's propensities and powers, but, in the present case, it is involving of all correctness. To the questions, "Mr. Winkle, can you do this ? can you do that ?" he always had the self-same answer, "Why, of course I can." Generally, through his would-be knowledge, he brings himself into aggravating scrapes, the effects of which, either physically or morally, last for a few subsequent weeks.

On one occasion, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends, contemplating a journey, hired a vehicle. It so happened, however, that said vehicle could accommodate only three persons. Therefore, an extra horse was hired, and Mr. Winkle was formally demanded if he could ride. This worthy had some doubts about his equestrian skill, for, as the reader may readily conceive, he had never been on horseback in his life. Not wishing, however, to pass as an ignoramus on this scale, he replied with great hardihood : "Certainly, I would enjoy it above all things." Thereupon he deliberately began to climb the horse on the wrong side, much to the amusement of the proximate postboys.

"T'other side sir, if you please," exclaimed the hostler.

When mounted, which position he reached with as much difficulty as he might have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war, he started off with his hat over his ears and shaking as if he would fall to pieces, from the violence of the exercise. As the party proceeded, Mr. Pickwick having dropped his whip, Mr.

Winkle dismounted to pick it up ; but, when he tried to remount, his horse began a retrograde movement which dragged Mr. Winkle along at a rate somewhat swifter than fast walking. Mr. Pickwick then dismounted and ran to the assistance of his distressed companion, but, at that moment, the horse broke away from Mr. Winkle and trotted quietly towards home. Just as Mr. Pickwick and his agonizing friend turned around, there was the other horse running away after having dumped Messrs. Tupman and Snodgrass into a hedge by the wayside. The renegade horse soon broke the chaise into smithereens and then stood stock still, gazing on the evil he had wrought with a look of seeming complacency. The four Pickwickians, through the maladroitness of Mr. Winkle, were thus forced to walk a distance of seven miles, leading the horse behind them, and being hooted at by passers-by as horse-stealers. The termination of this unfortunate journey was at Mr. Wardle's farm.

The morning after their arrival, Mr. Winkle, who gave himself in as an experienced sportsman, went out crow-hunting with Mr. Wardle, in a rookery near the premises. The first time Mr. Winkle let off the gun, he had forgotten to put the cap on, hence the effect was nil. The second time, he was more successful in one way, (that is to say, the gun went off) but on the other hand he lodged at least two handfuls of swanshot in Mr. Tupman's left arm, which was exposed from behind a tree. This, nevertheless, as we shall afterwards see, did not effect a great deal his reputation as a sportsman, but it insinuated to him to be a little more modest in future, so much so that, being asked on the morrow if he could play cricket, he felt the delicacy of his situation and answered a "no" which on any other occasion would inevitably have been a "yes."

Later on, we have another instance of Mr. Winkle's cockney sportsmanship. He set out on a great hunting expedition with Mr. Wardle, Mr. Pickwick, Sam, a tall gamekeeper, and a boy. Being given by Wardle a large bag, which he was supposed to fill with grouse, he expressed his opinion that the company would have to stay out at least till the next winter, if they wished to wait till his bag was full.

"Mr. Winkle is not much in the way of this sort of thing

yet," said Wardle to the tall gamekeeper. "Live and learn you know. They'll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend's pardon though ; he has had some practice."

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and in his modest confusion, got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead on the spot.

"You mutsn't handle your piece in that ere way, when you come to have a charge in it, sir," said the tall gamekeeper gruffly, "or, I'm damned, if you won't make cold meat of some of us."

Mr. Winkle thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and, in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel of his gun into pretty sharp contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hello!" said Sam, picking up his hat which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple, "hello, sir! if you comes in this way, you'll fill one of them bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Henceforth Mr Wardle and Mr. Winkle proceeded quietly on ahead, for the dogs were pointing. Very gently indeed would they have advanced if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally, at the most critical moment, fired over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good, "it goes off of its own accord. It will do it."

"I wish it would kill something of its own accord," snapped the irritated Wardle.

Meanwhile, on they continued, Mr. Winkle flashing, and blazing and smoking away without producing any material results worthy of being noted, sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and, at others, sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure.

Another thing that goes to testify to Mr. Winkle's want of modesty is the skating party.

"You skate, of course, Winkle," said Wardle.

"Ye—yes, oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am rather out of practice."

Hereupon one lady said it was "graceful," another that it was "swan-like," and so Mr. Winkle was prevailed upon to try a pair of runners.

While Mr. Wardle, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen were performing a reel, Mr. Winkle sat on the ice buckling on his skates with the points behind. He was then assisted to his feet by Sam Weller, and started off leaning on Sam's arm. But, to the dismay of Winkle, Mr. Pickwick required the services of Sam, who immediately drew his arm away from Mr. Winkle, thus giving the unfortunate gentleman an impetus which bore him down into the middle of the reel wherein, meeting an obstacle in the person of Bob Sawyer, he fell to the ice. On Mr. Winkle's arising, Mr. Pickwick ordered his skates off, and styled him by such expressive terms as, humbug, and imposter. Mr. Winkle never forgot this adventure and it did him a great deal of good.

But, if Mr. Winkle was unsuccessful in almost everything he tried, there was one matter at least, in which he was but too successful. This was his wonderful love-making. His natural qualities seemed to be so apparent and striking that nearly every person of the other sex who met him, instantaneously fell a victim to his charms. Mr. Winkle was, one morning, quietly sitting in Mr. Pott's breakfast room at Eatanswill, when the owner of the premises suddenly entered with a paper in his hands, and such sundry ejaculations as "imposter," "villain" and "serpent," on his lips. Mr. Winkle started up in surprise with the exclamation, "Sir!" Mr. Pott hereupon had the condescendence to repeat for him his previous expressions, telling him to make the most of them. Mr. Winkle, in compliance with Pott's request, proceeded to make the most he could of the "serpent," etc. The most, however, was nothing at all; so, after a profound silence of some minutes' duration, he said—

"Serpent, sir! serpent, Mr. Pott! What can you mean, sir? this is pleasantry."

“Pleasantry, sir !” exclaimed Pott, with a motion of the hand, indicative of a strong desire to hurl the Britannia metal teapot at the head of his visitor. “Pleasantry, sir !—but no, I will be calm ; I will be calm, sir.”

In proof of his calmness, Mr. Pott flung himself into a chair and foamed at the mouth. Mr. Winkle, thereupon, begged him to explain how he dared to look him in the face and style him a serpent. At this demand a malignant scowl passed over Pott’s features. He did not answer, but threw the morning edition of the Eatanswill *Independent* at Mr. Winkle’s feet. This gentleman took it up and read as follows :

Lines to a Brass Pot.

“ Oh Pott ! if you’d known
How false she’d have grown,
When you heard the marriage bells tinkle ;
You’d have done then, I vow,
What you cannot help now,
And handed her over to W*****.”

“What,” said Mr. Pott, solemnly ; “ what rhymes to ‘tinkle,’ villain ?”

“What rhymes to ‘tinkle’ ?” said Mrs. Pott, whose entrance at that moment forestalled a reply. “What rhymes to tinkle ? Why Winkle, I should conceive.”

Saying this, Mrs. Pott smiled sweetly on the disturbed Pickwickian and extended her hand towards him. Mr. Pott thereupon interposed and showed the above verses to his wife. Upon reading them, she immediately fell into hysterics, making, in her delirium, such sundry vows as that of “leaving Mr. Pott and marrying somebody else, whose name she would not mention.” But she soon came back from her fainting fit, after having forced upon Mr. Pott the rash promise of horse-whipping the editor of the *Independent* before the day was out. Having totally recovered, she inquired, (anxiously, of course) of Mr. Winkle, if he would allow such newspaper slander to shorten his stay. Mr. Winkle expressed himself as sorry that he must go.

When he had departed Mr. Pott thus gave vent to his feelings :—

“If he ever comes back, I’ll poison him.”

On the the other hand, Mr. Winkle said to himself :

“ If I ever do go back and mix myself up with these people, I’ll deserve to be horsewhipped myself—that’s all.”

But, if Mr. Winkle was too successful on this occasion, he was just about successful enough on another. Being invited with his three friends, to Manor Farm in order to assist at a wedding that was to take place there on Christmas Day, he happened to meet a black-eyed young lady, who wore a pretty little pair of boots with fur around the top. The couple soon fell to a liking of each other, which kept continually increasing. At last, Winkle became so “comfoozled” with his love, as Sam put it, that he obtained an interview with the object of his devotion from the top of the stone wall, which surrounded her dwelling. After a considerable time, the couple were married in spite of a threat from the young woman’s brother that he would cut Winkle’s throat. But here Mr. Winkle made a false step ; he forgot to ask the permission of his father before achieving his object. Hence, when the news of his son’s marriage came to the ears of the old man, he got very angry. This anger was, however, soon dispelled when he beheld with his own eyes, his little daughter-in-law. Thenceforward Mr. Winkle lived in bliss with his charming young wife.

The author of *Pickwick Papers* says that he inserted Mr. Winkle in the columns of his interesting novel for the sole purpose of affording scope to the pen of his artist. But, as you see by the brilliant qualities he possesses, and by the concern he excites, Winkle also affords scope for the imagination to work upon. In fact, in comicalness and mirth-exercising qualities, he is surpassed by Sam Weller only. Thus we see that Dickens, by looking up the concerns of an illustrator, unconsciously gave to English literature in general and to *Pickwick Papers* in particular, another charm of which it can boast through time immemorial.

IMO, '03.

THE CHARACTER OF PROSPERO.

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”



THESE words, which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Mark Antony, when the great orator delivers his famous panegyric over the corpse of Brutus, may, with perhaps even more truth, be applied to another wonderful creation of the immortal bard, Prospero, the hero of “ The Tempest.”

Prospero's character is one of the most admirable to be met with in the whole range of literature. He represents the ideal man, the personified union of “ the elements,” combining all those qualities that are best and noblest. It is a noteworthy fact that the meaning of the word “ elements ” has become much changed since Shakespeare's day. But the fourfold division of man's nature still remains. Instead of earth, water, air and fire, philosophy substitutes Intelligence, Will, Imagination and Sensibility. It is the right combination of these four faculties that is the principle of human excellence. The mere union of them, however, is not enough. They must necessarily possess a certain fixed hierarchy. The Intelligence should be in supreme control, restraining the Imagination and guiding the Will, while the latter has itself a particular duty, to govern the Sensibility. None of them, however, should preponderate to the detriment of the others. This is the most perfect form in which the human faculties can be combined, securing the proper proportion and harmony, and thus do we find them blended in the character of Prospero.

The intellectual power with which Prospero was gifted, was really wonderful. He had passed beyond the usual limits which confine man, and had attained a height reached by few. Within the inner circle, face to face with the mysterious veil which bounds the knowable, he stood. Reason, in him, could not indeed attain the degree of perfect truth to which it aspired, but, nevertheless, it revelled in the wondrous treasures which it found capable of its comprehension. Long and deeply did Prospero drink from the

Pierian spring, and, with the most sublime principles of human knowledge, he quenched his almost unsatiable thirst. Thus, by profound and earnest study, he acquired the wisdom of a Solomon. Nature had endowed him with magnificent parts, the cultivation of which became his ruling passion. So "rapt in secret studies" did he finally become that he left the management of the state entirely to his brother, and thus drew upon himself his subsequent misfortunes. The fame of his great learning spread far and wide, so that Milan enjoyed the reputation of being the most progressive seigniory in Europe.

"And Prospero the prime Duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel : those being all my study."

Those years of studious research brought their reward in the shape of the almost supernatural power with which, in the island, we find Prospero endowed. By means of his pre-eminent intellectual abilities, he has brought the great forces of nature into his service. These "weak masters" have heretofore been wasted in frivolous aims, but, when human wisdom guides them towards worthy ends, they become all-powerful. By their aid Prospero has

"Be-dimm'd the noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art."

But Prospero never makes use of this wonderful power except for praiseworthy purposes. The tempest is thus brought about in the interests of justice. For the straight and narrow path of righteousness alone appealed to him as according with the dictates of Reason. Not only had he acquired a boundless knowledge from his studies, but, moreover, a development of his reasoning faculties, which brought to their ripest perfection his inherent qualities of wisdom, judgment, prudence and foresight. From the lofty altitude which he had gained in the realm of thought, he was able to survey the whole world and to estimate it at its

proper value. Hence there was bred in him a disgust for worldly affairs, and he became "all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of his mind." His philosophic spirit, accordingly, tends to express itself in lofty strains of moralising :

" The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Like all intellectual giants, Prospero was not possessed of what could be termed a lively imagination. This faculty, being of course under the control of Reason, was not so fully developed as it might be even in men of lesser calibre. But, while in proper proportion to the dominant element, Prospero's imaginative powers lent it a delicate lustre, which affords a pleasant relief to the monotony and tension produced by the amazing magnificence of the intellectual display. Thus, when recounting his injuries, Prospero's colder nature does not soar to such a height as another's might, but, nevertheless, his words are often enforced by figures of striking strength and beauty.

" Thy false uncle—being once perfected who t' advance and who
To trash for overtopping,—new-created
The creatures that were mine ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd the verdure out on 't."

Again, when describing how they were cast away upon "a rotten carcass of a boat," Prospero paints the scene in a most vivid and picturesque manner by one masterly sentence :

" There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

The most distinguishing trait of Prospero's character, however, as seen in the play itself, is certainly his wonderful will-power. The triumph of Reason-guided Will over Sensibility, the preservation of the proper equilibrium of the faculties, forms the theme of

the story. To estimate properly the moral grandeur of the man, as shown by this victory, and the wonderful strength of his Will, we must first understand the depth of his sensibility. That he was possessed of an unusually sensitive nature is clearly evident. His was one of those great hearts which would fain include the whole world in the bounds of its affection. Moreover, his love and trust inspired a reciprocal attachment. None that came within the sphere of his influence failed to be attracted to him. The citizens of Milan, one and all, were devotedly attached to their Duke. It was only by conspiracy and treason that his enemies had been able to exile him, and they would, assuredly, have completed their nefarious deed by murder, as Prospero explains to Miranda, but that

“ They durst not—so dear the love my people bore me—
Set a mark so bloody on the business.”

It is as the father, however, that we are best able to perceive the magnitude of Prospero's affection. He fairly idolized Miranda. Bereft of all other human companions except the brutish Caliban, his whole being was centered in his daughter's welfare. This was his primary object in raising the tempest, as thereby he foresaw she would attain her proper position in the world, and his enemies would be brought to reason. Moreover, to train her youthful faculties and to prepare her for the change in her fortunes, Prospero has spent much time in imparting to her some of his own wonderful knowledge.

“ Here have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.”

His loving consideration for Miranda is everywhere manifest. With what solicitude he watches over her, and seeks every means to promote her happiness. Though it proves a wrench to his own heart, he willingly yields her to Ferdinand since such is her own desire, and, moreover, favorable to the best interests of all.

In a scarcely lesser degree do we see Prospero's affectionate nature manifested towards the other personages of the drama. His perfidious brother, Antonio, whom, as he tells Miranda, “ next thyself of all the world I loved,” had received innumerable favors and marks of affection at the hands of Prospero. The Duke

reposed in this wretch an absolute trust, "a confidence sans bound," which proved his own ruin. But this brotherly love was destroyed by Antonio's unnatural conduct. Similarly Caliban was kindly treated by his lord until he proved himself unworthy of confidence. On the other hand, Gonzalo and Ariel furnish evidence of Prospero's sensibility to kindness and fidelity. His heart, remembering, thrills with gratitude to the "noble Neapolitan":

"O thou good Gonzalo,
My true preserver! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed."

Ariel, Prospero's "dainty, tricky spirit," is rewarded for his lengthy and faithful services by freedom, the long-desired object of his hopes.

But, although capable of the greatest affection, Prospero never allowed it to pass beyond the limits assigned by Reason. Even his love for his daughter cannot outweigh his sense of right. Moreover, he puts Ferdinand to the most severe tests before he will entrust him with Miranda,

"lest too light winning make the prize light."

Prospero, being of such an ardently affectionate nature, must, therefore, have been exceedingly susceptible to injury. It is a proverb that a good lover is a good hater, and this is especially true of the warm Italian temperament, which is capable of the greatest extremes of love and detestation. Thus the injuries he received could not fail to have made a deep impression on so sensitive a heart. In the early hours of his misery, he could not indeed summon the necessary fortitude to bear it calmly:

"I have degg'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd."

That Prospero was certainly "struck to the quick with his high wrongs," we can infer from the effect upon him of Caliban's conspiracy against his life, comparatively a small affair. This is perceived by his daughter and her lover:

Ferd.—"This is most strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira.—"Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd."

Then Prospero explains:

“ Sir, I am vex’d ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturbed with my infirmity,
A turn or two I’ll walk to still my beating mind.”

This brief glimpse of the wonderful strength of the hero’s sensible faculty enables us to appreciate the grandeur of the victory which his will achieved. Bitterly did he feel the injuries of his enemies. The passion of hate, which, during all those years of his exile, must have smouldered in his breast, was ready to leap into flame. The advent of his brother and the other conspirators recalled every detail of their foul deed, and the base ingratitude which repaid his kindness with treason. Now these unnatural villains were at his mercy. What compassion did they deserve? Why not avenge his injuries without remorse? Through virtue of his magic power, he could have done so in many ways. He might have destroyed them in the tempest, or again allowed them to kill off one another, as the two unnatural brothers proposed doing by the King, or, finally, he might have given his vengeance a free hand when he brought them face to face with their former victim, now their judge. But none of these ways appealed to Prospero. He chose a nobler revenge.

“ Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th’ quick,
Yet with my nobler reason ’gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

Reason was indeed the guiding star of Prospero’s existence. Here its arguments for clemency outweighed those for vengeance, which Sensibility cast into the opposite side of the balance, Will. It showed how useless and unsatisfactory revenge would be, while, on the contrary, forgiveness would certainly convert his enemies by rousing them to penance, and make them better men. Accordingly, the will is called into play, and, in obedience to the dictates of Reason, forces down into its proper place the rebellious Sensibility struggling for supremacy. What an object lesson ! Such beautiful and exemplary mercy is akin to the divine ; it is rarely met with in this world. Then, how wisely does Prospero order the degree of clemency to the person of the offender and to the degree

of criminality. The King is straightway forgiven, and, when he expresses contrition, is interrupted by him whom he had wronged,

“ There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance with

A heaviness that's gone.”

To Antonio and Sebastian, the two wicked brothers, Prospero speaks with some severity :

“ But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors : at this time
I'll tell no tales..... Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother,
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.”

The meaner characters are given a slight punishment, such as will speedily make them contrite : Prospero lays his command on Caliban :

“Go, sirrah. to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.”

Thus, thanks to the hero, everything concludes in the best possible manner with all the personages contented and happy. He himself, now that he has achieved his great desire, determines to withdraw from worldly affairs entirely, and, like a true philosopher, prepare for his approaching end.

“ In the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.”

Hearing such characteristically noble and thoughtful words from his lips, we take leave of this wonderful man, while the tongue vainly endeavours to adequately express the feelings of admiration inspired by his truly sublime character. We have applied to him the crucial test of human excellence, the equilibrium of the mental faculties, and found it perfectly satisfied. Not only are those elements of his nature in the proper hierarchy, but each and all are so powerfully and harmoniously developed that their union in

one man seems incredible. Moreover, we cannot criticize a single characteristic, nor pick the least flaw in him. Nevertheless, Prospero is not an impossible hero. He is to us a reality, such a character as all men might approach to, more or less,—the ideal man. And what is the secret which made Prospero what he was? For that, as we have pointed out before, he was largely indebted to the world and its vanities. Despising these and seeking after higher things, he passed through the Valley of Adversity, the mental discipline of which but served

“ To elevate the will,
And lead him on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion doth the sway attest
Of Reason seated on her sovereign hill.”

JOHN R. O’GORMAN, ’01.



If in life's course you nobly run,
Then do not be repining ;
For you will find when duty done,
Behind the darkest cloud, the sun
Is shining.”



ON THE THEME OF MACBETH.



TO select *any one* of the moral lessons taught by "Macbeth," or *any one* of the great truths vividly demonstrated by it, and say, with the authority of sincere conviction, "This is the theme—this is what the author wished to bring out most clearly, this is what he wished should cause reflection in his readers, this is what he wished should most strongly impress those witnessing the play, this is the one aim to which he made all other incidents subordinate and contributive"—to do and to say such a thing seems to approach presumption. It may, indeed, be possible that such selection can be made, and such conviction pronounced; but, if so, the duty must devolve upon someone skilled in the process of speculative reasoning. Necessity compels me to declare myself unable to do it, since I do not possess the qualifications implied in this process.

However, if I were to select certain passages from the play, and say, here is *something* which Shakespeare evidently endeavored to make "Macbeth" the medium of presenting to us in a most forcible manner, I should choose three, which seem to me of equal importance in their intrinsic worth, and of equal conspicuousness in presentation.

First—"Present fears are less than horrible imaginings."

When Macbeth makes this enunciation in the first act, he is in a dubious state of mind. Temporary fears, as though of a premature discovery of his secret designs, contend with a passing thought of the awful consequences of crime, and he forms this opinion, more as a logical sequence than as a serious reflection. He unconsciously makes a prophecy for himself and an axiom for all time, whose full import, we can fairly suppose, he does not, at the moment, realise; for if he does, it surely will be sufficient to dissuade him from his crimes. If we follow the course of the play with this before our minds, we shall see that there is nothing in all the various phases of Macbeth speaking, of Macbeth meditating, of Macbeth acting, brought out more strongly than this, nothing that pervades the whole play more than this.

We can observe throughout Macbeth's career, that the present fears,—tears of detection in the act, fears of his murderous disposition being exposed,—which he experienced at each new crime, are much less than his recollection or horrible imaginings later. We see also that, when an enemy approaches him in the flesh, the present fear of a combat causes him no annoyance. But, when the enemy manifests itself to his tortured imagination in intangible shape, as does the ghost of Banquo, we see him terrified into utter helplessness by his horrible imaginings.

None of his fears causes him so much torture as the terrible thoughts that come through his brain on the first pang of remorse when he says, in scene 2 of Act II :

“ Methought I heard a voice say, ‘Sleep no more !
Macbeth doth murder sleep ;’
Still it cried, ‘Sleep no more !’ to all the house ;
..... ‘Macbeth shall sleep no more !’ ”

Again in Scene 2, of Act III, he utters this despairing cry, excited by his brain torture :

“ Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.”

But the climax of this passage is reached in his apostrophe to Banquo's ghost, Scene 4, Act III. Who can describe the terrible affliction that consumes, with a visible flame, his brain and heart and soul, when he says, or rather when his mere manhood shrieks out, in order, as it were, to prevent the collapse of his reason :

“ Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger :
Take any shape but that and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword,
..... Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence !”

This theme is also exemplified in Lady Macbeth's career. The slight fears she experienced while preparing the murder of Duncan, fears that did not cause her any perturbation of mind, but only impelled her to carefulness and secrecy, and the momentary fears she felt, at times, of her guilt becoming known, are less, far less, than the later torments of her imagination. These reach their height in the sleep-walking scene, when, after vainly trying to wash her hands, she says, with a heart-rending sigh :

" Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh ! "

One thought sufficient to kill the soul and, verily, make one live in the midst of death.

Second—

" And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
'And break it to our hope.' "

In this passage, uttered by Macbeth just before his death, Scene 8, Act V, is summed up the powerful lesson that the play teaches against witchcraft and sorcery.

If we follow Macbeth in his dealings with the weird sisters, study their incantations, and observe the dismal outcome of their prophecies, we cannot fail to conclude that it is extremely dangerous to meddle with these evil spirits or traffic in their wares. Their mysterious existence, their fitful comings and goings, the stultifying fumes of their fetid concoctions, the all-round terrible accompaniments of their diabolic art, and, more than any of these, their deceiving equivocation, not only destroy man's peace of mind, but lead him inevitably into ways of life that are but the by-roads of perdition. Macbeth's sad end convinces us that, as the practice of witchcraft or trust in sorcery is a great sin, so it carries with it, even in this life, a great punishment. This is a lesson which, were it the only one we could learn from Macbeth, would justify the assertion that the play is worthy of its being.

Third—I can find no passage in the play to express what I regard as another great lesson taught by " Macbeth." Consequently, I have endeavored to frame my impression as follows :

" Remorse of conscience is the greatest affliction that can befall the human mind."

This, it seems to me, is the final impression of the play. This is the stench that the play, in dying, that is, in one of its multiple deaths, leaves behind. This is the mind's taste of it all, which differs from the tongue's taste of anything, in that it is lasting. This is what first thrusts itself out for reflection when the last line is read. This is what haunts the brain when the curtain is rung down. This is what prolongs the din of the last despairing combat in one's ears. This is what appalls us in silence and makes us fearful to be alone. In a word, this is what unmans us, and, reacting, makes us better, by resolving and persevering in being something other than what Macbeth was.

There is no expression given to this theme until the play approaches the climax. Lady Macbeth is the first to feel reproaches of conscience. When she realizes her queenship to be unproductive of that complete satisfaction of ambition that she had anticipated, her steely nature begins to melt. Seeing Macbeth torn with all sorts of distractions, and his enemies becoming more numerous and stronger, she speaks safly to herself, Scene 2, Act III :

“ Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.”

Later, she breaks down, and then occurs the evidence of the pitiable mental suffering she undergoes, when she walks in her sleep. Her soliloquy during this scene is one continual moan of remorse. However, her misery is not greater than Macbeth's.

His conscience attacks him so forcibly and persistently that he becomes utterly unable to stifle its reproachful voice. When Malcolm's forces draw nigh, Macbeth ceases hoping to maintain his kingship. Then he muses for a moment, and passes this solemn sentence on his own career :

“ I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses.”

Truly, this is something which cannot but produce the darkest

despair. And was there ever more soul-obliterating despair lodged in the mind of man than that which found expression on Macbeth's tongue when, on hearing of the death of the queen, who was his main support in crime, his only kindred spirit in the world, he bursts into a frenzy and shrieks with frightening emphasis :

“ Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow,
. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.”

These three morals represent to me the great lessons to be learned from “Macbeth.” But whether any one of them is the object that Shakespeare had in mind in writing the play, is beyond me to say.


D. McTIGHE,
Third Form.



“ We cannot tell how, in this world of sin,
A deed of love
May change a life and cause to enter in,
A soul above.”



A DAY WITH THE SCIENTISTS.

“ETTER late than never,” is a time-worn adage that covers many a sin of omission. Thus it is with this belated report of the University Scientific Society’s famous trip held last May. However, it is not well for scientists to rush into print at once with a full account of their doings. Rather should these doings be thought upon again and again, talked over and over, examined closely to discover whether or not they are able to withstand the test of time. The trip of the Scientific Society has been subjected to most crucial tests, and still its memories are as pleasant to-day as they were some months ago. Therefore let them be written down in the annals of science.

Old Sol had not yet risen, the College bell had not yet rung out its warning peals, when about thirty embryonic scientists tumbled out of bed and made hasty preparations for the trip to Blackburn’s mica mine. When all was ready for the journey, two large omnibuses accommodated them, and, with a ringing Varsity cheer, the start was made. With song and jest, the time passed quickly by as we rolled along the pavements of Ottawa, the rocky roads of the transpontine city and the dusty country lanes.

The inner man, however, not used to this neglect and delay in the morning meal, began to make demands for satisfaction ; and many a hungry glance was thrown at the large supply of provisions stowed away under the watchful eyes of the President and Treasurer. Soon, even those abstemious gentlemen had to yield, and the order was given to halt. Some delicious sandwiches and a little liquid refreshment constituted the breakfast. This over, lo and behold! pipes and tobacco appeared on the scene and demanded to be used. No one was averse, and shortly, dense clouds of smoke arose and enveloped the vans, “more or less.”

Away again, up hill and down dale, stopping now and again to seize some luckless infant on his way to school, to ask the why and the wherefore of his baptismal appellation. Or, perchance, when in quest of some milk, one of our esteemed members charmingly whispered : “*Bonjour, avez-vous de la vache ?*”

Thus matters went on and on, and so did the excursionists ; until Perkins' Mills had passed away in the distance. Nothing then would please our learned French scholar, who hails from a town of most suggestive name, but to seize on some gullible Methodist preacher and literally cram him to the neck with fairy tales.

At last, the mine was reached, where the excursionists were received by the Manager and his assistants with all possible kindness. Everything that could possibly be done for the convenience and pleasure of the students, was done right heartily and willingly. Thanks sincere and deep should be returned to these gentlemen. The students were cordially invited to make themselves perfectly at home, and to examine all the points of interest about the mines.

Dinner was announced soon after, and it was served in a style truly rustic. The tables were placed on the veranda running around the miners' house, and were loaded down with an abundance of things good to eat and drink. O ! what a havoc was made among the dainties provided by the commissary department. Nothing could possibly escape those ravenous appetites, created by the long journey in the brisk morning air. Onslaught followed onslaught with terrible regularity, but the culinary brigade brought up heavy reinforcements and nobly withstood the attacks.

A short siesta after dinner, and then, under the direction of Mr. Grattan, the exploration of the mine was begun. We first slid, fell and tumbled down the steep sides of the "cut," and arrived at the bottom somehow or other. We then entered the shaft, but, owing to the presence of water in that section of the mine, we could not penetrate very far into its depths. We therefore scrambled up the embankment again, and, after a casual examination of the large steam drill, we proceeded to the opening of the main shaft. A glimpse down a seemingly bottomless pit caused us all to look askance, one at the other. No one seemed anxious to be the first to step into the bucket, but no one was willing to be called afraid. In this frame of mind four gallant youths stepped forward, and with closed eyes, blanched cheeks, and rapidly beating hearts, jumped into the muddy vessel and started down. A foreboding of their impending fate urged them to attempt that grand hymn "Nearer My God," but some cruel fellow at the top,

whose courage had returned as he saw the bucket rapidly receding from view, called out "I don't care if you never come back." A few trips of the bucket, and everybody was at the bottom. Then began the real fun.

Streams of water ran down the walls, and this, coupled with the slippery mica mud, made safe walking almost an impossibility, while the shouts and groans of those ahead rendered the darkness hideous. But no one cared. On and on we went, splashing and dashing, until we were covered with mica mud. The crystals danced and glistened, and the walls appeared to be studded with diamonds. We secured enough mica to supply all the stores in Ottawa, for no one seemed satisfied until loaded down with the mineral. Mr. Grattan kindly explained how the mineral was taken, as well as its various qualities, and made quite an interesting topic out of a seemingly dry subject.

Finally, after being deafened by the continual bellowing of a certain individual, who tried to impress on our minds that there was a "hole in the bottom of the say," and, after some artistic renditions of passages from all the tragedies both ancient and modern, by some of our famous actors, the ascent was made. Everything was going smootly and all were at the top save eight ill-fated scientists, when word came down that the engine was out of order. Now, lo and behold, there were but two ways of ascending, the bucket and the ladders. The bucket was out of order; therefore those who were at the bottom must climb the ladder. The distance was a "mere trifle," only 268 feet.

Well, at length, after some ejaculations, they started; they climbed, and climbed and—climbed some more. A stream of ice-cold water may be delicious in mid-summer, but it is decidedly annoying when trickling down one's spinal column. Yet this is the course it took during the ascent from the bottom of the mine. Moreover, the rungs of the ladder were covered with mica mud, as were also the boots of the person just in advance of you. This mud had a very impolite habit of dropping into your eyes, and the boots of stepping on your fingers, as you clutched the rungs above and endeavored to look ahead. Then, when you would softly and gently expostulate with the gentleman in front of you, in regard to his tardiness of movement, some rude fellow just below you,

would inform you most forcibly that "this is no funeral" and request that "you get a move on." Dreadfully annoying, was it not? I cannot dwell longer on this harrowing recollection; it beggars description, and could be better portrayed by any one of the gentlemen that in this manner made the ascent. Their names should be handed down to posterity as martyrs to the cause of science. Verily and verily, and yet again most truly, the likes of these men have not been, nor are, nor yet shall be.

When these belated lambs had been gathered again together, off we started for home. Before leaving, our honorable President made a few remarks, in the course of which he returned our unanimous thanks to all the gentlemen connected with the mine for the cordiality of their reception, and for the willingness they evinced to make our trip a pleasant and a memorable one. A Varsity cheer was called for and given with a will.

The homeward trip was the counterpart of the morning one, with stops interposed for refreshment. Through every village our cries and cheers resounded, and the good folk looked, and stared, and wondered what was happening. But homeward bound were we, and at last, as the clock struck eleven, the vans rolled up to the College gate and deposited their tired but happy burdens.

Such a day was that of the University Scientific Society. Everything was just right, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment. Great credit should be given to the President, Treasurer and Director for the part they took in the arrangements. The society has a model upon which to plan their trips in future years, and the members should be content if they but equal that of May, '99.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.

“THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.”

Under the above heading, there appeared in a magazine called “Self Culture,” for September, an article from the pen of Jas. J. Wait, of Chicago. Now a more misleading title would be hard to find, since said article, in so far as it concerns the Catholic Church, is almost one continued falsehood. How an honest man could make such assertions, and why a magazine circulating among all classes, would stoop to insult many of its readers by publishing them, is, at this day when truth and tolerance are supposed to influence all, very hard to understand.

The writer, at the very beginning of his article, states that his acquaintance with the Islands was derived from a trip made among them in a sailing vessel some years ago. Certainly, any fair-minded person will conclude, that, under such conditions, even though he were without bigotry or prejudice, it would be impossible for him to make a correct estimate of a strange people and their religion. We can therefore accept in refutation of Mr. Wait's statements, those of reliable persons who have lived on the Islands and whose knowledge of their inhabitants and religion is thorough.

Mr. Wait differs from most slanderers of the Catholic Church in being less severe on the Society of Jesus. This, the grandest Order of the Church, has, from its very birth, suffered an almost continual persecution. In return, what has it not done for religion, civilization and science, in every country that its members have entered? Mr. Wait admits that the Jesuits have made some explorations in the Philippines. This means that they have explored as much as possible, for the Jesuits never do things by halves.

Speaking of the inhabitants the writer says: “The first are part heathen, but having engrafted upon heathenism the forms of the Church of Rome.” Now anyone with the slightest information and intelligence knows that heathenism and Catholicism are as incompatible with each other as it is possible for any two things to be; and also that, in the very first sacrament (baptism) which the Church confers, the recipient renounces heathenism. Were it

possible to reconcile heathenism and Catholicism, then, the latter would indeed be a vain and useless thing, instead of what it is, the grandest, yes, the only true religion.

Mr. Wait also claims that the people were goaded into rebellion by the rapacity and inhuman cruelties of the Spanish officials, and of the Church of Rome. Moreover, he states that nearly everything, from the cradle to the grave, is taxed, either by the Church or by the State; the fees for marriage and burial being so large that matrimony and a respectable grave become luxuries, which can be afforded only by the prosperous. Lastly he says that the Islands have been priest-ridden to the last degree; that it would be hard to find a more corrupt lot than these priests are, and that the educational system, being in their hands, is of course very defective.

Now, to any fair-minded person, the intense bigotry underlying these false and malicious statements, is apparent. The Catholic Church needs no defender other than her Divine Founder, who is ever with her. But, because many, upon reading Mr. Wait's article, will unwillingly become imbued with false ideas, "The *real Truth* About the Philippines" may serve a good purpose even in a college Review.

That a man is judged by his works is a fact which cannot be denied. Now, over four hundred years ago, the Catholic religion was planted in the Philippines. The first missionaries found the natives there, as in all uncivilized countries, wild, immoral, ignorant, and without any of those qualities which serve to elevate man's fallen nature. They set to work with apostolic energy, and the same results have crowned their efforts there as in other countries. These missionaries were men who had sacrificed wealth, honor, home, and all that the world holds dear, for the one purpose of saving their own souls and the souls of their neighbors. Could men who had given up all for God, men who were suffering untold hardships of their own free will, be rapacious and cruel, as Mr. Wait states? No, they were, on the contrary, kind and generous to an extreme. They gave up all they possessed for these poor creatures, whose souls they desired to save. Go to the native of the Philippines to-day and ask him who has ever

been his friend, who has fed, clothed and instructed him, and he will quickly tell you that it is the "Padre."

As regards the exorbitant fees for baptisms, marriages and funerals, let us see the truth. The same assertion has been made often, and only lately was proven to be false, as regards Mexico, by a Protestant who visited the country and saw for himself how matters stood. If Mr. Wait had taken the trouble to make proper inquiries, he would have found a like condition of affairs in the Philippines. Any seven-year-old Catholic child knows that the Church has no charge for her Sacraments; that they are of infinite value and, therefore, cannot be bought or sold. On the occasion of their administration, when money is asked or accepted, it is considered simply as a means of defraying the necessary expenses of the ceremony. When little expense is incurred, as is the case if there be question of the baptism, marriage or burial of poor persons, no money is expected. This regulation of our Holy Church holds firm, not only in the Philippines, but likewise in every corner of the globe, as may be testified to by any unprejudiced non-Catholic authority that has taken pains to study the matter. Hence all Mr. Wait's spouting about the "luxury" of getting christened, and of getting married, and of getting buried decently, from which, according to him, unmoneyed Filipinos are excluded, happens to be a "luxury" easily within the reach of even the poorest Catholic on the islands.

If Mr. Wait had consulted any of the 7,000,000 Christians in the Philippines, he would not have thought them priest-ridden. If he had visited any of the monasteries of either men or women, he would have seen with his own eyes, the pure heroic lives of self-denial which the inmates lead. He would then have been able to confirm the statements of the natives regarding their priests and nuns. The orphan asylums, hospitals, and various institutions, conducted by noble and devoted Sisters, which dot the Islands, are a strong argument against Mr. Wait.

Moreover, the great St. Thomas University, having over three thousand students, the famous Jesuit Observatory, the many colleges, convents and schools throughout the Islands, coupled with the fact that there are very few of the Christian natives who are unable to read and write, are a living, tangible refutation of

Mr. Wait's last slander, namely that the educational system is defective.

Truth will overcome falsehood ; facts cannot be covered up. The Catholic Church is, in the Philippines, what she has been in every country in the world : "the greatest blessing, temporal and spiritual that could be conferred on it," all the falsehoods of Mr. Wait and his kind notwithstanding. People are disgusted with, and tired of such assaults which are relics of past ages, and fair-minded Protestants are daily showing their disapproval of such methods by publicly denying all false assertions regarding the Catholic Church.

STUDENT, '03.



AN INTERESTING OLD VOLUME.

JOHN SELDEN AND HIS TABLE TALK. — *By Robert Waters.*

Eaton & Mains, New York. Price \$1.00.

John Selden, a lawyer who lived between 1584 and 1654, was the writer of many learned books—books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin, out of which mass—*sic transit gloria mundi*—all that remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote, and which work Mr. Waters places before us in a becoming modern dress.

Even if the genesis of the "Table-Talk" was in no way peculiar, this book, as one of the best English specimens of an interesting and valuable although unfamiliar department of literature fairly calls for more notice than I can accord it within the straitened limits of the space at my disposal. The editor of the present compilation is already well and favorably known to me through the pleasant medium of one of his former works, "Shakespeare as Portrayed by Himself," and, while I am far from agreeing with the author's conclusions I nevertheless heartily admire the ingeniousness of his argument and his loyal affection for the great poet of the British people. Mr. Waters possesses a direct and vigorous style, which combination of natural and rhetorical qualities rarely fails to secure engrossed listeners, let the theme be what it may.

In the present instance, Mr. Waters shows himself to be an excellent editor as well as a writer of striking ability. It is doubtful if his divisions of the work under review could have been improved upon. Some account of by-gone table-talk opens the volume; this succinct dissertation is followed by a biographical sketch of John Selden, wherein his life is traced to a period when he may be supposed to have delivered himself of the greater portion of what Coleridge calls the "weighty bullion sense" which subsequently went to the making of the famous "Table-Talk"; the biographical sketch is followed by an agreeable essay on the origin of the table-talk and on the secret of its popularity; then

comes Mr. Waters' selections, which, he says, make about four-fifths of the original. The volume concludes with remarks on the table-talk in the course of which the editor, who seems to be Shakespeare-smitten, makes the mistake of leaving his subject and going off on a tangent mounted on one of his interesting Shakesperian hobbies, but he pulls up in time to give an account of the closing years of Selden, which worthy, by the way, died happy and prosperous. It is not difficult to perceive that this method of arrangement supplies a good place for the proper discussion of every topic suggested by the central subject.

Among the monks, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Waters informs us, works of a pious and devotional character were most common ; but among laymen the most popular books consisted of collections of signs and wonders ; of strange predictions and mysterious occurrences ; of warnings, dreams, omens and mysteries ; of jests, riddles, witticisms and anecdotes ; of ballads, songs and sonnets ; of warlike deeds and heroic exploits. In short they were such books as contained entertaining and inspiring matter for fireside stories and table-talk generally. Some of these early books were, in their comprehensiveness, even more colossal than the encyclopedias of our own day ! Their very titles oftentimes covered several pages ! The work, famous alike in England and on the Continent, called *Gesta Romanorum*, or Deeds of the Romans, was of the sort just mentioned, and was for centuries the prime source of literary and social entertainment among the better class of people, and it was from it many English poets, notably Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, derived many a plot and incident for poem and drama. Then came, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those countless volumes of *Ana* for which there was such a rage in France and Italy during the last century. The first of these books was a volume containing the Table-Talk, the noted sayings, and the most interesting incidents in the life of the famous French scholar, professor, and writer, Joseph Justus Scaliger, and the work was speedily followed by many others of a similiar character. When the rage for this kind of literature had, like the fashions, been transmitted to England, it was taken up by a man who had much in common with the *Ana* makers, though he

was endowed with more talent than most of them ; for Horace Walpole was distinguished for wit and repartee, and noted for his talent as a raconteur and easy talker, and, let me whisper it, liar. Then came Isaac Disraeli, father of the famous novelist, orator, and theatrical statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, with his *Curiosities of Literature*, *Calamities of Authors*, and so forth. But the Prince of Ana makers was James Boswell who, in 1791, published his life of Dr. Johnson, wherein the great lexographer continues to live, visit, drink tea, and thunder wisdom. Mr. Waters reminds us, it is worth something to be able to listen to the table-talk of a great man. Those of us who have read Disraeli or Boswell, or *The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald*, the nearest Canadian approach to its great predecessors, will, I think, agree that such books have a charm and a value all their own.

Dr. Johnson, talking with Boswell about French literature, said : " Their Ana are good ; some of them are good ; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them, "Selden's Table-Talk." Hallam gave the same verdict ; Calverley set the highest value on it ; and the world has confirmed the judgment of those able men. As I have stated, this famous book was neither written nor published by John Selden. These ana were taken down by the Rev. Richard Milward, who had been his amanuensis and daily companion for over twenty years. Says Milward in his dedication : " I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty years together ; and, lest all these Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time, I faithfully committed to writing. Truly the sense and notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." It will be noted that Milward states he did not write out all of Selden's conversation, but only the striking things, and he further announces that his book is for the most part made up of " the sense of various matters of weight and of high consequence relating especially to church and state." Perhaps, this explains how Selden who held liberal views on most things was almost entirely blind to the good in Catholics and in their church, but a Protestant in these days was choke full of religious prejudices. Catholics are used to making allowance for books produced by Protestants,

and of picking their way carefully betwixt the lines so as to avoid slur, slander, and misstatement. If this course be pursued in dealing with Selden's Table-Talk, I am quite certain many Catholics will, like myself, find much entertainment and some instruction in the book. For the rest I quite agree with Mr. Waters in his desire that every great man should have his Boswell or his Milward, and I add the desire that every Boswell and Milward may find a Waters for an editor.

I have left myself scant space for extracts from the immortal Table-Talk. Here is a saying that takes my fancy :

“Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoes : they were easiest for his feet.”

The amount of observation crowded into the following is great :

“Humility is a Virtue all preach, none practice ; and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.”

Here is one for my good friend, the Hon. Thomas Payment, Mayor of the City of Ottawa, who claims to be “a seventh son of a seventh son” with all that magic phrase implies :

“Number in itself is nothing, has nothing to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backward then the first is the seventh : why is he not likewise fortunate?”

“Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive where e'er they come ; they are able to oblige the Prince of their country by lending him money ; none of them beg ; they keep together ; and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.”

The Britons who imagine that all will be lovely in the Transvaal after our armies have stormed Pretoria, should digest this :

“Though we have Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e'er things be settled. Tho' the wind lye, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.”

Our graduating class will scarcely find the following void of useful suggestion :

“ He that comes from the university to govern the state, before he is acquainted with the men and manners of the place, does just as if one should come into the presence chamber all dirty, with his boots on, his riding coat and his hat all daubed. These may serve him well enough on the road ; but when he comes to court he must conform to the place.”

Yes, we generally begin to learn when we leave school !

Selden had few good words for the Catholic Church, but here and there he bears unwilling (?) witness :

“ Popish books teach and inform ; what we know we know much out of them. The Fathers, Church story, schoolmen, all may pass for Popish books ; and if you take away them, what learning will you have ?”

I might go on making extracts as pertinent as the foregoing for a very long time. Mr. Waters says that the secret of this book's success lies in the fact that Selden, like Dr. Johnson, spoke better than he wrote. I am of opinion that its quality of applicability—of being cited in connection with the men and things of all time—had most to do with its continuous popularity. The wisdom of a man which enabled him to keep his head—in every sense of the phrase—during no less than four stormy reigns, was another powerful preservative factor.

I desire to thank Mr. Waters for giving me an opportunity to renew a half forgotten acquaintance with John Selden and his table-talk under the most pleasant and suitable auspices.

The publishers, Messrs. Eaton & Mains, have done everything that could be done to make the volume attractive. A fine portrait of Selden, clear and accurate type, strong and beautiful binding, all these good things have been bestowed upon this volume.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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IN TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

During the past few weeks, since it was authoritatively announced that the Rev. Father Cornell, O.M.I., at the call of obedience, was about to withdraw from his office as Chief Manager of THE REVIEW, an unmistakeable shadow of regret has been noticeable on every countenance in our editorial staff. Moreover, our sorrow is not unmingled with serious concern as to our future destiny in the sphere of journalism, deprived as we must be, of his guidance, who, besides having brought into being our University Magazine in its present excellent form, has, likewise, pushed it forward into a position second to none amongst similar publications.

To the Rev. Father himself, the change must, we deem, have come as a godsend ; for the devoted attention he always bestowed upon THE REVIEW, coupled with a large share of other pressing

duties, was a constant strain, which a constitution, much more robust than his, would hardly be capable of enduring. Hence, from the point of view that our own loss is our best friend's gain, we may rejoice at, rather than lament, the step that has deprived us of his able pilotism. We may, moreover, derive no small amount of courage from the conviction that, in our day of need, he will be ever at hand and ready to place at our disposal the creations of his literary and journalistic talent.

It would be altogether unbecoming on our part, did we let this occasion pass without laying at the Rev. Father Cornell's feet, a tribute of our profound gratitude, in remembrance of all he has done for the whole student body in general and for ourselves in particular. By his many hidden kindnesses, (stolen kindnesses we might perhaps call some of them), as well as by his words of sound direction, he has raised in the hearts of all, a monument before which an unfailing incense of fervent prayer will silently ascend to God in his behalf. Father Cornell is one of those whose real worth as a student's friend and helper is not proclaimed on every breeze; neither is it confined to the classroom where he daily sits as interpreter of the true and beautiful in literature; it is, rather, treasured up in the sanctuary of his retirement, where everyone in perplexity or sorrow may always go for the inestimable blessings of sound advice and holy consolation. Yes, Father Cornell, a thousand thanks from all the students, and especially from the editorial staff of THE REVIEW.

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PROSPECTIVE.

As a matter of course, the Rev. Father Cornell's retirement necessitated a new appointment, so the Rev. Father McKenna, in submission to the decision of his superiors, has accepted the vacant chair. We feel quite confident that Father McKenna will spare no pains to maintain the high literary standing to which THE REVIEW has risen during the skilful management of his predecessor. Judging from present indications, we can conclude that he will make every effort to provide for the students of Ottawa University, whether belonging to the present or to the past, some.

thing worthy of being preserved as a valuable souvenir of happy days spent under the protection of *Alma Mater*. This month, our readers will notice that two new features have been introduced. Father McKenna's decided predilection for his young friends of the small yard would not allow him to debar them any longer from a say in the pages of THE REVIEW ; so a Junior Department has been introduced and a Junior Editor has been duly installed in office. Moreover, an exchange column has been inserted in order that THE REVIEW may have an opportunity of greeting properly the many welcome brother visitors that come monthly to its sanctum.

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FATHER DAVID'S DEPARTURE.

It is with deep regret that we note the passing of another esteemed professor. Since 1886, Rev. Father David has been connected with the professorial staff of Ottawa University, and, during all those years, he has unreservedly sacrificed himself upon the high altar of duty. But the strain has at length told upon even his robust nature, and to-day the imperative demands of his health necessitate a complete rest. As professor, Father David was ever so strict, methodical, pains-taking and devoted, that his spirit of labor and his love of study became alike contagious, and hence, to be his pupil meant to be a *worker*—there was no alternative. But his kindly, generous, true priest-like character endeared him to all in such a manner that his resignation and his prospective departure from our midst, bring to all a sense of very great loss indeed. We sincerely trust and pray that a short rest will entirely restore Father David's shattered health, and that God may still grant him many, many years of successful labor in whatsoever sphere his future duties may call him to.

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THE HONORABLE F. R. LATCHFORD.

Although THE REVIEW, with the foresight of a prophet and the prudence of a philosopher, always carefully resists the allurements of political partisanship, it must, nevertheless, notice with satisfaction and joy, the triumphs, whether

political or otherwise, that, from time to time, are gained by some sons of *Alma Mater*. It is in this spirit of family pride and fraternal good will that we offer our sincerest congratulations to the Hon. F. R. Latchford on the occasion of his election to the Ontario Parliament. Mr. Latchford was one of our graduates of '82, and since then, having chosen the law as his profession, he has spent most of his time in the Capital. A man of profound faith, Mr. Latchford has ever proved himself a staunch Catholic and, consequently, a worthy citizen of this great Dominion. We feel quite confident that his future career in the important position he now occupies, or perhaps in some other still more elevated sphere will bring satisfaction to his party and constituents, honor to his Church, and glory to his *Alma Mater*. In addition to hearty congratulations for the victory gained, the REVIEW's message to Mr. Latchford, on this auspicious occasion, contains one other word,—Godspeed.

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CHAMPIONS AGAIN.

The "crack of doom," which, by the way, is the date fixed in the words of a certain poet-prophet, for the departure of Miss Championship from Ottawa Varsity, hasn't come yet ; neither has the proud flourish of conscious superiority as yet deserted the silken folds of the now famous garnet-and-grey. For the fourth time within as many years, the Quebec Rugby honors have taken up winter quarters in what we may now call their adopted, if not their native, atmosphere. Just five years ago, the sport-loving poet above referred to, expressed the hope that Miss Championship would be good enough to lay by her robes and stay under our humble roof. Well, for the present at least, her robes are laid aside in the garnet-and-grey wardrobe with a care that certainly betokens no anxiety for a change of climate on the part of her gracious ladyship.

During the past five years, our boys have kept secure the laurels of victory on many a well contested field, but never before, perhaps, have they manifested more courage and energy, than was displayed by them in the final contests for this season's honors. On two occasions during the series, the prospect looked,

to say the least, disheartening. It seemed very much as if Miss Championship had grown tired of College monotony, and were going to take up aristocratic quarters somewhere on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Notwithstanding all this gloomy outlook, however, a certain number of wise heads that are thoroughly acquainted with Varsity's past rugby record, with Varsity's methods and with Varsity's final seemingly inevitable triumphs, assumed a confident air and looked, cheerful even when their eyes were staring at such queer anomalies as, Montreal 15, Varsity 3; Brockville 24, Varsity 6. That those wise heads were not a whit mistaken in their calculation, the sequel shows.

Now, from our point of view, at least, there seems to be something peculiarly striking in this uninterrupted succession of rugby triumphs. In their moments of most urgent need, something almost always turns up to place victory in our boys' hands. For example, the play that won the day in Montreal, at this season's final match, was a move so unlooked for, and so unusual on a football field, that the spectators could hardly realize how it was done. Someone has remarked that Varsity players show their metal only when hard pressed. This is undoubtedly true, but, then, how do they manage these phenomenal exhibitions of scientific movement always just in the nick of time? It is certainly no easy matter for an outsider to account for that quick grasp of situation and prompt telling action, which has so often covered with glory the dear old garnet-and-grey.

All honor and praise, then, to the champions of '99. Never before, perhaps, was victory so clearly a student property. Hardly ever before did the champions meet more worthy opponents, and although victory rests with us, a large share of real worth must be attributed to those that struggled so bravely with us for supremacy. Some of our players in the two final contests were but novices at the rugby business, still they acted their part well. THE REVIEW offers its sincere congratulations to the champions, and in token of its good will, it dresses itself in garnet-and-grey as a memorial of a signal victory.

THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.

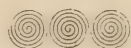
Lately there has appeared, in the columns of the daily press, a great deal of adverse criticism in regard to the stand taken by Varsity in refusing to play for the Dominion Championship after a certain fixed date. Now we would like to ask some of the esteemed gentlemen that profess to be so keenly offended at Varsity's action, if our football club is obliged to hang on to the apron strings of the Ontario Rugby Union? In case said Union is not able to settle its difficulties in proper season, are our players obliged to remain in training until near Christmas in order to accommodate that honorable combination? We hardly think so, and, evidently, the Quebec Rugby Union doesn't think so either. Most of our players are students; they have difficult examinations to pass before going home at Christmas. Now when the latter part of November has arrived each year they have already lost considerable time from their studies owing to football. Would it be at all just to prolong that state of affairs well into the month of December solely for the accommodation of the Ontario Rugby Union? Certainly any person that gives the matter serious consideration, will reply in the negative. To the accusation that our players were afraid to meet the Ontario champions, Varsity's past football record is a sufficient answer, and, of their firm stand in refusing to play for the Dominion championship after November 25th, the unanimous decision of the Quebec Rugby Union is a sufficient indorsement. Our players are sorry for such a combination of circumstances as has, this year, prevented them from bringing home a much coveted honor, and ardently hope that, next year, a more satisfactory state of affairs will allow the final contest to take place in due season.

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IMPORTANT.

We beg leave to remind such of our numerous friends as have not, as yet, paid up for THE REVIEW, that their subscriptions are now due, and that we expect from them the same generous support as hitherto. We are aware that most of our supporters are persons whose professional or business occupations allow them very little time for attending to exterior affairs, and, conse

quently, we rightly attribute their delay in renewing their subscriptions or in paying up arrears, rather to forgetfulness than to any other less pardonable motive. This being so, a simple reminder is sufficient in order to have them send us the assistance absolutely necessary for keeping THE REVIEW in a respectable position amongst sister publications.



Obituary.

JOHN C. SHEA '84.

"Come then pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep
And come, whatever loves to weep
And bear the ritual of the dead."

Unsearchable are the ways of God. The young sapling adorned with all the richness of beautiful foliage and possessing all the vigour of a new life, will bend, and break, and fall to the ground while the aged trunk rearing its unsightly form with shattered bark and leafless branches, will withstand the shock of storms and brave the tempest blast. So now, we are called to mourn the taking off, in the summer of life, of one endowed with splendid qualities of mind and heart, and to write down in poor human words the stern sad reality that he, whom so many, past and present students of Ottawa University knew—has passed from earth. On Tuesday, November 21st 1899, at Phoenix, Arizona, whither he had gone in the hope that the dry air of the highlands would stay the progress of his malady, died John C. Shea of the class of '84. Mr. Shea was born in Ottawa thirty-six years ago. After completing his commercial education in "old St. Joseph's" Separate School, he entered Ottawa University. Here his amiable disposition and gentlemanly bearing won for him the esteem of professors and students, while his diligent application to study fittingly prepared him for the sphere of life in which he was destined to play a prominent part.

After leaving the University, Mr. Shea entered upon the

career, of journalism and early made his abilities known. He was an authority on all sporting matters, and his unbiased opinions on such topics received credence in every Canadian Athletic Circle. In this connection he will be best remembered by his contributions to the *Montreal Gazette* and other Canadian papers, and as a promoter and enthusiastic supporter of various athletic clubs in Ottawa. Ever imbued with a true College spirit he gave valiant support to "Old Varsity" and his unflagging interest and staunch patronage of the team earned for him the good will of every student of Ottawa University. At the time of his retirement from the *Ottawa Free Press* last spring, he was news editor, a position wherein his wide knowledge and well-known ability would have obtained for him an important rank among Canadian Journalists. Early last spring, Mr. Shea's health failed and, for months, he bore his trying illness with patience and cheerfulness. Then there was a temporary improvement and finally he was advised to go south. Six weeks ago, he journeyed to Phoenix, Arizona, but soon his frail constitution gave away and the sad end came. In the name of the student body of Ottawa University "THE REVIEW" tenders to Mrs. Shea this humble tribute in loving memory of him who has been so untimely called away, and in the sympathetic hope of soothing the sorrow of those left behind.

CHARLES FRANCIS KEHO, EX '98.

It is with feelings of the most profound regret that we, this month, chronicle the ending of another bright and promising career. None of us that had the pleasure of companionship with Charles F. Keho, five or six years ago, ever imagined that, so soon, his call would come. But then, death is everywhere around us and we see it not. One short week of illness sufficed to take away that bright young life, so dear, so edifying to all of us that had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with its manly and faith-begotten beauties. God grant that we too, when we are gone to another world, may leave behind us so sweet an odor of virtue as is the legacy bequeathed us by Charles Francis Keho. Ever scrupulously exact in the performance of his obligations; ever attentive to even the least of his religious duties; ever faith-

ful to his First Friday Communions ; ever beloved by his professors, his prefects, and his companions,—such is the bright record of Charles Francis Keho during his three years' residence in our midst. We copy the following brief account of his short life from the *Saginaw Evening Leader* :

“ Mr. Keho was born January 8th, 1873, at Joliette, Province of Quebec, and was, therefore, 26 years of age. He was educated in the public schools of Saginaw, matriculating at Sandwich College, Sandwich, Ont. He was a student there for five years, after which he spent three years at Ottawa University, Canada. He then took up the study of medicine in the Saginaw Medical College, where he spent one year, going from there to the Detroit Medical College, where he entered the department of dental surgery, receiving his diploma on June 15th last. He also spent one year practicing with Dr. E. T. Loeffler before entering the Saginaw College. He was engaged in practicing his chosen profession at the time of his death, and had opened an office. He was a young man of good habits, and with qualities of head and heart that endeared him to all who knew him.”

THE REVIEW is but voicing the sentiments of both Faculty and students in extending to the sorrowing parents, brother and sister, its heartiest sympathy in their trying bereavement.

Of Local Interest.

The various societies composed of the University students have, as a rule, been reorganized, and will enter upon their programmes with great vigor.

The Scientific Society was early in the field, and, at a well attended meeting, the following gentlemen were selected to govern the society until February, 1900: President, M. E. Conway; Vice-President, J. A. Meehan; Secretary, W. A. Martin; Treasurer, M. A. Foley; Reporter, D. J. McTighe; Committee, Messrs. Albin, Breen, Morin and O'Connel.

Several meetings have already been held, and they all proved most interesting. Not the least part of the programme are the

musical numbers rendered by the Society's Orchestra, under the able leadership of Father Lajeunesse. Though the gentlemen composing the orchestra have been brought together but a short time, their rendition of their repertoire is exceedingly pleasing.

Hls Eminence, Mgr. Falconio, was pleased to attend our first meeting, accompanied by Rev. Father Superior and many of the Faculty. Mr. John Breen delivered a very able paper on Pneumatics, and illustrated it with some very interesting experiments. The next topic treated was the "Origin of Man." Mr. W. A. Martin dealt with this subject in a succinct manner, but still it was broad enough to give a good idea of the various theories held regarding man's origin.

The society numbers nearly fifty members. Its meetings are held every second Wednesday in the Academic Hall. All the students of the classical course and the Fourth Grade are invited to attend.

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A very important organization in the College is that of the Reading Room. It has been in operation for over two months now, and the leading papers and periodicals are at the disposal of its members. However, the membership list is not as large as it should be. The fee is very moderate compared with the advantages to be derived therefrom, and no student should fail to become a member, that is to say a paid-up member. The managers hope to see every student in the senior department join the Reading Room organization. With increased funds, more papers and magazines will be obtained and the facilities for keeping up with the times correspondingly increased.

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The English Debating Society at a meeting held Monday, November 27th, was reorganized for the year. The gentlemen to whom the direction of the society has been entrusted are as follows: President, T. S. Albin; Secretary, J. Warnock; Committee, Messrs. Martin, Collins and Kearney. The membership will be considerably increased this year, and a remarkably interesting series of debates has been planned.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to give any detailed

account of the various other societies which have been formed. But should anything of general interest occur, the officers are requested to inform THE REVIEW in order that it may appear in these columns.

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His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, has just returned from an interesting trip to Valleyfield and St. Hyacinth. The grand reception he was tendered in both these places was well worthy both of the distinguished visitor and of the faithful Catholics of Quebec Province. His Excellency is in good health and seems to be enjoying very much his stay in Canada. He has expressed himself as well pleased with the good conduct and piety of the Ottawa University students.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

"The American army has been sent on a mission of humanity to a persecuted and down-trodden race, and has no authorized power or right to distort and misconstrue this mission into one of cruelty, persecution, rapine and devastation," says John J. Sullivan, writing in the November issue of *Donahoe's Magazine*. Such is the tenor of a sensational article supported by a mass of damaging evidence, gathered by this reliable journalist to prove that Catholic churches were wantonly and sacrilegiously desecrated by American soldiers in the Philippines. If these facts are true, and the proofs seem numerous and conclusive, outrages have been perpetrated under the protection of the American flag, which find an equal only in the unhallowed acts and ruthless devastation of the Reformation period. From this strong evidence it would seem that the gloomy past of three hundred years ago has been rehearsed at the dawn of a new century. Those of our readers who followed the scholarly contributions from the pen of Rev. Eugene O'Growney in connection with the Gaelic Movement, will read with pathetic interest his last article entitled "Irish Shrines" which occupys the opening pages of this maga-

zine especially since its talented author passed away on October 19th, at Los Angeles. The scope of the article consists in a description of the sacred places intimately connected with the religious history of Ireland, together with a sketch of the traditions and religious customs of Ireland's early Catholicity. One of the best contributions to this issue is a comprehensive review of an article entitled "United States and Rome" which appeared in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Said article has been subjected to a searching criticism and its merits and defects have been carefully-commented upon in this review. The present position of the Church in America, its harmonious relations to the Republic, its social position and other topics suggested by Mr. Sedgwich's paper have been fully treated, and hence merit the careful study of every intelligent reader.

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The Sacred Heart Review of the issue, November 11th, offers to its readers an excellent table of contents. Among the best features of this number may be mentioned Rev. Mr. Starbuck's contribution dealing with certain statements of Dean Hodges, timely editorial notes on "A Practical Catholic" and "Battling with Briggism." These, with many other carefully selected articles, make up an interesting and instructive number.

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The place of honor in the November issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is assigned to M. D. Walsh's beautiful description entitled "A Mediaeval Festival in Modern Italy." During the past few months, the rise and progress of the different monastic orders in the Philippines, have been faithfully traced in a series of articles contributed to this magazine. Their historical outline has little value except in that it has served to connect the present with the historic past. Since public interest in the Philippines is on the wane, articles of such a nature will in future not be much missed from our magazines. Other articles of particular merit are "The Legendary Literature of the Middle Ages" and "Child, Give Me Thy Heart," the latter from the pen of the Rev. M. Russel, S.J.

The *Ave Maria*, in its Editorial notes in the issue of the 18th inst., scores the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York for his extravagant hope that peace will be restored in Episcopalian territory by the resignation and withdrawal of Dr. DeCosta. The following excerpt indicates the force of the note: "There is no peace in the bishop's motely communion. Dr. DeCosta is not a diseased member whose amputation removes the danger of general abnormality. The whole body is affected with something like it, and carries that which indicates speedy disintegration. The famous ex-preacher is one of many." Indeed the Rev. Dr. DeCosta's departure from the Episcopalian fraternity has occasioned considerable anxiety to his Canadian brethern, and local Anglican circles were deeply agitated by his retirement.



Exchanges.

BY P. J. GALVIN, '00.

In the heap of exchanges for this month we heard a strange rustle, one to which our ears had not been accustomed. Whilst endeavoring to locate the noisy visitor, we had time to indulge in conjectures as to who he was. "A foreigner, most probably," one suggested; "Some stout heart pleading for the Boers," hinted a second; "No," exclaimed a third, who had hit upon the object of our search, "it is *The Bee*, a Canadian *Bee*." Well, to come down to common parlance, we welcomed to our sanctum *The Bee*. This publication comes from St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario. It has now reached the eighth number of the first volume, and already gives promise of being a worthy rival of long-established college periodicals. We are especially pleased with its appearance in the world of college journalism, seeing that it comes from a Canadian Catholic college, and we therefore wish it every success. "Patriotism: Its Lack in This Country," is well thought out, and deserves a careful perusal.

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The Harvard Advocate is a very trim publication. The last number is disappointing, however, as regards matter. It con-

tains, with a few other articles, six short narratives, any one of which might be written by an ordinary school-boy. The stories are not well conceived, are uninteresting, in fact, and, as to artistic execution, they display none.

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The leading article in the October number of the *McMaster University Monthly* is entitled "Truth Speaking." The writer attempts to inculcate high motives for veracity, but in doing so he shoots wide of the mark. He gives, it is true, very practical advice which, if followed, would lead to the attainment of truthfulness. But the tone of the article is such as would lead one to doubt of his sincerity in the matter. He allows himself to pen gross untruths, and is guilty of misrepresentations that have not a shadow of foundation. The Anglo-Saxon countries and Protestant Canada, it is claimed, have specially fostered this beautiful virtue. But now, concerning this statement, of the truth of which there does not appear to be the slightest doubt in his mind, he does not inform us whether it is a question of fact or a conclusion easily demonstrable. If it happens to be the former, he should inform us what statistics can be adduced in support of the assertion; if the latter, what physiological characteristics, or special religious training constitute the peoples of those countries essentially truth-speaking. Here are two sentences from this remarkable essay, which, by the way, the writer at the outset wishes to disavow as an essay: "The ancient Jews fell very far short of the New Testament standard regarding absolute veracity, and there are instances recorded of apparent falsehood on the part of the patriarchs themselves." "The Roman Catholic Church has developed an elaborate system of casuistry by which, prevarication and even down-right lying are justified, and which strikes at the root of truth-speaking in the New Testament sense of the term." We here see mention of the "apparent falsehood" of the patriarchs of old. Does the writer mean to condemn the patriarchs for *apparent* falsehood, for any misconstruction that may be put on their words? Surely one's veracity does not depend on the tongues of others. But the charge against the Catholic Church is more direct than that against the patriarchs, with, however, less of a foundation. It would be highly pleasing to us to learn of the

means whereby the writer became acquainted with this system of casuistry of which he speaks. We doubt very much whether he has ever consulted any Catholic theological work, or, in fact, any work treating of the doctrine of the Catholic Church; and we therefore believe him utterly incompetent to treat of the subject "Truthspeaking," along the lines he has chosen to follow. Furthermore, it might be added that ours is truly a deplorable situation when we have to accept as champions of the high moral virtues, men who sin grievously against the canons of those virtues, and who scruple not to libel institutions that have ever commanded the respect and admiration of the world.

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One of our exchanges, treating of the origin of baseball, says : "The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebekah at the well, she was walking with a pitcher. Samson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptians. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea."

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Few, we think, will accept the standard for criticism advocated by the writer of "A Daniel Among the Critics," an article which appeared recently in the columns of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that such an article found place in that periodical. The writer, to our mind, makes too unscrupulous a use of his vocabulary, and causes his readers many an involuntary wince when he confronts them with statements that shock their sensibility and belie their better judgment.

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The October number of the *Fordham Monthly* contains much interesting matter. The three articles entitled, "Leo I.—The Civilizer," "Gregory VII.—The Liberator," "Leo XIII.—The Enlightener," deserve special mention. They are carefully written, and, in concise form, sum up the characters of those three great pontiffs.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Mr. Frank L. Graves, a commercial graduate of '88 has recently informed us of his admission to the Vermont State Bar. Frank was graduated among the honor men of one of the most brilliant classes ever entered in the Montpelier Law School. Congratulations, Frank, and good luck to you.

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It was with the greatest pleasure that we learned of Mr. F. R. Latchford's election to the Provincial Parliament of Ontario. Mr. Latchford was selected by Premier Ross for the Ministry of Public Works, and was offered the constituency composed of Renfrew, Arnprior and Eganville. His majority, though not large, is looked upon as a great personal victory. There is no doubt that Mr. Latchford will become very prominent in Ontario's Parliament as the representative of the Catholics. We wish him every success, and take peculiar pride in the fact that he was a graduate of Ottawa University in 1882.

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The students of the University tender Mr. John Ball their sincerest congratulations on his recent entrance into the Capuchin Order. Mr. Ball received the habit on last Sunday, this impressive ceremony being witnessed by quite a number of his old friends, both students and professors.

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Sad news comes to us from the sick-room of Mr. R. O'Meara, '99. Consumption is doing its work of destruction so steadily that all hope of recovery has been abandoned. The bright, promising young man, whose affable company all of us enjoyed a year ago, is now quietly awaiting the end, which can hardly be far off. Mr. O'Meara's message to Faculty and students is a request for a kind remembrance in their prayers. THE REVIEW sincerely sympathises with Mr. O'Meara in his grievous illness, and feels confident that his request will be well responded to.

Athletics.

Ottawa College, 14. Britannia, 0.

On Saturday, October 28th, Ottawa College and Britannia lined up against each other for the second time during the present season. The day was far from being an ideal one for football. The grounds had more the appearance of a huge swimming-bath than that of a football-field, and the greater portion of the match was played amidst a heavy downfall of rain. However, the unfavorable state of the weather and of the grounds seemed to affect the play very little, and the handful of enthusiasts who came to the game witnessed a really good exhibition of Rugby, although errors were of frequent occurrence on both sides owing to the slippery condition of the field.

In answer to the referee's whistle, the teams lined up as follows :—

COLLEGE—Callaghan, full-back ; E. Murphy, McGuckin, Desjardins, half-backs ; McGuire, (Capt.) quarter-back ; Cox, Clancy, P. Murphy, scrimmage ; Nagle, Smith, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Dunlop, McCreadie, wings.

BRITANNIA—Gordon, full-back ; Brown, B. Christmas, A. Christmas, half-backs ; McKenzie, (Capt.) quarter-back ; J. Byrnes, T. Byrnes, Strachan, scrimmage ; Lightborne, Wilson, H. Christmas, E. Christmas, Adams, Henderson, Strachan, wings.

Referee—George H. Dalton, (Kingston.)

Umpire—H. Britton, (Kingston).

From the kick-off, College kept their opponents almost continually on the defensive. After a few short runs for small gains by Ed. Murphy, the ball was brought to Brits' 25-yard line where it was secured by McGuckin and punted over the line. Gordon rouged. College 1. Britannia kicked off, but the ball was quickly returned to Brown who fumbled ; J. McGee followed up well and aided by Ed. Murphy dribbled for a touch in goal. College, 2. The visitors were now on their mettle, and attempted to force matters. However, their efforts proved futile. It seemed almost impossible for the ball to pass the College half-backs. Mc-

Guckin's long punts brought the sphere to Brits' 10-yard line where a series of heavy scrimmages took place. Finally J. McGee got over for a try. Ed. Murphy kicked but failed to convert and the score stood : College, 6. When play was resumed, Britannia made determined efforts to score, but the College backs unfailingly returned the leather to their opponents' territory. The College wings followed up swiftly and forced the visitors to rouge twice in quick succession. College, 8. College endeavored to increase their score before time was called, but met with a vigorous opposition. The ball was within ten yards of Brits' goal line when the referee's whistle announced half-time.

At the opening of the second half it, looked as if the visitors were going to even up the score. They succeeded in keeping the play in College territory for some time, but were gradually forced back. McGuckin soon obtained possession of the leather and punted over the line and secured a rouge. College, 9. Another rouge followed almost immediately. College, 10. Shortly after the kick-off, the ball was punted into College territory ; a muff by one of our half-backs gave our opponents an excellent opportunity to secure a touch-down. This was cleverly averted by Callaghan who obtained possession of the pigskin, and made one of the best punts of the day, sending the ball into touch near the 50-yard line. After several scrimmages, McGuire passed to McCreadie who forced through the line for a try. Ed. Murphy failed to convert. College 14. A few minutes afterwards time was called and the result of the match was announced : College 14, Britannia 0.

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Brockville, 24 ; College, 6.

On Saturday, the 4th inst., College travelled to Brockville to meet the stalwart representatives of that place. In a former match with that team, College won by the narrow margin of one point, and consequently a close and exciting game was expected when these two rivals would meet again. But the Brockville men play a much stronger game and are sure winners on their own grounds. When time was called, the score stood 24 to 6 in favor of the home team. The result was a great surprise to us, for, while not over-confident of victory, such a decisive defeat was far from the minds of all. However, the victors won fairly and on their merits. Our

back division was much inferior to that of our opponents. The wings seemed evenly matched, but Brockville had the advantage in strength and weight. College scrimmage worked well but was weakened somewhat by the absence of Big Pat Murphy. McCredie filled the position well, but was unaccustomed to it. Both teams played a good clean game. Brockville made some of the most brilliant runs ever witnessed on a football field, and appeared far too swift for College. In the first half, the home team succeeded in preventing their opponents from scoring, and managed to cross College line four times for trys. None were converted, and at half-time, the score stood: Brockville, 16; College, 0. In the second-half College played much better ball. Play had progressed only a short time when Brockville was forced to rouge. Shortly afterwards Eddie Murphy obtained the ball from a scrimmage near the Brockville 25-yard line and dropped a beautiful goal from the field. Brockville, 16; College, 6. This ended the scoring done by our boys. They seemed to play harder than ever, but their opponents did all the scoring. Two touch-downs increased the score of the Island City team to 24. Shortly afterwards, time was called and the score-board read, Brockville, 24; College, 6.

The teams were as follows:

COLLEGE—Callaghan, full-back; C. McGee, McGuckin, E. Murphy, half-backs; McGuire (Capt.), quarter-back; McCredie, Clancy, Cox, scrimmage; MacCosham, Nagle, McEwan, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Dunlop (replaced by Fay), wings.

BROCKVILLE—Richardson, full-back; Jones, Martin, Smith, half-backs; Wilkinson, quarter-back; Carr, McDougall, Marquis, scrimmage; McLaren, Doran, McDougall, Hiscox, Ritchie, Sheriff, wings.

REFEREE—Mason (Britannia).

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College, 15; Montreal, 8.

The defeat administered to our team by Brockville had a most salutary effect. During the week that preceded our match with Montreal, our players settled down to faithful training and hard practice. As a result, it was a different team that lined up against

the Montrealers at University Oval on the afternoon of Saturday, November 11th, and it was a different story that was to be told at the conclusion of the match. College defeated their redoubtable opponents from the Metropolis by a score of 15 to 8. The teams took their places as follows :

COLLEGE—Morin, full-back ; Callaghan, McGuckin, E. Murphy, half-backs ; McGuire (Capt.), quarter-back ; McCredie, Nagle, Devlin, J. McGee, Fahey, Prudhomme, Fay, wings.

MONTREAL—Russell, full-back ; Suckling, Savage, McLea, half-backs ; C. Jack (Capt.), quarter-back ; Agerst, Bond, Vipond, Megs, Parr, Ogilvie, Williams, Massey, Irvine, Murphy, wings.

The officials were : C. A. Rothera (Lennoxville), referee ; C. T. Austey (Abingdon School, Montreal), umpire ; W. Codd and A. Holloway, goal-judges ; F. C. Chittick and S. R. Willett, touch-line judges.

THE PLAY.

Captain Jack won the toss and with it the advantage of a slight wind. Clancy kicked off for College and sent the oval to Suckling who returned. Ed. Murphy caught and ran as far as the visitors 10-yard line. After several scrimmages, McGuire passed to E. Murphy. A bad muff on the part of one of our half-backs put Montreal in possession of the ball, which was dribbled to centre. College eventually recovered the sphere and, after two or three scrimmages, McGuire was carried over the line for a try. Callaghan kicked, but failed to convert the goal. College 4, Montreal 0. Suckling kicked off and sent the leather to McGuckin who attempted to run but was quickly downed by the Montreal wings. McGuire gained considerable ground by bucking the line in the scrimmages that followed, but the ball became loose and Savage kicked over the line to Morin who returned. Suckling caught the return and punted for a touch in goal. College 4, Montreal 1. McGuckin kicked out to Savage who returned to Callaghan. College dribbled the ball into touch at centre. McGuckin caught Montreal's throw in, and punted to Russell who returned to touch. Shortly afterwards Suckling obtained a free kick and punted to Ed. Murphy, who made a high kick and, while the visitors' backs were waiting for the bound, he

followed up swiftly, obtained possession of the ball, dodged a crowd of opponents and secured a touch-down. Callaghan kicked the goal. College, 10. Montreal, 1. The visitors now picked up somewhat. Doc Irvine and Savage worked in a short run and gained considerable ground. Montreal obtained a free kick. Murphy returned to Russell who punted to McGuckin. The latter kicked to Suckling who punted for a touch in goal; College 10. Montreal, 2. Ed. Murphy made another brilliant run shortly after the kick out. When half time was called the ball was at Montreal's 30-yard line.

In the second half, Montreal showed up much better, and for a time, honors were fairly divided between the two teams. One moment the play would be in College territory and the next in Montreal's. The visitors succeeded in rattling their opponents. Shortly after the kick-off, McLea obtained the ball from scrimmage, and, after a short run, punted high. The sphere came to E. Murphy on the bound but the Montreal forwards were on him at once. Massey gathered in the ball and got over to the line for a touch, while College looked on. This mistake was inexcusable. Suckling converted and the score stood: College, 10; Montreal, 8. However, Montreal could not keep up the good work, and when College recovered their right senses there was no doubt as to the outcome of the match. McCredie secured the ball and got over for a touch-down, which was not allowed by the referee. College was not to be denied. After a few minutes' play McGuckin forced his way over for a try, which Callaghan failed to convert. College, 14; Montreal, 8. Soon afterwards, Russell was forced to rouge, and at the close of the match, the score stood 14 to 8 in favor of the Garnet-and-Grey.

Montreal played a fine game and took their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. The officials discharged their duties satisfactorily, although the referee seemed very nasty on many of the rules.

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OTTAWA COLLEGE AGAIN QUEBEC CHAMPIONS.

Ottawa College, 11; Brockville, 9.

Such is the story of the final match in the Quebec Rugby Union series of 1899. Once more has the Ottawa College Foot-

ball Club defeated all opponents, and won for the fourth time in succession the coveted title of "Champions of Quebec." In the regular scheduled matches College and Brockville came out even, and were matched to play the deciding game for premier honors on the M. A. A. A. grounds on Saturday, November 18th. After one of the closest and hardest struggles on record, College emerged victorious. The following is the account of the game as given by the *Ottawa Free Press*:

"Never in the history of Canadian football have two teams of such nearly equal strength battled in a decisive match for the championship, and throughout the entire game the result was in doubt. Neither club, at any stage of the game, obtained a sufficient lead to make victory assured, and the spectators consequently were kept on the tip-toe of excitement. And the play was such as to make them enthuse, as it was exceedingly fast. It never settled in any particular spot but kept constantly changing from one club's territory to the other, through the medium of splendid kicking, excellent dribbling and brilliant dashes. The play under the circumstances was little short of extraordinary, as the M.A.A.A. field was covered with patches of snow, pools of water and a sea of mud. The match had only been in progress a few minutes when the ball was covered with slime and was as hard to catch as a greasy pig at a country fair.

The backs on both sides, however, handled the leather with rare skill and the fumbles were comparatively few. But few as they were, they were instrumental in nearly all the scoring.

The forwards on both sides followed up so fast that a fumble meant a big loss, and the first touch-downs scored by the opposing teams were made on such plays.

AN OPEN GAME.

The play, as has been the case in all matches, was marked by open work. The teams had big forward lines but did not use their strength to any extent. The style adopted by the teams was a kicking game by the backs, who relied on their forwards getting down on the ball and taking advantages of fumbles or preventing returns. The College had the best of this style of game, as their backs were somewhat surer in handling punts, while the men behind the Brockville line, with the exception of Capt. Martin, fumbled badly at times. If College had the better of this part of the play, their opponents outclassed them when the ball was on the ground. Brockville proved experts at the dribbling game and their big gains were made by their skill in this line. The forwards were evenly matched. Brockville had slightly more weight in the wings, but College made this up in the scrimmage. The Island City men were faster and put more snap into their play. There never was any hanging back by them and each and every man did his best to be with the ball. Several College men showed a disposition to lag behind and wait for

the ball to be returned. In fact the Brockville men all around showed more aggressiveness than their opponents.

It was this aggressiveness that nearly pulled the match out of the fire for them during the last few minutes of play. College had been playing up well and looked to have matters in their own hands, when all of a sudden, Brockville took a brace and forced College back foot by foot and yard by yard until play was within a few yards of Varsity line, with Brockville in possession of the ball. It seemed as if the next scrimmage, which lined up directly in front of the College flags, would enable them to get over the line for a try, and place them in the lead. But it was not to be, as Brockville became over-anxious and did not scrimmage the ball properly. The result was a free kick for College, and McGucken kicked the ball out of danger. With only a few minutes to play Brockville started to work the ball back by short dashes through the centre. Time after time College were forced back until the ball was punted into touch at College 5 yards, in the north-east corner. College got the ball on the throw-in, and in the first scrimmage they lost two yards, as when it came to concentrated plays, the Collegians could not hold their own with Brockville.

Then College made an unexpected play that in daring and execution was the star performance of the match. McGuckin was the man selected for the play. The ball was scrimmaged and Brockville massed their entire strength in the scrim to push College over for a safety that would tie the score which then stood 11 to 9. The ball came out to McGuire, who passed back to McGuckin, who was but a couple of feet behind. The latter made a bluff at bucking the line, but suddenly swerved and started across the field like a deer. A couple of Brockville wings made ineffectual attempts to stop him, and, when he reached his own goal posts, he was clear of the Brockville men. He dashed into the playing field, ran twenty-five yards, and then kicked into touch near the centre of the field. It was a case of do or die, for if the College had failed to carry out the play, the score would have been tied, with the possible chance of the Brockvilles getting the lead. Playing time expired before the teams had a chance to throw the ball into play.

Capt. Martin, the centre half-back of the Brockvilles, was the star of his team. He never made a mistake, and his hard, consistent work was the feature of the day. He encouraged his men in grand style and seemed to be always in the right place. Richardson, at full back, and Smith and Jones on the half line, did not put up their usual brilliant games. Wilkinson at quarter was a host in himself, and did good service for his team. The entire forward line put up a grand game, and Doran, Ritchie, Phillips, Sheriff, Marquis and Graham did excellent following up.

For College the work of the three half-backs was well nigh perfect. Callaghan and McGuckin punted far and with good judgment, gaining on every exchange. Eddie Murphy did the most effective work on the field. He tackled hard and stopped many a dangerous dribble. His punts, while not as far as either McGuckin's or Callaghan's, were harder to handle on account

of the manner in which they twisted. McGuire at quarter could not be improved upon, and his headwork was equally as good as his playing. The scrim worked in harmony and Clancy's heeling out was unquestionably good. Of the wings Jim McGee and Lee were the stars. They were on the ball all the time and they tackled with unfailing sureness. The former especially put up a splendid article of ball, and he secured the first try made by College. The rest of the men performed their parts well.

For the officials, too much praise cannot be accorded them. They were severe in their rulings, but were always just, and made the players play the game as the rules provided. They did not allow any talking, and would never let the play start until the men had their little "says." On two points they were very exacting. This was on mass plays and on the observance of the five yard rule. They would not allow even one man to run ahead of the player with the ball without penalizing the side offending and giving the ball to their opponents. Many times the penalty seemed too severe, but it had the effect of stopping this play and in the second half there was scarcely an attempt made to form offside. The five yard rule was transgressed frequently owing to the manner in which the forwards got under the kicks and the penalty was a scrimmage for the non-offenders at the point from which the ball was kicked. At the conclusion of the match, Messrs. Savage and McDougal, who had engineered it, were congratulated on their rulings by the players of both teams.

While so much depended on the result of the match, there was little attempt at rough play. The best of feeling prevailed and the men took and gave hard knocks without showing any disposition to use their hands or feet. Lee and Phillips were sent off together for a slight offence and McCredie was also temporarily sent to the side lines.

Few injuries were received of any consequence. McGuckin and Jim McGee were the only ones who received any damages, but they were able to continue in the game.

There was no wind at the beginning of the match and the flag over the grand stand hung heavy around the flag-pole. During the rest at half time a slight breeze sprung up and Brockville had the benefit of it during the second half. This helped them considerably in their rushing tactics,

The match was started promptly on time before about one thousand spectators, largely made up of supporters of the contesting teams, who came from Ottawa and Brockville to cheer on their respective teams. The attendance of people from Montreal was disappointing, but their non-appearance was owing to the fact that they were not concerned in the result and also to the threatening aspect of the weather. The teams lined up as follows :

College Positions : Morin, full back ; E. Murphy, McGuckin, Callaghan, half backs ; McGuire, (capt.) quarter ; Murphy, Clancy, Cox, scrimmage ; McGredie, Lee, Nagle, Devlin, Prudhomme, J. McGee, Fahey, wings. Brockville Positions : Richardson, full back ; Smith, Martin, (capt.) Jones

half backs ; Wilkinson, quarter ; Carr, Doran, Dobbie, scrimmage ; McLaren, Hiscox, Sheriff, Ritchie, Graham, Phillips, Marquis, wings.

Referee, Jack Savage, Montreal.

Umpire, Hartland McDougall, Montreal.

Touch Judges, G. N. Russell, Victor Buchanan.

Goal Judges--Wally Hagar and G. W. Savage, Montreal.

Timer--Clifford Jack, Montreal.

College won the toss and Brockville kicked off, and after play settled down, McGuire made a pass back after a minute of play and Callaghan and Murphy collided, with the result that the ball rolled on the ground. The Brockville wings were on it like a flash and they got in one of their famous dribbles which carried the ball over the line, where Doran fell on it for a try. McLaren converted and the score was

Brockville, 6 ; College, 0.

The joy of the Brockville supporters was unbounded and they thought their favorites were sure winners. College settled down to hard play after an exchange of kicks. Then twice Brockville were penalized for non-observance of the five yard rule. Play was on their 25-yard line when, on a pass from McGuire, Eddie Murphy sent a twister to Jones on the Brockville line, who fumbled, and Jim McGee, who was right with the ball, fell on it for a try. Callaghan made the goal, and the teams were even up with six points.

The play became extremely open, the backs kicking at every opportunity. Brockville at centre received a free for College offside, and McGuckin missed the catch, but Jim McGee saved. McGuckin punted to Martin, and Jim McGee brought back the latter's return ten yards. McGuckin and Lee made twenty yards by pretty combination, and on the next kick McGee downed Wilkinson at Brockville's 25. Ed. Murphy kicked into touch in goal.

College 7. Brockville 6.

Jones kicked out to Prudhomme who missed the catch, but made a flying kick to Wilkinson, who sent to touch at Brockville's 10-yard. College were penalized for mass play and then they received a free for Brockville offside. McGuckin punted over the line and Smith was forced to rouge.

College 8. Brockville 6.

College forced the play in Brockville twenty, and McGuckin sent to touch at Brockville 25. Smith sent into touch at center and then McGuckin sent a hard one at Richardson, who let the ball go over his line and before he could retain he was thrown for a rouge.

College 9. Brockville 6.

After a kick out by Jones, Brockville rushed the play to centre, where College began making gains through Brockville's centre, when McCreadie was ruled off and immediately Brockville forced College back. E. Murphy fumbled and Hiscox and Phillips dribbled to inside College territory. College had a narrow squeak owing to Morin's fumble, but McGee was on hand and rushed back with the ball, kicking to touch at College 25. Brockville were having the best of the play, and good luck saved the Collegians. Cal-

laghan returned Martin's kick to touch at College 35. A lot of play took place around centre without gain. Then the ball got loose and Phillips made a dashing dribble that carried the ball over the line. Morin obtained, but ran touch in goal before he kicked.

College 9. Brockville 7.

Brockville had the play ten yards from College line when half-time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Callaghan kicked off and Richardson returned to Brockville's 35 yard line. McGuckin kicked to Martin, who missed, and the College forwards dribbled over Brockville line. Lee fell on the ball, but it bounded away from him and Smith rouged.

College 10. Brockville 7.

Brockville make slight gains through heavy scrimmaging. Then McGuckin's kick was blocked and E. Murphy saved and ran into touch at College 30 yards. Callaghan punted into touch without gain and then Brockville made matters interesting. They made gains through the line until they were only a couple of yards out. McGuckin dribbled the ball to touch at 25. Jim McGee was hurt but soon resumed play. McGuire stopped several rushes of Brockville. Martin punted over the College line and Morin returned to touch at 25. College got the ball on the throw in, but when Murphy tried a run he was thrown back over his own line for a safety touch.

College 10. Brockville 9.

An exchange of kicks followed the kick out and College forced the play to within Brockville 25. McGuckin finally secured the ball and punted over the line and quick following up forced a rouge, College 11. Brockville 9.

This ended the scoring, but the best play of the match followed. Grand kicking by the backs and superb following up by the forwards made the play exceptionally fast. McGuckin was hurt but was fixed up in short order.

The Brockville forwards started two punt runs but the tackling of McGee cut them short. Play was on College 5 yards when they were awarded a free kick. The sensational plays of the last few minutes have already been described.

DROP KICKS.

Capt. Martin worked hard for victory.

Jim McGee was the whole tip and put up a faultless game.

The Brockville men took their defeat with very good grace.

Capt. McGuire received many congratulations on the success of his team.

The Brockville backs were harder to bring down than the College men.

Sheriff and Devlin were pitted against each other and the College man held his own with the big fellow.

"King" Clancy, Prudhomme and Bob McCredie, who have figured five times on the Quebec champions and three times on the Dominion champions, did great service for the team.

College has won the Quebec championship every year since 1894, with the exception of 1895, when they dropped out of the series, owing to an injury to one of the players.

The Canada Atlantic Company ran an excursion to Coteau to meet the Quebec champions and over two hundred people went down to greet the boys.

Wilkinson, the Brockville quarter-back, always placed the ball against Doran's heel when a Brockville scrim took place. In this way he rarely lost the ball.

After the first ten minutes play it was hard to distinguish either teams or individuals owing to the coating of mud that decorated the persons and clothing of the players.

A large number of College students paraded the streets in night attire after the match. Each had attached to the breast of his flowing robe the legend --"Ottawa Varsity, Quebec Champions, 1899."

Both teams put up at the Queen's hotel and dined together after the match. The best of good fellowship prevailed. Rev. Father Fallon was called on for a speech, and he congratulated Brockville on their magnificent game. College were champions but Brockville had an equally good team. The Rev. Mr. Bedford Jones, on behalf of the Brockvilles, thanked Father Fallon for his kind sentiments and hoped Ottawa College would not only be Quebec champions, but Canadian champions also. The teams left Montreal at the same time.



Junior Department.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the Junior Editor, although occasionally the butt of much abuse, was, nevertheless, generally held in high esteem amongst his genial short-panted fraternity. Menaced by whatsoever threats, never had he been known to have stripped the blanched feather of his facile pen. From morn till night he endured toils on toils, and, much to his credit, ever honorably fulfilled the weighty duties of his difficult position. For over a twelvemonth, however, his plain uncushioned chair has gaped with vacancy, and the ominous sign, tacked to the sanctum door, "JUNIOR EDITOR WANTED," seemed to rest ineffective in its grim endeavor to allure into the ranks of fame, some budding literature-loving stripling. Happily, however, kind Providence deigned to smile benignly upon us poor maltreated journalists, and, as a result, some time ago, a tiny nightly light was seen to faintly glimmer in the cobweb-curtained Junior

Editor's office But how did this blessed state of affairs come to exist? How did the new Junior Editor spring into literary recognition? Behold! here is the story as told by Captain Moonlight, who, in the wizard hours of night, was an eye-witness of what happened.

One night last month, the dear old "Bird of Wisdom," who, over a year ago, in a manner somewhat akin to that of an Irish eviction, was ousted from the perch he had honorably held so long, sat on one of the big elm trees that adorn the small yard, in melancholy reflection. As a salty tear rolled down his feathered cheek, he was sorrowfully pouring over, in the quiet moonlight, a volume of favorite sheets containing records of old College days. Happening to raise his venerable head to adjust his spectacles, he, with a start, espied a glimmering light in the literary office where once, in happy times gone by, he reigned supreme. After a moment's hesitation and a deep, heart-breaking, hooty sigh, he summoned one of his feathered heralds, and having given him a few directions, dispatched him towards the twinkling glimmer with the following imperative message:

"Learned Gentleman,—

It will be my good pleasure to see once more a youthful Editor in charge of a Junior Department; for, though old, feeble, crippled, and evicted from a comfortable home, I am still filled with joy when I hear of the successes of the juvenile wisdom-gatherers."

(Signed,) OWL.

The wee, tiny herald, swift of wing, crossed the yard, just above the electric wires, and having soared about for a moment or two as if collecting his thoughts, entered through an open pane into the room where the light was shining. The conversation that took place within that hallowed chamber, escaped the ear of Captain Moonlight; but soon, however, the herald reappeared, with smiling bill, and having circled awhile above the sandy plain of the small yard, entered through another open pane, high up above the place of prayer. The room the herald this time had entered was a large one (some people, fond of big strange words, call it a dormitory) but that didn't matter. The winged messenger

swooped around a time or two, and then, with a hoot of triumph, alighted at the bedside of a youngster, who was gently folded in the arms of Morpheus. The eager herald then whispered something softly in the ear of the dormant youth, but no answer came to break the dormitory silence. Evidently the sleeper was a great lover of College rules. The herald, now just a little impatient, flies softly to where the youth's pedal extremities should be, and there espies two toe-decked objects just peeping from under the heavy woollen coverlet. The feathered bearer of important tidings thereupon indulges in gentle titillations, until the heavy eyed dreamer opens the corner of one eye and grins.

"Wake up, you leaden-pate, and hear your irretrievable sentence," the young herald hooted.

Terrified at this unexpected call, and imagining all sorts of uncanny things, such as fire, ghosts, prefects, and so forth, the youth leaps excitedly from his cosy cot.

"Be calm my young friend," exclaims the little herald's reassuring voice; "and now listen to my command. In the name of the great Wise Bird, who now reigns kingdomless on yonder elm, I officially appoint thee Editor of THE REVIEW's Junior Department. I do, moreover, command thee to resume business at the old stand. Now, mind thee, leave not one iota of said command unfulfilled; otherwise thou diest."

Poor short-panted youth; he was so terrified at the thought of future snowballs many and great, and at the prospect of other perhaps more formidable dangers, that he could barely restrain his weeping. He had no confidence in his journalistic abilities; nevertheless, since nobody else was near at hand to knock the threatening pistol from the herald's grasp, he summoned up a sufficient amount of courage to accept the new position. And now, dear reader, here is the new Junior Editor. Shake hands with him, he is going to speak for himself.

Behold me, dear reader, dressed in my best literary apparel. With this, my appearance, the curtain rises to lay open a new vista on the active stage of Junior reminiscences. In my own unworthiness, I make my first gracious bow, and hope that the part I shall play in my new sphere may prove satisfactory to all. Understanding only too well that I shall be able to but partially

fulfill the onerous task now thrown upon my feeble young shoulders, I shall however essay to walk in the footsteps of my worthy predecessors, ever beholding in the true light of justice the time-honored motto : "*Say the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,*"

*
* *

Come boys and get a pull with the Junior Editor.

*
* *

Tigers, 6 ; Juniors, 0.

On November 15th, Jack Frost, while sailing through the morning skies, spread, in different sections of the small yard, large sheets of his water-formed glass. The thermometer, in its humility, sank very low and remained bowed down until the blazen orb of day was forced to pour forth flames of ignited love in order to keep things enduringly warm. The big red-faced visitor from the East eventually seized our frosty friend in his weakest principle, and sent him rolling back into the unfathomable depths of his aquatic liquidness. "No you don't, you congealed piece of cold-heartedness," said the fiery orb, as a crimson-colored smile lighted up his gore-flushed countenance. "In my diurnal peregrinations through the celestial vault I intend, in future, to delight my old eyes with sportive enjoyments."

During one of his brazen oglings that same day, Mr. Orb espied some thirty formidable midgets contending for rugbaic honors, and, in their herculean efforts, utilizing all the brawn and muscle that they could displode. Behold ! that was the day when Greek lined up against Greek ; the second team of the small yard against the St. Joseph's "Tigers."

Early in the afternoon the whistle was sounded and play began, but the ball had been going scarcely three minutes when the Tigers scored a touch-down, as the result of a pretty hand-out from centre scrimmage. Soon afterwards, Burns, of the Tigers, with screw-driving force, seized the quarter-back of the College team and compelled him to rouge. At the end of the first half the score stood five to zero in favor of the Tigers, but, as the Juniors had been playing against a slight wind, they were over jubilant

that the result was not more discouraging. Alas, for the fickleness of jubilation !

The second half opened with play at centre. In this half, referee Kefeelra the Serious, was kept on the alert in order to prevent an unnecessary flow of human blood from the wing men. To the Tigers he awarded one free kick, on account of which they scored a point. After a brilliant parlor game on the part of the Juniors, the score, when the referee's whistle gave its final squeak, read, Tigers, 6; Juniors, 0.

*
* *

PUNTS.

Referee Kefeelra is a perfect man. In offside plays he always awarded free kicks to both sides.

*
* *

Lynch extinguished himself by making touch-downs under his man.

*
* *

Before the game the Captain sings :

“ Come on ye Tigers, let us smell your breath ;
Now show your teeth, or hide your pride in death.
You've gloried in this boast, “ *We've never seen defeat,* ”
But you will change your song, when College pets you meet,”

After the game he whines :

“ O, cursed luck ! How fruitless were my plays
To force the Tigers back, the College score to raise.
Before the game I'll never boast nor sing.
Play ball and win, this is the better thing.”

*
* *

NOTES.

Some unknown benefactor of the small yard has left on our editorial file the following note : “ The right-lined quadrilateral portion of the Junior recreative campus, that has been proportionately circumplanked for the purpose of congealing a large quantity of nebulous fluids, fails to run parallel to the intuitive knowledge that I possess of the ice-floored homes of winter frolic. I entreat you to tell the officers of the J. A. A. to add a few more

feet to the fifty yards of gelid slipperiness that now graces their campus." We advise all the Juniors to take the hint and give a helping hand to their disinterested officers.

* * *

The Masters of Games during the past term have had a monopoly on the handballs, footballs, baseballs and other athletic paraphernalia. The Editor was present when the following resolutions were adopted in a meeting held by the Wont-be-fooled Club: "Whereas, we have appointed the Masters of Games, and whereas, they wish to have first kick at the football, and first game with the handball, and first strike with the bat; and whereas, they wish to be served with candies and nuts before bringing out the games, and whereas, they will frown if you do not flatter them, and whereas, they do not show a gentlemanly spirit in the gymnasium; Be it resolved, that we, the Won't-be-fooled Club, raise our indignant voices in protest against above-stated conduct and do hereby declare that if they do not be more considerate, they shall most certainly lose their positions and fall into the entire dishonor of the small yard."

* * *

The small boys have raised their voices to a high pitch of indignant disapproval at one special abuse introduced into the yard by the Seniors. The former observe that these older gentlemen from beyond the picket fence have allowed professional handball to be played by their fellow students. Now we do not object because a few players have left the amateur ranks. We do object, however, to the action of these professional "handball sharks" who take possession of the small boys' alley in order to play their games. We want this abuse of rights to stop at once, gentlemen: otherwise we shall publish your names in our next issue.

* * *

It is pleasant to remark the cheerful countenances that are displayed by the Juniors during the hours of recreation. A general athletic spirit prevails. Each boy participates in some health-invigorating sport. Footballs are abusively kicked about by crowds of enthusiastic Rugbyites, whilst the fence that surrounds

the spacious yard and the handball alley are swarmed with lovers of handball. During the evening recreations, sports do not cease. Under the glimmer of the neighboring electric light, thirty or forty enthusiasts use their skill in divining the secrets of Association football. It is not surprising, therefore, that these youths enter the study-hall flushed with health-glowing countenances and prepared to spend an hour at serious work.

*
* *

The generally good conduct of the small boys this year has been a subject of very agreeable comment on all sides. That's right boys ; " keep straight." The Junior editor has his eye on you constantly, and, by the way, he is more dangerous than any prefect. He's got to tell the *truth*, you know.

* *
*

One evening the Junior Editor chanced to pass by the small study-hall. On the Athletic Bulletin was posted the following .

Lost ! The Great Bicyclist—a small boy about the size of a man, barefooted with his father's shoes on ; was cross-eyed in the back of his neck, wore a mutton-chop hat with hair-soup lining."

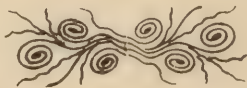
If the author of the above lines be caught, he will be *Lynched*.

*
* *

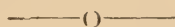
Prof. Well Tommy, give us the preterit of the verb " slay." Tommy—" *Sloan*."

*
* *

Every morning at 10.30 there will take place exhibitions of wrestling between the two heavyweights of the small yard.



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University of Ottawa REVIEW

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NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 4.

THE SONG OF THE NEW-BORN.



HE drowsy midnight dreameth
O'er Kedron's grassy vale ;
The running water gleameth
Against the moonlight pale ;
And where the pasture stretches
Along the hillsides steep,
Lone shepherds keep their watches
And guard the folded sheep.

Now suddenly, O wonder !
What music greets their ears !
The heavens cleave asunder,
An angel band appears ;
And one, whose face the morning,
With all its glory, shames,
God's light his eyes adorning,
The joyful news proclaims :—

“ Fear not, O meek and lowly !
For unto you is born
A Saviour pure and holy,
This glad and wondrous morn.
He cometh, like a stranger,
Without a home on earth ;
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
The Virgin gives Him birth.”

A thousand angel voices
Then through the heavens rang ;
The song that still rejoices
Man's hoping heart they sang :—
“ To God be glory given,
Throned on His golden Hill,
And be the peace of Heaven
To men of righteous will.”

The Vision and the radiance
Fade from the wondering eyes ;
But all the heavenly cadence
Still sounds along the skies ;
And man though weak and lowly,
In want and woe forlorn,
Still hears that hymn so holy,
That song of the New-Born.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE,
in his Collected Poems.



A NEW LITERARY POWER.

May I call you sense of learning,
Instinct pure, or heavenly art ?

—JOHN KEBLE.



AMERICA has been given a new writer, who is rapidly adding great and lasting distinction to her literature. This notable person stands in the very fore-front of the very small group of those literary path-finders who, contrary to an over-ridden dictum of one Solomon, actually find something new under the sun, or, what is practically the same thing; new ways of preparing, finishing, and presenting ancient raw materials, and who, therefore, may justly be regarded as discoverers of what is novel, and called genuine originators.

I set a value upon praise. For the practice of indiscriminate and, consequently, insincere commendation, which is, perhaps, too common with a certain class of Catholic critics while dealing with the writings of Catholic authors, I have but one feeling—unbounded contempt. I loathe sap-mouthing. He who praises everybody, praises nobody. On the other hand, just praise, discreetly worded in modest language, is a distinct and honorable debt, which should be paid to the last particle by all beneficiaries of the person or thing praised. This remark applies with special force to men of letters. Merit is exalted, strengthened and encouraged by the judicious praise of the public which it benefits. Whether more mischief is done by the sin of malicious speaking and backbiting or by the iniquitous practice of speaking well of everybody, is with me, an open question. That parasitical humbug, the praise-monger, is compounded of about equal parts of cowardice and insincerity, both alike worthless, or positively malevolent, according to the circumstances under which they happen to be employed. But praise honestly accorded to desert, is like mercy, as described by our great poet, and never fails to benefit him who gives and him who receives.

The highest praise of literary genius is the attributing to it of original invention. This praise, I believe, is highly deserved by the new luminary of whom these paragraphs treat, who is what

the Germans love to call "a story-teller by the grace of God," a born story-teller. He is one certainly destined to occupy a principal place in the republic of letters. His works show everywhere a beautiful adequacy of art, whether by intense care in every minute detail, or by a happy faculty for naturally telling a lively story, or, what seems more likely than either, by an uncommonly delicious blending of acquired art and natural faculty. It has been well and usefully remarked, that we often talk of spontaneous inspiration as if genius had nothing to do but let works of art flow out of itself as water runs from a hydrant, by simply turning a faucet. This is not the way genius works; the germ of the masterpiece does, I grant you, come spontaneously, no one knows how nor whence; but, to make this germ grow, to make the inspiration assume a worthy and organic shape, takes work. It is perfectly and pleasantly evident that while the author of whom I am endeavoring to produce an honest estimation, did not lack inspiration, he received his gift as he would an angel, and spared no pains to cause it appear at its best in the impartial eyes of the public.

Search the whole broad realm of English letters to-day, and I have yet to learn that as much as the foregoing can be truly averred of more than a half-dozen writers. The thought delights me, that chief among this mere handful of choice spirits is one who is not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a member of the greatly maligned and misunderstood Order of Jesus, or as a fanatic of our defunct Equal Rights Party would probably call him, a *Jesuite*—the Reverend Francis J. Finn.

This highly gifted priest was born at St. Louis on October 4, 1859. It is supposed that he served some time as a journalist, but he gave up the calling, and entered the Society of Jesus on March 4, 1879. He was ordained priest in 1893. He was Professor in St. Louis University and in St. Mary's College, in Kansas; and he is now Professor of English Literature in Marquette College, Milwaukee. For these biographical facts, which though few, tell perhaps all we, the public, have a right to know about the private life of any author, I am indebted to a brief sketch contributed by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan to "Catholic Book News," the advertising pamphlet of Benziger Bros.

Lucid in arrangement, thoughtful, abounding in pleasantry,

and charming by the freshness and purity of his diction, and the novelty of his subject, Father Finn won at the outset of his career as a novelist, a popularity which is not likely now to desert him ; provided he turn a deaf ear to the voice of the Siren, and refuse to be coaxed or forced by hungry publishers into the grave error of writing too much. His achievement has no parallel among Catholics in English Literature. He not only cleared a way for himself, but peopled his dominions with new beings. Fiction is founded on contrasted characters. Father Finn has caught up contrasting elements of boy life and grouped them with ingenuity and power. He has composed the prose epic of our Catholic schools and colleges. He has given us captivating pictures of boy life full of color and verisimilitude. In a word, to use the striking language of one of the Muses of the *Boston Pilot*, he is "the discoverer of the American Catholic boy," the Columbus of the Catholic ocean of youth.

I confess to a willingness to dwell on the hyphenated words by which Father Finn has been frequently designated—priest-novelist. The ideas they awaken are by no means disinteresting. At one time the novelist was looked on with distrust in every rank of society, and while the devout did not hesitate to call him a child of Belial, and a host of other unpleasant names, even the charitable deemed him a representative of worldly-mindedness. Indeed, in certain obscure sects, the writer of prose fiction still retains this vague, fabulous, reputation of wickedness, and the commentator on novels and novelists to whom I am indebted for these remarks, Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, tells us that shortly before he published his book, he was not a little amused with reading a "broad-side" posted on a wall by some society for the promulgation of the Christian virtues, which warned all good people to avoid the company of "play-actors, infidels, scoffers, novelists, and all other followers of impious callings." The teachers set their faces against the novel and Dr. Arnold of Rugby berated Charles Dickens, much as Aschem railed Boccaccio, but with infinitely less reason. This evil fame died out, however, before the genius of Scott and Thackeray, and Dickens, and Read, and Lever, to say nothing of the novelists who were also clergymen of the church in which Chadband and Stiggins were shining lights ; such, for

example, as the Reverend Charles Kingsley and the Reverend George Robert Gleig, whose stories are now nearly forgotten, though some of them, I think, deserve a better fate. Ere long fiction became a mighty force. It is pleasant to be able to recall that Catholic clergymen, a class noted for its strict conservatism and dignified reserve, were not overslow in employing the old, but then newly-revived power of prose fiction. I do not suppose it would be far wrong to name the Jesuit, the Reverend Francis Mahoney, (Father Prout) as the pioneer of the new clerical departure; because while the productions on which his fame will rest were not stories, perhaps, he wrote a number of these latter and they were all quite popular in their day. Two Cardinals may be said to have followed where Francis Mahoney led; Cardinal Wiseman with "Fabiola," and Cardinal Newman with "Callista." The path pursued by the Cardinals, has been followed in their turn by priests like the Reverend William Barry and the Reverend John Talbot Smith, with credit to themselves and profit for their people. Nowadays the fiction-writing priest is a common enough spectacle. Why should it not? Of weak and trashy novels I shall not waste time to speak in condemnation, as, if let alone, they generally condemn themselves more effectively than words could do. Fortunately our literature, unlike that of France, is comparatively very free of grossly immoral works of fiction, and the few that deserve to be so designated are no longer prime favorites with the masses. Let me take the novel at its best. The English novel at its best is undoubtedly a great influence that touches every point of the circle of society. It is sought after as eagerly and enjoyed as keenly by the wise and learned as by the simple and unthinking. All our best novels are not only almost altogether free of immorality in its grosser manifestations, but they make a show of moral purpose of some kind or other; their objects are to combat prejudice, alleviate class oppression, sweep down obstacles in the way of social regeneration, or lead men calmly to commune with their own hearts and be still. Monopolizing the dramatic talent of the century, novels "hold the mirror up to nature" before audiences to whose bulk the British theatre, even in its meridian glory could make no boast. The novel answers the call of a strong and perfectly legitimate craving of our nature, the desire for recreation.

When a story amuses, viewed from the stand-point of art, it is a good story. A reader generally goes to the novelist with the demand ; Tell me a story. As a rule, he does not go for help to solve the riddle of existence, nor for information, nor for argument. Unless the reader lack discretion, he would liefer go to a medical doctor for his law than to a novelist for his religion. Yet, every powerful work of fiction possesses an atmosphere made up of life-sustaining ozone or of noxious and deadly gasses. In one of his delightful essays, Robert Louis Stevenson tells us, that the most influential books, and the truest in their influence are the works of fiction ; they repeat, they arrange, they clarify the lessons of life ; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others ; and they show us the web of experience, but with a singular change,—that monstrous, consuming *ego* of ours being for the nonce, struck out. Stevenson did not claim a whit too much for the art of which he was himself a great master, in some respects the greatest of all modern masters. Therefore, although the average reader does not go to his novel for ideas on religion and life, he gets them therefrom almost unconsciously nevertheless. Fiction fairly distends with far-reaching influences. It sweeps the whole gamut of human credulity. The prose story in its scheme may be the ideal romance, coolly bursting the farthest bonds of space and time, or the simplest unadorned tale of actual and humdrum sayings and doings. Its possibilities are necessarily inferior to those of poetry, not in thought but in form, for verse can display a higher art than prose. The prose fable may be, and must be in so far as it is a fable, invented ; but that, with the true novelist, is only the string on which his jewels of experience and observation are strung. The art lies in preserving the sense of consistency in act and character, and making it minister directly to the movement of the fable. When his art is good, the novelist is in a position to address thousands, and tens of thousands, of every age and station, and to rivet their attentions upon his experiences, conclusions and aspirations. Considered as a means of communicating ideas, the prose story is destined to lead all the divisions of our English prose. Fiction is, in short, the most soothing, tranquilizing, subduing power of our time. English prose speaks to gentle and simple almost alike. That cannot be

bad with which *all* are pleased : to believe so would be to defame humanity. Story-telling is, on the contrary, an essentially natural and harmless art, most potent and far-reaching in its consequences, and, therefore, the one temporal means which, beyond and above all others, priests as preachers and teachers should hasten completely to command and judiciously to employ.

A writer of merit is best explained in his own books. All arts are articulate ; they actualize ideas ; they are languages. The literary artist dips his pen in his own soul and writes his own nature, perhaps idealized, but his own inner spirit nevertheless, into his sentences, and paragraphs, and chapters. Let us, then, glance at the ideas which Father Finn has actualized, that is to say, at the books which he has produced, being certain to find in them the conceptions wherewith his inmost soul is aglow.

I believe I am correct in stating that Father Finn's volumes came before the public in the following order : first, "Percy Wynn," which work was followed by "Tom Playfair," and that by "Harry Dee," and that by "Claude Lightfoot," "Ethelred Preston," "That Football Game," "Mostly Boys," and "The Best Foot Forward," which latter volume, by the way, has not reached me yet. The author himself tells us that "Tom Playfair" was written antecedent to "Percy Wynn." Listen to him :

"The vicissitudes of the 'Tom Playfair' manuscript would alone make a story. How it was written over seven years ago, for the sake of a college class, and with no ulterior thought of publication ; how portions of it gradually found their way into print ; how the writer hesitated for years whether to consign the remaining parts to the book publisher or to the waste-basket ; how the cordial reception of 'Percy Wynn.' and the kind words concerning 'Tom Playfair' from writers and from readers inspired him to take the venerable manuscript—done at all manner of odd times, in lead pencil and ink, upon all sorts and conditions of paper—from his trunk, and subsequently devote no small part of his vacation days, (July, August, 1891) to its revisal ; how the valued advice and kind words of literary friends served him in the revision—are not all these things indelibly impressed upon the author's memory ?"

This direct, open, and above-board St. Augustine-like confession, which incidentally gives us a glimpse at the author's method of doing his work, furnishes delightful reading to the thousands of "boys" of *all* ages who have followed with rapture the adventures of Tom Playfair and his friends.

Each of the stories constitutes a little world in itself. A well-known American editor and writer remarks in one of his articles that a Jesuit college is really a world to itself, governed by rules entirely its own, its atmosphere conducive to studious endeavor, perfect discipline and strict morality, and it so hedges its pupils from hurtful influences for the scholastic term of ten months that they pursue their work wholly unhampered by extraneous affairs. All who are conversant with the internal arrangements of our institutions of education will at once perceive the foregoing description is applicable to nearly every Catholic college in the land. But the other colleges have not got their Francis Finn, to note the life of their communities and reproduce it for the benefit of the extramural Barbarians. A keen student of the life about him, possessing a dramatic sense and a saving grace of humor, Father Finn is often photographic and minute in detail, while he does not forget the importance of the mass which the detail is to explain or embellish. He ignores nothing that is significant, makes use of nothing that is not significant ; and binds every element of character and every incident and bit of description together in a consistent, coherent, dramatic whole. Literature means delicacy of touch. While our author is absolutely free of realism, in the depraved sense of the word, his books are emphatically "human documents." He is a realist, but his realism is not destitute of soul. It treats of clay without becoming clay, or even dwelling in clay. His is the realism whose other name is the natural. When realism peers through the outward semblance to, and through the internal soul, and takes due cognizance of both, it is as harmless and useful as photography or landscape gardening.

As to the style of our author, it would be difficult to be too eulogistic. There can be but one opinion of him: he is a master of English. His sentences are usually short and of the Macaulian build, but unlike Macaulay, he does not deal in a succession of short, assertive sentences, most of which an ordinary writer would group as limiting clauses about the main assertion. The result is great vigor and definiteness. His style fits every requirement of his subject as closely and becomingly as a glove fits a shapely hand. It is made to serve all the purposes of the tales, and is, betimes, the expression of the higher poetry, of description, of sensation,

of vivacious dialogue and extreme dramatic situation. Great skill as a *ranconteur*, vivacity, wit, humor, in a small degree, and broad fun in a very full degree, are the leading characteristics of the new boy-novelist.

What is remarkable about his entire collection of characters is that, except in cases where the same personages are made to act a part in a series of volumes, after the manner of Dumas' famous Guardsmen, there are absolutely no repetitions amongst them; no old friends peep out in the later stories taken from the characters of the preceding tales, and only dressed in slightly different costumes. In the important matter of eternal novelty in his personages, Father Finn will bear comparison with Charles Dickens or Sir Walter Scott. It would not be easy to pick out any one of these books as its author's *magnum opus*. Each of them is typical and in a different way. The straightforwardness of Tom Playfair, the charming gentleness of Percy Wynn, the modest ingenuousness of Harry Dee's relation of his progress through life, which reminds me of David Copperfield's modest descriptions of his successes in literature; the merry audacity of Claude Lightfoot—all rush upon our memory, and put forward their claims to be admired. The leading characters are all original and good, full of fine touches, fresh, natural, and abounding with spirit. There are no straw-stuffed figures, no immaculate dolls, no impeccable milk-sops, no mock saints carved out of basswood. Father Finn's boys are men on a small scale with most of the desires and weaknesses of men. His portrayal of character, habits, speech, is all true. Everything about the books betokens sovereignty. He not only makes his boys love action, but pie; not only wince under the rod of college life, but conspire and rebel; not only pray, but curse. His boys are not only possibilities but probabilities. They are natural because they are human, and the traditional figures are either monsters or saints, and humanity does not produce unadulterated saints nor unrelieved monsters. He tells us explicitly in "Tom Playfair" that he is dealing with boys, not angels. In the same book he sneers at our canting old friends, Sandford and Merton, by making Tom Playfair remark: "These English boys must be queer fellows, if they go round preaching sermons the way that Merton does." But he is careful to explain in a foot-note: "Tom did the

English boys injustice. Master Sandford, I am told, exists in fiction, not in England." Whether or not they are always true to their originals, Father Finn's boys are, at least, always very human, and like Wordsworth's model woman, "not too good for human nature's daily food," and, therefore, truer than the distorted automata of the boys' books "that have been," to copy the chaste language of our Canadian jubilee postage stamp. I believe that it is this very peccability that draws me to Father Finn's boys, but anyhow, with reference to them, I am quite in the frame of mind of the French critic who wrote of Victor Hugo: "Everyone has his own way. As for me, who speak here, I admire everything ; like a brute." But this does not hinder me from saying that I was quite taken with that little interrogation point Frank Murdock, who "wanted everything proved," and that I consider the cheeky, lively, hopping, teasing, romping, "Compound of Mercury," Claude Lightfoot, one of the most captivating and original boy-creations to be found anywhere in literature. Whoever has learned thoroughly to understand one boy, has conquered for himself a spot of firm ground on which to rest while studying the world of boys. Like a great many other attachments of this mundane sphere, boys are in all essentials as like as eggs. They differ greatly in externals, however, and it is this difference the man who essays that most difficult art, the writing of stories for boys, must grasp with never-faltering grip, and this is precisely what Father Finn never fails to do.

It is in character study as exhibited by incident that these stories excel. It is the attrition of character against character that really interests our author ; and it cannot be denied that in the art of framing opposite types and placing them as foils, the one for the other, Father Finn is a past master. Take, for example, the story of Tom Playfair or Percy Wynn, and note the neat and striking system of apposition used throughout their composition. This trick of deft contrast forms nine-tenths of the novelist's art. Compare Father Finn's employment of this artistic resource with the clumsiness of the great majority of the common ruck of the light frivolous story-books, and confess that our Jesuit possesses a talisman which the greatest child-lover and boy novelist might be excused for coveting. The admirable sketches

of character, so strongly drawn and delicately differentiated, lend an interest to these books which make people of "a certain age," like the present writer, who is not a chicken of last spring, pour over them with the eagerness of a boy; for, be it remembered, these stories for boys are—a rare thing in boys' stories—very popular with the young people they were intended to interest.

There is always in the books a definite plot and frequently a strong dramatic development. True this plot does not embrace the action of a whole lifetime as in some of the masterpieces of Hawthorne and Thackeray, but only that sunny and thoughtless portion of life which composes boyhood; yet within its limitations, it is invariably constructed with care and conscience. These different plots are admirable in all respects. They are always symmetrical and allow the author to move only on ground with which he is perfectly acquainted. But this is no narrow dominion. Indeed, the author amazed me more than once by his intimate knowledge not only of boy life but of girl life, and of the life a boy leads at home as well as at school. Percy Wynn, without his ten sisters, would not seem a complete figure, and little Kate in "Claude Lightfoot" was drawn by a hand actuated by a heart possessed of a complete knowledge of that mystery of mysteries, the female heart. Again, our author's use of incident never falls short of the masterly. The rescue of Tom Playfair and Harry Dee, as related in "Percy Wynn," with the incidental death of the wicked tramp, is as powerful a piece of writing as I have ever perused. Take the thunderbolt incident in "Tom Playfair," and here again you have as fine and graphic a description of a tragic situation as the lover of sensation could desire. The interest is always managed with great dexterity, and arrested when the expectation of the reader is on tip-toe, with striking effect. When the descriptions deal with extraordinary incidents they are thrilling, and they never in any circumstances deteriorate into tediousness. In "Harry Dee" we find the incidents surrounding a supposed murder, with all the usual accessories of misplaced suspicion and purblind detectives—perfect Foxey Quillers—handled with consummate skill and striking success. There is enough of incident in "Ethebred Preston" for a three-volumed novel. I notice with pleasure that Father Finn is chary of death scenes, but the tender

portrayal of the life and death of poor little Jimmie Aldine, hunted and borne down by the terrible secret of the murderous villain Hartnett, approaches the beautiful poetry of little Nell's life in Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop"; I say the poetry of her life, because that of her death is, to my mind, greatly wire drawn, and the scene cannot compare for simple pathos, with Father Finn's natural and touching picture of the poor child who led a hunted life only to meet with a painful albeit, a happy, death. In all the books there are masterpieces of vivid descriptive writing, which show the true intuition of genius. Compare these scenes with similar ones in Oliver Optic, or Captain Marryat, or even in Hawthorne's books for youth, and it will be found that our author can hold up his head with the best of them—and these named are the best boy novelists of the past.

Like the novels of that master story-teller, Dumas Père, these books are all characterized by an abundance of dialogue, which lends them *verve* and buoyancy, and proves their author does not commit the great fault of making too liberal a use of description, but relies more on his own very unusual gift of nervous and skilful narration. I intended to quote a passage or two illustrating this point, but, as the books are essentially studies of character which develops itself progressively and continuously from the first chapter to the last, mere extracts are apt to appear incomplete and meaningless. The narrative is seldom broken by far-fetched or lengthy digression, but this sometimes occurs as in the case of Father Barry's story in "Harry Dee," and, be it frankly avowed, with no less an amount of inconvenience to the reader than similar interruptions cause in the prose of Goldsmith and Lever and in the poetry of "Oriosto" and the "Fairie Queene."

Tried according to the three essential qualities of a good story—symmetry, verisimilitude, and progressive interest—these stories would experience no difficulty in successfully passing the most rigid of examinations. They contain the quintessence of boy nature, mental, spiritual and physical. Truth to tell, I think our author goes somewhat too far in insisting, whenever a chance presents itself, that a boy who is first in his class will be first on the campus. I am far from underrating the importance of games and athletics in general. "The plays of childhood," said Froebel,

the inventor of the Kindergarten, "are the heart-leaves of the whole future life." I am also aware that a distinguished soldier said that Waterloo was won at Rugby School. I venture to think, notwithstanding all this, that the undue prominence given at the present day to athletics is telling seriously upon the sound education of boys, and girls. After all, the *corpus sanum* is merely the fleshy tabernacle of the *mens sana*. I object strongly to a boy being encouraged to regard the life of a mere athlete as the highest to which a human being with an intellect can aspire. But I must not forget the one sole entry in the diary of Tom Playfair, "Honey has caught more flies than vinegar," which nugget of amiable philosophy has, by the way, helped many people over severe ruts; and perhaps I am going too far. However, while the carping mood is upon me, I must plainly state that I consider the habit into which our author has fallen of advertising certain books that meet his approval, through the mouths of his characters, as well as directly, a rather serious mistake. It is not art, but the huckstering of a shopkeeping age. It is like pasting a placard in praise of Dr. Kellum's pills on the bosom of that serenest of statues, the Venus of Milo. When all is said my impeachment is not a weighty one, and may be closed forthwith.

Did I not know it previously, the perusal of Father Finn's delightful stories would have convinced me that the pure spiritual nature, especially when earnest and enthusiastic as is almost invariably the case in a member of the Order of Jesus, possesses a mysterious power over young men, springing perhaps from what I may call the antithesis, or contrast of nature, and this influence often aids them at the turn of the way. I believe our author exercises this power to an almost unlimited degree in his books. I would make the placing of these books in the hands of children a grave parental duty. In rearing a child, think of its old age. Young feelings furnish topic for age. These volumes are Ophir mines of fine feeling, good fellowship, and virtue in its best form, the action of daily life. The author has been nearly as sparing of direct, obtruded moral instruction as were the Pagan poets. He does not preach, so his readers do not yawn and slumber. But every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of narration requires the introduction of doers

of evil, and even they, like the rebellious spirits in "Paradise Lost," with one exception, acknowledged their subjugation to God, and receive poetic justice in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety. Without a doubt the debt due Father Finn by Catholic boys and girls is no slight one. As a truthful and delicate delineator of character, and an author who is most vigorous and interesting without ever sacrificing priestly dignity and refinement, Father Finn is certainly a splendid specimen of one of the best of modern literary products, the priest-novelist. The best thing I can wish him is that his popularity will be as broad as his merits are high. His charming books contain everything of the best that an author can accord his readers. If Christians, the latter expect of an author that he will help all he can with fine-hearted thoughts and words of a pure savor; that he will set the bias of the mind towards virtue instead of vice, towards a generous and manly life of duty instead of unholy greed and a cold lust of selfish gain, towards honesty, energy, wisdom and holiness.

The stories are published by Benziger Brothers, the enterprising Catholic publishers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The print is clear and good, though not faultless; the cloth binding is tasty and serviceable; and the set is put up in a strong cardboard box embellished with a portrait of the author. They are sold at eighty-five cents a volume, and the whole set, comprising eight volumes, can be had for \$6.50. If the price were lowered somewhat, and, I think, such a reduction is by no means impossible, the circulation of these books would, undoubtedly, be greatly widened, and thus, not only would the publishers be gainers, but, moreover, an immense benefit would accrue to the boy readers both of this, and of the four other continents.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE LEGEND OF THE DUKE DE MONTFORT.



IN the latter part of the eighteenth century, France, formerly one of the most ancient and powerful monarchies of Europe, was violently shaken by internal discontent and rebellion. The country had been so instrumental in assisting the Americans in their struggle for independence that the desire of imitating these far-western liberty-lovers became general. As a result, a revolution broke out which remains unsurpassed as a war of cruelty and plunder.

During this dreadful "Reign of Terror," as it is familiarly titled, the country passed through one of the most bloody changes in the annals of its history. Ecclesiastical property was seized on all sides, and to the clergy was tendered an oath wholly incompatible with the laws of the Church. The nobility were no better treated by the leaders than were the bishops and priests. After removing, as far as possible, the supporters of the throne, the revolutionists set about removing the throne itself. They succeeded in this by the execution of King Louis XVI. Nevertheless, even then they did not remain inactive. The country became so dangerously habitable that an immense number of persons from the most distinguished classes of society emigrated to foreign lands.

Among these exiles was Duke de Montfort, one of the high and wealthy nobility, robbed and plundered of his riches and left with but a fraction of his previous magnificent estate. The Duke was a man of iron will. The war, however, had so affected him morally that he became nearly discouraged. But as truly as there is a silver lining to every cloud, so there is a bright side to every man's life. The bright side of the Duke's life, at this time, was lighted up by his two children.

As he sat at the breakfast table one lovely morning watching the two pretty creatures chatting and laughing together, he realized, like many another nobleman at that time, the injustice it would be to bring the children up in their present surroundings. But what could he do? He was fit for no manual labor. In

business training he had had past experience, but he could now see no opening before him. As a last resort, he stated the situation plainly and frankly to his wife.

"We cannot," he said to her, "live here on nothing. Our property is confiscated and our house has been thoroughly ramsacked. We must do something to change this mode of life."

With characteristic acuteness, the good lady saw how discouraged her husband was, so she then and there set her wits at work to find him some solution of the difficulty.

"Why not sell our wedding-presents and other gifts which we have saved," she ventured, "and with the money thus obtained, buy and fit out a trading vessel? You have often expressed your admiration for such a life, and it seems to be your only chance at present. Moreover, by such a choice, we could educate the children according to our own ideas."

The Duke, being in want of such comfort, was completely won by his wife's advice, and, in a comparatively short time, set about following her plan. He gathered together the nuptial presents, but had hard work to dispose of them. The country was in such a condition financially that to deal in valuable articles incurred a considerable risk.

At last, however, he sold his costly valuables. When he had obtained the proffered money, he made his way to a merchant who, he knew, had a vessel for sale.

Much to his satisfaction, the Duke was given the vessel at a considerably lower figure than he had anticipated. The merchant having no use for it, was glad to sell it at any price.

The Duke then began promptly to fit out comfortably what was to be his future home. Being a pious man and a good Catholic, one of the first things that he had fitted out in the vessel was a small chapel. He was incited to this by the need of such a sanctuary for the family, and for the surprise and delight of an invalid priest, a friend of his, to whom the doctor had recommended a sea voyage.

Now that he had the vessel in order, the next idea was to obtain a crew and cargo. There were many men idle in the city, and the news that a vessel was in the harbor about to sail, brought a variety of characters in search of a place on board. After much

labor, for the Duke was very particular as to those whom he chose, a competent crew was secured. A short time afterwards, the Duke bought the goods of a merchant, who was about to emigrate to better fields, and with this cargo, set out for Canada.

Canada, at this time, was in the possession of England, but the Duke had many friends in this young country. Hence he felt assured that he would easily dispose of his cargo and obtain another.

The vessel reached her destination about a month before Christmas, and the Duke freely circulated his idea of spending that universally loved feast in port. He sold his cargo at a good profit and went to spend the holidays with a friend, a merchant of high standing.

One morning, about three weeks after his arrival in port, the merchant came to him in great haste, and, showing him a letter from a brother merchant in Venice requesting certain goods at once, asked and even urged the Duke to get his ship under way immediately. This the Duke was compelled to do, for he was now a trader and not, as formerly, his own master.

This change of programme caused discord among most occupants of the ship, and especially among some of the crew who, anticipating a quiet Christmas on shore, grumbled excessively at the unwelcome command. It was with great difficulty that the Duke finally compelled these grumblers to sail. He foresaw trouble with them and was consequently on his guard. Thus it happened that, contrary to everyone's expectation, sail was set for Italy two days before Christmas.

The Duke was but one day out to sea, when he learned of a conspiracy, which, if successfully carried out, would result in the crew's control of the ship. He suspected, as the leaders, the men who had loudly murmured at being compelled prematurely to sail. He knew that if the leaders, whoever they were, could be subdued, the rest of the crew would be controllable. By skilful questioning, he learned that the leaders were the suspected ones. That night he had them firmly chained and locked up.

After this rather trying experience, the Duke went down to the chapel, where preparations were being made for the celebration of midnight Mass. The children, together with their mother, the

chaplain, and those of the crew who were off watch, were decorating the altar.

This little room, in which was concentrated so much activity, was situated in an appropriate position between decks, and was handsomely fitted to serve its purpose. A small altar at one end, together with a statute of Christ and one of the Blessed Virgin, were the articles entitled to especial reverence. In the rear was a small parlor organ, which gave a more church-like aspect to the scene.

The Duke, seeing that he could do nothing to help the workers, returned to his cabin. As he sat there he felt sorry for having been compelled to imprison the men, and could not help wishing that he was esteemed by the crew as were his two children. These, a boy of ten and a girl of eight, were, especially the latter, exceedingly beloved by the crew. Whenever the little girl spoke to one of them, his coarse aspect was changed to one of genteel esteem.

No doubt, the three prisoners thought of her that night as they sat in their cold damp cell. Probably they repented their hasty action and would, if liberated, resume their work faithfully. Possibly, and most probably, they resented their imprisonment and still conspired and plotted.

At any rate, as the slender form of Alice appeared before them, they dropped their eyes in meek submission and respect. "O what a shame to be locked up like this, and on Christmas eve too," exclaims the child in her innocence. "Wouldn't you like to be free so's you could attend midnight Mass? Would you be good if I asked papa to let you go? He surely would, because he always grants me a favor on Christmas."

With these words the child disappears, but in a short while she returns and gives them the key of liberty.

Left alone, the men stand together in the darkness and converse in low tones. Will these sailors, now that they are liberated, persevere in their wild and cruel designs? Or will they go down to the chapel and help their mates in preparing for Mass?

* * * * *

Slowly and determinedly, three ruffians grope their way to the cabin, seemingly unmindful of the noble deed of Alice, their little

friend. It is soon evident that the conspiring element is stronger, for they keep straight on. A wild storm is in progress and, consequently, a heavy sea is rolling. The good ship pitches and tosses in the mountains of water, which, with the wind blowing a gale through the sheets, cause such a noise that it would have been difficult to hear the men had they spoken in their loudest tones. As they move forward, the wind continually sends clouds of spray over the rail wetting them considerably.

They still keep on, however, and, like spectres, silently glide to the cabin, where meeting no resistance, they open the doors and enter. Darkness reigns supreme. Still undaunted, they grope about to ascertain the position of the inmates. In doing this, one of the villains brushes his cold, wet hand over the face of the Duchess. The good lady, awakened so suddenly, utters a sharp scream, which arouses her husband. As he comes to his senses, he immediately understands the situation and quickly jumps from his place of rest. He has no more than done so, when he hears a heavy blow struck, then a muffled thud, and the body of his wife sinks to the floor.

Maddened by the thought of losing his loved ones, he rushes blindly to the corner where the children sleep. He has covered but half the distance, when he is grasped by the three heavy brutes. He struggles desperately but is no match for them. They soon overpower him, and one, more desperate than the rest, stabs him over the heart. When the keen blade penetrates his bosom he becomes faint and falls to the floor.

As he lies there, unarmed and fatally wounded, he perceives the inhuman fiends lift the unconscious form of his boy and toss it into the raging sea. Oh, for a weapon of some kind! for just strength enough to stand! he would take them all with no seeming effort. He tries to rise, but falls back faint and exhausted. His strength commences to fail instead of returning.

On realizing his situation, he grows calmer. He begs, he promises, he entreats, he offers everything in his power, his money, the vessel itself—his life. But his offers are useless. The ruffians will complete their work. They seem to be demented, and capable of anything. On beholding his daughter pulled from her couch, and hearing her intricate mutterings of “papa” and

"mamma" as they bear her to the window, he becomes crazed. He tries to rise, to make a last effort to save his darling, but, seeing the murderers cast her body into the waves, his strength fails him ; he falls back, and all becomes a blank.

He feels just as if breathing his last, when he is awakened from his stupor by a tiny hand laid rather vigorously on his shoulder. He opens his eyes and—what !—he beholds his little daughter.

"Why, papa," the child exclaims, with a round look of surprise upon her innocent face, "you look real tired and weary. Cheer up ! This is Christmas Eve, you know, and mamma and Willie and I, together with the sailors, have been decorating the chapel all the evening. And papa," continued the child, "mamma says you'd ought to come down to the chapel and see the feelings of joy the poor sailors express as they help in decorating the altar."

The Duke is violently startled at first, but this feeling gradually wears away as the child prattles on. When she has finished speaking, he grasps her to his bosom, and immediately makes his way to the chapel.

As he passes out on deck, the cold north wind blows upon his heated brow. The stars gleam and twinkle in the deep blue vault of heaven, and the moon is rising bright and clear in the eastern horizon. The vessel glides easily through the peaceful waters, causing many ripples, which sparkle in the strong moonlight.

On nearing the chapel door, father and daughter meet the liberated sailors. The captain's heart violently palpitates, as he recalls his dream. When the men see him, who has granted their liberty, their eyes fill with tears of gratitude, and they thank him in the most profound manner.

Then the five together enter the beautifully illuminated chapel to commemorate the grand mystery of God's condescension. Soon the celebration of Mass commences and everyone seems contented. As the voice of Alice singing that sacred solo, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will," fills the little room, the Duke gazes around on all those hardy,

weather-beaten faces which surround him. When he sees each light up with genuine happiness at the sound of the child's sweet voice, he votes this to be one of the most joyous moments in his long and eventful career.

CHARLES J. DOWLING,
First Form.



THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"You mean," said little Alice,
Great sorrow in her face,
"That some dear friends are waiting
Down in that dreadful place—
Are waiting for Our Lord to say,
'Come to eternal joy,
And be with Me, my friends, away!'
And is it really true?"

"I mean it," said her mother;
"They hope and wait and wait."
"And will they have no Christmas?"
Asked Blanche, behind her slate.
"Indeed they will!" said Alice.
Spoke Blanche—"We'll pray and pray,
And all these souls in waiting
Shall have their Christmas Day."



"THIS WAS A MAN."



THE more one studies the play "Julius Caesar" and the many moral lessons therein inculcated, the more will one be confirmed in the belief that Shakespeare here wished to display in the character of Brutus, a man who, though lacking perception of the true relations of men and things, yet ever acts according to the dictates of his conscience. It is the first impression that strikes us when reading the play ; it is the one that remains after laying it down. Truly, the strength and nobility of character possessed by Brutus permeate the tragedy; they are displayed in public, on the street, and in the forum, as well as in the private concerns of his own household. Standing, as it does, preeminent in all aspects, we feel assured that the poet's design was to place before us a character such as, in the close of the play, justifies Antony in declaring "This was a man."

Brutus first appears upon the scene in company with Cassius, who, himself envious of Cæsar, tries to inspire Brutus with like sentiments. Probably no scene in the whole play goes to show more than this the moral strength exemplified in the character of Brutus. At first sight, it would appear that Cassius had succeeded in seducing him, but looking more closely, we find the direct contrary to be the case. For, at the very outset, when Cassius, commented upon the strange mood of Brutus, the latter replies :

" Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors."

This explains all. Evidently Brutus had long perceived and detested Cæsar's increasing power in state, and was thinking seriously over the issue. This becomes all the more apparent when we consider the effect of Cassius' flattery upon him. According to the time-worn custom, Cassius vows and swears his aversion to everything in the line of fawning or flattery, and then of course wades right into the very depths of it. Nothing comes better into play than the aside of Brutus at the close of the first eulogy—"What means this shouting?" Nor does a second onset on the

part of Cassius prove more successful, for right in the height of it, Brutus exclaims—"Another general shout!" His third tirade gives no more satisfactory result. The reason becomes clear to all when Brutus adds :

"How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter."

For, had he not considered the question beforehand, he would certainly have been swayed by the speech of Cassius. As it was, this profound flattery from the lips of Cassius did not affect in the least the course premeditated and chosen by Brutus.

But motives far different from either envy or ambition first decide Brutus to countenance conspiracy. His whole heart lies buried in Rome and, according as Rome is prosperous or unprosperous, he exults or sorrows. A republican of republicans, like most noble Romans of his day, he looks upon royalty with an evil eye—going so far as even to regard it as the greatest calamity that could possibly befall his beloved Rome. To uphold the Republic, therefore, and to prevent a monarchy, they held as their most sacred duty. For them, to live under a king meant simply to live as bondsmen. Cæsar, then, whom they all plainly perceived, aimed at the crown, was held by Brutus and his companions as the very personification of tyranny. Hence the plot against him. But, in the beginning, Brutus thinks that he alone perceives the danger of Cæsar's being chosen king,—he considers this as "conceptions only proper to himself." But once he finds out for certain that others have the same fears as he—that others perceive the same dangers as he—and not only see them but look up to him for their correction, then it is that he finds himself compelled to act :

"O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hands of Brutus."

Such, then, were the motives that prompted him to do, not only what he considered the most heroic act and the greatest service he could render Rome, but also what he felt assured would be enacted on the stage for the edification of future generations. Brutus performs then for the good of Rome, merely what he deems his duty. As he himself says :

“ I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.”

It was purely and simply a question of permitting Cæsar to assume a crown. The latter, as Brutus well knew, aspired to royalty, so the philosopher-reformer's course “was marked necessary, not envious.”

But nowhere does the weight of the character of Brutus appear more momentous than when the conspirators seek a man of some prestige to sanction their proceedings. His “outward favor” stands out here in striking relief. Behold how the first one, Cinna, bursts forth with a wish :

“ O, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party.”

It would seem from the peculiar wording of his wish that he scarcely expected the realization of it. And, as they set about the securing of their treasure, Casca comments upon it :

“ O, he sits high in all the people's hearts !
And that which would appear offensive in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.”

To all this the shrewd Cassius immediately acquiesces :

“ Him, and his worth, and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.”

The fact that Brutus “sits high in the people's hearts” goes plainly to show in what esteem he was held by the people, his very countenance—the reflection of his inmost soul—being quite sufficient to stamp the most suspicious-looking act as praiseworthy.

Nor is his “outward favor” aught else than the true reflection of a pure and noble interior. Of all the relations in life probably none mark so unmistakably the character of a man as his private connections. In public life, noble actions may often spring from unworthy motives, and numerous so-called friends could often probably, more properly be called fawners and flatterers. But to see a man loved and revered by those of his own fireside speaks more for his real merit than volumes of eulogies from obsequious political supporters : that those who know him best should love him most, stamps his worth at once as noble and genuine. Of such a kind are the virtues of Brutus. Through pure motives

all he is gentle—gentle, as the true man ever is gentle, to wife and friends, and servants. But his very idealism leads him to the most disastrous results in practical affairs. He brings death to the “noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times,” death to all his friends, death to himself. He succeeds only in throwing Rome into the throes of civil war, of devastating his native land, of purpling the Roman territories with floods of Roman blood. And yet even in the hour of defeat, he is right, we feel, in saying :

“ I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto,”

because we feel that to conquer one's self is greater than to conquer the world, that to obey conscience is better than to win political victories howsoever great ; better to be Marcus Brutus than to be Marcus Antonius or Octavius ; and so we are glad to blend our voices with the voices of the very enemies of Brutus to proclaim :

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all !
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in *envy* of great Caesar
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”

J. McGUIRE, '02.



POOR WEE JIM.

(Selected.)

HE prince of newsboys was poor wee Jim. Small in body but great in mind, he was the acknowledged leader of the select circle in which he moved. It must be admitted that at times there, now and again, did come a bit of a scrimmage, but Jim was quite fit for his size and weight any day, and, after all, "sure it was only a bit of fun," as he was wont to say, "an' a body must have a bit of a fight sometimes."

The big boys never bullied Jim, for all of them loved his bright, intelligent face and manly, winning ways.

Whenever the Twelfth came, Jim was in his glory, and bubbling over with energy and excitement. Let there be no mistake, Jim was not at all a believer in, or a follower of "the pious, glorious, and immortal memory." Far, far otherwise; but like most Belfast boys of that date, he dearly loved a shindy, and the Twelfth was a great day for *pigeons*.

When the big drums came thundering past Carrick Hill, and when the drummers in their shirt sleeves, with the blood pouring from their wrists, thumped away and waltzed ridiculously from side to side, with the clumsy antics of performing bears, and when the shrill fifes lilted the "Boyne Water," and the police drew up in solid lines across North Queen Street and Carrick Hill, showers of stones would come rattling from both parties across their heads, or often through their ranks, for the combatants were not usually too particular. Then was the time for wee Jim, the recognized leader of a chosen band of very small and very light infantry, to quietly steal up, accompanied by his chums, each having something concealed under his coat. A flight of pigeons, with long green streamers tied to their tails, would suddenly circle over the procession, causing wonderful commotion and excitement in the ranks. With a wild cheer of triumph, off would scamper Jim and his devoted henchmen to repeat the feat from Hercules Place when the procession was passing the Bank Buildings. Where all the pigeons came from, no one but Jim and his companions could tell, but there they were in their glory.

Poor wee Jim was scarcely three months old when his mother died. His grandmother reared him. Misfortune fell thick and fast on his childhood. When about four years of age, he lost his father, whom he loved with almost childish adoration. It happened in this way. The father, a very quiet, steady man, employed in Hercules Street, chanced to pass on business one evening through Carrick Hill. A fierce riot had taken place as a wild raid had been attempted from the Shankhill. The police, with batons in hand, fiercely charged both parties. To avoid the rush and confusion, Jim's father was quietly stepping into a house when a police constable arrested him as a rioter. No explanation would be admitted. He had been caught, as they stated, red-handed. Sent forward to the assizes, before a judge who was famed for showing small mercy—particularly to those hailing from Hercules Street—his shrift was short, and he was quickly sentenced to the usual ten years.

The old, old, and sad, sad story. The bread-earner gone, a plain but happy and comfortable home was broken up, and the poor old grandmother had to start out with her basket to sell little things in order to keep the wolf from the door.

Hercules Street then stood where the tram runs now ; and happy homes, with warm, comfortable hearths, covered the spot where Royal Avenue now rears its massive buildings. Never did a braver, more generous and kindly-hearted people dwell together than those of Hercules Street and its vicinity in the good old days. When shall we look upon their like again ? Alas !

“ All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead.”

The hungry and destitute never pleaded there in vain, the good people's hands and purses were ever open to the call of charity. Among them, Jim's grandmother found earnest, sympathetic friends. She and her grandson lived in a little room off Smithfield. A cleaner and neater one, though poorly furnished, was not in the whole neighborhood. How Jim laughed and crowed with delight as he gazed fondly at the pictures of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, the Pope, Dan O'Connell and Father Tom Burke, which adorned the walls of the room, and how he loved to listen to his dear old grandmother in her quiet, simple way of giving a history

of some one or other of these heroes to him every night, and how fondly he would look up at her as she taught him the Rosary. Before he went to sleep, his last prayer was to the Sacred Heart to pity the dying, and the "Memorare" to the Mother of God that, through her intercession, his father might be sent home to comfort his poor grandmother in her old days. It was a home to which a happiness far beyond that which the world can give, came in the middle of sorrow and gloom.

At evening, when the darkness was falling fast and the old grandmother had laid her basket aside, she and the child would go so quietly hand in hand to visit the Blessed Sacrament. How hushed and quiet seemed that church! The workers, tired and weary after a long dreary toil, on their way home, would drop in to pay their evening visits, and nothing was heard save long-drawn sighs and the breathings of fervent prayer. Away up close to the Virgin's Altar, knelt the old woman and the little boy. There they knelt and prayed—aye, prayed for those who were dead and gone, for those who were in sin and sorrow, and for the poor father far away in a convict's cell.

What a deliciously sweet picture they made. The rays from the lamp before the altar falling on the grey hair and upturned imploring face of the old grandmother, and on the sweet, fair head and innocent, chubby cheeks of the little child nestling so close to her, and with clasped hands, appealing so fervently to the Throne of Grace, was a hallowed scene not soon to be forgotten. A halo shone around them. It was a picture such as artists love to paint—a sermon without words—an evening incense—the strong, piercing prayer of Youth and Age.

Jim, when a little over seven, commenced his first start in business by selling newspapers in the mornings. He would start off from the office in Hercules Place with his bundle of papers, and his shrill cry of "Ulster 'Saminer"—he could never get round the word "Examiner"—would be heard far down Hercules Street, echoing round Smithfield, way up the Falls, or across along North Queen Street. In the evening the same shrill call would be rising again, heralding the evening papers, especially the *Evening Telegraph*, with a very long "Eve" and a still longer "graph." Jim preferred the "'Saminer," but necessity knows no laws, and it

was to make an honest penny to help his dear old grandmother that he sold, as he called it, the "Tely."

Jim was a patriot, heart and soul, though not yet a public speaker, except in his own select circle, and even then walking on hands or turning a cartwheel while waiting for the papers was even more captivating than politics. Whenever a Home Rule meeting was held in St. Mary's Hall, Jim was sure to be there, however he managed it. Perched high up on the gallery, an attentive and interested listener, beaming all over with rapture at speeches he could not understand, he yelled with all his might whenever the applause came in—it could not come too often for him.

"Oh, granny," he would say, "there was such a big meetin' in the Hall to-night, an' such gran' speeches, all about Home Rule an' Ireland." Then he would laugh and clap his hands as he looked at the pictures on the wall and say, "Granny, won't you tell me something about the Pope, Dan O'Connell, and Father Tom Burke?" After the selling of the morning papers, he would spend his time at school, where the master was very kind to him, but all were kind to poor wee Jim—no one could help being so.

On Sundays, how he loved the children's Mass, and how joyously rang his sweet, childish treble; but when it came to the hymn, "Look down, oh, Mother Mary!" then his whole soul seemed afire, and the thrilling, rapturous music gushed from his little throat, and ascended heavenwards with all the piercing, soul-stirring and warbling melody of a lark soaring aloft in the blue sky, after the break of dawn, when the sun is lighting up the hill-tops. It was the sweet, enchanting strain of an innocent soul pleading to the Mother of God for his father lying far away in a convict's cell. Day followed day, and "week in week out," in sunshine and in rain, Jim went his rounds selling his papers. All came to know, love, and sympathise with poor wee Jim. His honest, bright little winsome face and sweet smile won him hosts of friends. Still, ever as evening came and the shadows fell, the rays from the lamp cast a halo around two figures kneeling, adorning and praying before the altar. The prayer of Youth and Age ever went on.

At last, one morning the dispatch clerk missed Jim's bright

face. Scarlatina had spread and become an epidemic. Its ravages were fearful. In many a family, many childish voices were stilled forever, and sad, vacant places were left at many a fireside. Mothers and sisters wept. Their grief could not be comforted or controlled as they gathered up the broken toys, laid them carefully away, and thought of the sweet endearing music of the past, the ringing laughter, which they would never hear again, and the warm loving arms so lately clasped around them, and now lying so quiet, cold and still in the grave. It was a sad, sad time. Poor wee Jim lay tossing on his bed very ill, and his old grandmother tried to comfort, soothe, and bring him back to health—her darling—her only one. All in vain. Poor wee Jim's course was nearly run. How quietly and calmly he lay and listened to the priest, who prepared him for his first communion ! How fervently and sincerely he made his simple confession. He had only entered on his ninth year. With what a loving confiding heart he listened to the explanation of the Real Presence. His heart, with love, burned within him like that of the disciples on the road to Emaus, and then he saw only Jesus.

Fast through Hercules street, Smithfield, the Falls, and all over Jim's usual, beat passed the word that poor wee Jim was dying, and ever went up the prayer from many a heart—"God help that poor old woman in her hour of sorrow." In the church, when many gathered to adore the Blessed Sacrament, were missed the familiar faces; and warm earnest prayers were said for the dying child and the desolate, sorrow-stricken grandmother.

The neighbours around vied with one another in their open, warm-hearted generosity, and nothing was too good for the dying child and heart-broken old woman ; but the angel of death was hovering near poor wee Jim. A great calm settled down on him after he had received the last Sacraments, and that clear vision seemed to have come to him, which oft-times comes to the dying, like the flash of the Rontgen rays, setting at nought the flesh, and piercing far beyond the ken of man. He lay so quietly while his grandmother clasped one hand and with the other, gently brushed back the fair hair from his brow. At last, after a long silence, he said to her—"Granny, father will soon come home to you, but I'll not be here to see him. Don't cry, granny, I'll soon see the

Sacred Heart an' the Blessed Mother, wont I ? An' I'll not forget you." They together said the Memorare for the father in the convict's cell, then the prayer to the Sacred Heart for the dying. As the dawn was breaking, the sun gilding spires and house-tops, and the sparrows twittering on the eaves, with the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on his lips, poor wee Jim gave a gentle sigh and his soul passed away. A sudden flood of golden sunshine filled the room; the canary at the window burst into song, but silent, quiet, and still, but beautiful in death, lay the body of poor wee Jim. An old grief-stricken woman, with the beads clasped in her hands, rocked to and fro in silent agony. He was gone and she was left alone. For the last time on earth had she joined in the prayer of Youth and Age with her own poor, dear wee Jim.

That prayer had "pierced the clouds, and did not depart until the Most High beheld."

In the cemetery at Milltown, a nice little plot had been purchased when Jim's mother died, "where," as old granny said in her quiet simple way, "she too hoped to rest her wearied bones when God would call her."

In this grave poor wee Jim was laid. While the funeral service was going on, many a brave little heart, under tattered news-boy's jacket, throbbed with sorrow for poor wee Jim, and many a little head was turned aside and the fast falling tears brushed quietly from the eyes with the sleeve, as they would fain hide the sorrow so deep within them.

Months had passed away and bright suns and "April showers had brought May flowers." May eve had come, and in one of the churches a priest was watching the last touches being given to the month of May altar. A feeble old woman came up to him with a pretty but old bead-basket in her hand, and offered it to him for the altar with two shillings to buy flowers. "Father dear, it's all I have, I wish it was more ; won't you take it for the love of God and His Blessed Mother ? I'll never see another May ; I'm far, far through, and soon goin' home, my long home, God be praised and merciful to us all. But I couldn't lie in bed, I've been dhram-in' so much and thinkin' about poor wee Jim. I'm very lonely now since he's gone ; an' my son that's in prison, father dear, I'll never live to see him again. Poor wee Jim ! there's the very spot

father, where we used to pray every evening for him an' the poor, sufferin' souls, but Jim's gone, Lord rest his dear wee soul, an' I'm all alone now and fast goin' too—God's holy will be done."

The tears were streaming down the face of the honest, brave-hearted, poor, old worn-out and world-beaten creature, and the priest did not wish to deprive her of her little offering, knowing how much she required the little money herself.

"Oh, father, do take it, please; the basket was poor wee Jim's and he was fond of it. He would love it, I know, to be on the Blessed Virgin's altar, even for a minute. He loved her in his wee heart, and would have given everything to her. I'm sure he's with her now. Sure every night in May he'd ask me just to let him keep the price of one paper for her, an' I couldn't refuse him, and that penny every evening he'd slip so quietly into her box at her altar."

Such pleadings could not be denied, so the basket, old and perhaps a little worn out, but filled with beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, was placed on the altar as the May gift of poor wee Jim and his grandmother.

Most likely, though poor in the eyes of the world, it was the richest and most precious gift on the altar in the sight of God and the Blessed Mother.

The priest thinking, no doubt, of the wondrous power of the prayer of St. Bernard—the Memorare—advised the old woman to continue her prayers and perhaps the answer would come before the month of May would pass away.

The old woman, comforted by these words, went away home her sick bed, alas! never again to rise from it.

The priest, moved by what he had seen and knew, wrote to honest, true Joe Biggar, M.P.—a name that shall be long revered in Belfast—describing all.

Scarcely a fortnight had passed when, one day, as he was leaving the presbytery, a man, furrowed, stooping, and grey-haired, met him. It was the father of poor wee Jim, released from the convict cell. The circumstances had so touched the heart of Mr. Forster, the then Chief Secretary for Ireland, that he at once telegraphed from London, to Mountjoy Prison to set the man free. It is a true story, although Mr. Forster's name was not then one to conjure with in Ireland.

It happened that the prisoner, on account of good conduct, was, at the time, in Lusk Prison—a prison set aside for the best-conducted in Mountjoy—when the warder told him that the governor wanted him. He grew frightened, fearing that he would lose some of the time already merited by his good conduct, and that, unknown to himself, he had committed some fault. To calm him the warder told him not to fear but to hope for the best, as through the influence of some priest, he thought he was about to get release—at least, on ticket-of-leave.

Thus it came that the “prayer of Youth and Age,” with its strong cry and many tears, through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother, had prevailed before the throne of the Most High.

Ere the June roses withered on the trees, and the new-mown hay filled the evening air with balm, poor old granny, with her son comforting her dying hour, breathed her last, and was laid in the grave with her lone-one, poor wee Jim. And so it always is, day by day, the self-same story—confident reliance on the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the intercession of His Blessed Mother, ever and ever repaid more than a hundred-fold.

To-night, as the rain patters down on the grass-grown grave of poor wee Jim and his granny, the roll of cars, the surge and roar of the world, and, alas, maybe, too, the bitter, blighting curse and frantic scream of well-nigh despairing castaways, beat against the tabernacle door where Jesus waits, and where the pure, chaste statute of the Virgin Mother looks down upon those who kneel and pray before the altar—as poor wee Jim and his granny did in the days gone by.

Let us hope and fondly trust that the quiet visits made and the whispering, heartfelt prayers breathed so softly, when the sweet shadows fall and the lamps burn so steadily and brightly before the altar, may bring grace and comfort to many a distracted weary heart, and teach us all to draw a lasting lesson from “the prayer of Youth and Age,” the loving confidence in the Sacred Heart and Blessed Mother, as shown by the grand and good old grandmother and poor wee Jim.

PITY IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."



HE play "Julius Cæsar" arouses within us sentiments of pity of varying degrees of intensity. At one time commiseration for the anxious cares and solitudes of Portia and Calpurnia, wives respectively of the murderer and the murdered, and sorrow at the death of young Cato, move our feelings. Then the sympathy one cannot refrain from extending to the poor weary Lucius, the boy-servant of Brutus, sleeping over his instrument, touches a tender chord in every heart. Again, deep feelings of pity towards Cæsar are excited within us by the speech of Brutus, by Antony's address to Cæsar's mangled body, and above all by that mighty triumph of oratorical skill—Anthony's speech in Cæsar's funeral.

The only two women of the play are models of husband-loving wives. Calpurnia, relying upon the auguries and her own dreams, forbids Caesar to go to the Senate house. On her knees she begs him not to go forth :

" Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence !
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this."

All reasons are exhausted, and Caesar has yielded ; but a friend of darkness, a conspirator is in the way, and the triumphant wife must yield in her turn. Poor Calpurnia ! how truly will her dreams and expectations be realized !

Portia, the other type of woman found in the play, suffers at seeing her marriage bonds not taken heed of, and at not being the partaker of the secrets of Brutus. Her "once commended beauty," and "that great vow which did incorporate and made her and Brutus one," should be strong arguments. She, like Calpurnia, wins over her husband, but this is to be a source of sorrow to her. We pity her most in her excitement for the issue of Brutus' affair :

“ Ah me, how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is !—O Brutus,
 The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
 Sure the boy heard me,—Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant.—O I grow faint
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
 Say I am merry : come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.”

We involuntarily pity a woman in distress, but a woman like Portia, we both admire and pity.

Cato's courage and death provokes in our heart admiration for his manliness, but also pity at seeing that manliness rewarded by death. What a brave self-devoting man he is, that young Cato !

“ Who will go with me ?
 I will proclaim my name about the field ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !”

Well does he deserve the pitiful eulogium of Lucilius :

“ O young and noble Cato art thou down ?
 Why now thou diest as bravely as Titinius
 And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.”

Secene 3 of Act 2, may be called the best in the play. The servant boy Lucius and the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus are so pictured as to provoke the greatest sympathy for both :

Brutus—“ What thou speak'st drowsily :
 Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er watched.
 Look, Lucius, here is the book I sought for so ;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.”

Lucius—I was sure your lordship did not give it to me.

Brutus—Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.”

What a world of noble traits ! The compassion of Brutus for his “ o'er-watched boy,” his discovering the book, and his begging pardon of Lucius ! What man was ever more loving towards his servants ? Brutus commands not, he prays ;

“ Canst thou hold thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Lucius—Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus—It does, my boy :
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius—It is my duty, sir.

Brutus—I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest."

What a charming dialogue ! The master asking, not commanding, the servant to please him, and the latter deeming it a duty to do so even till death. Words fail to render the sentiments experienced during this short scene. We do not know whom to prefer, Brutus or Lucius, both are so worth of our sympathy. Once more the good nature of Brutus is set forth in this scene :

" I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

(*Lucius plays and sings till he falls asleep.*)

Brutus—This is a sleepy time. O murderous slumber
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee ;
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night."

It is impossible to remain unmoved in presence of the spectacle of Lucius nodding over his instrument and Brutus anxiously watching him. "Oh what a dear little fellow Lucius is ! So gentle, so dutiful, so loving, so thoughtful and careful for his master," and yet himself no more conscious of his virtue than a flower of its fragrance. His falling asleep in the midst of his song and his exclaiming, on being aroused, "the strings, my lord, are false," are so good that I cannot speak of them with justice.

Brutus' speech to the crowd is an instance of pity awakened by the sentiment of obligatory duty in an assassin :

" As Cæsar loved me, I *weep* for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is *tears* for his love ; joy for his valor ; and death for his ambition."

What a grand spectacle ! A murderer lamenting over the fate of his victim ! What a noble heart must Brutus possess, to regret the dead and yet to be heart at ease at the sight of the bloody corpse ! There is a mixture of attractive and heart-clutching qualities of this assassin.

The character in the play to which our hearts go out in pity, is undoubtedly Cæsar. To see the grand and powerful hero lying dead at his enemies feet, sends a thrill to the very depths of our

souls. Antony presents himself as the defender of the fallen man ; he unveils his sentiments even before the assassins :

“ O mighty Cæsar ! doest thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ?
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O 'tis true :
 If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
 Most noble !—In the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thy enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
 O world, thou was the forest to this hart ;
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee,
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes
 Dost thou here lie.”

We might say that pity is an overwhelming mover in Antony. He speaks such piercing words, he employs such pitiful expressions before Brutus, before Cassius, before the *princely* murderers of Cæsar. His love prompts him to pity, and then pity knows no bounds.

“ O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever livèd in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.”

I represent to myself, Antony kneeling down near Cæsar, kissing each wound, wiping the tears with the bloody garment of the hero, prophesying the coming misfortune of the assassins ; at this sight :

“ My heart goes in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it comes back to me.”

Pity fills the whole speech of Antony. The orator had a quadruple aim: To show that the victim was worthy of a better fate, that his virtues should have sheltered him from the blows of misfortune, that he has well deserved of his country, and that he has or would have heaped favors of all kinds upon the citizens. This four-fold aim he attained by means of pity. The first part of the speech changes somewhat the mind of the people, the second excites them, the third fires them. And this success, I repeat, he obtains by pity. Let us take the third part of the oration as an instance:

“ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle.....
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,—
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 This was the most unkindly cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms.
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his nighly heart ;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !.....
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of *pity* ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.”

This last sentence is the most powerful of all. At first reading, this passage produces in us sentiments of pity, that gradually increase at every successive perusal. In fact, who experiences no pity upon beholding the bloody mantle of Cæsar, and who thrills not with pity at the sight of his “body marr'd with traitors”? I feel certain that Antony cannot refrain from weeping, at the conclusion of his speech. What must it have been with his hearers?

These few instances of Calpurnia, Portia, Cato, Brutus, Lucius, and Cæsar, are, I think, sufficient to illustrate that the sentiment of pity greatly prevails in "Julius Cæsar." Amongst these, the speech of Mark Antony to the people is the most perfect expression of pity to be found, perhaps, in the annals of oratory. He stands before a people inimical to his friend, and he makes them feel the "dint of pity," and moulds them as wax according to his desires. With such an orator as Antony and with such a victim as Cæsar, the play of "Julius Cæsar" is a mine of true pity.

JOSEPH GUY, '02.



ADDRESS TO THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Joy, infant saints, cropped in the tender flower !
Long is their life that die in blissful hour ;
Too long they live, that live till they be naught :
Life saved by sin is purchase dearly bought.
Your fate the pen of Angels should rehearse :
Whom spotless, death in cradle rocked asleep ;
Sweet roses mixed with lilies strewed your hearse,
Death virgin-white in martyr-red did steep.

Robert Southwell.



JAMIE'S CHRISTMAS.



JAMIE'S birthday came in the last week of the year, but as he was only one of a large family possessed of small means, his parents usually blended the event with the holy feast of Christmas, and celebrated them jointly. Thus the Christmas stocking did a double duty; besides receiving its share of Santa Claus' universal beneficence, it usually contained a number of extra gifts, accordingly as Jamie's conduct during the preceding year had been deemed worthy of reward. And these extra gifts were not few, because Jamie was a boy a little out of the ordinary in intelligence, industry, activity, obedience, and those little acts of devotion, which endear a child to its parents.

He was the pride of his father, a humble man whose occupation as a miner caused him many a pang of regret, as he thought it precluded giving Jamie the higher bringing-up that he desired for him. Happily the boy was unaware of this, and continued to grow in merit.

Thus it was that he had been promised a bounteous visit from Santa Claus on the occasion of his tenth birthday. His youthful imagination made much of these promises. He worked hard at school during the year, hoping to be able to write Santa Claus a good letter asking for the things he most desired, and thanking the genial old fellow in advance for his generosity.

But with the approach of the holiday season the mournful fact dawned upon him, that he would have to forego the delights of the Christmas stocking this year. Sometime in the latter part of the summer, his father had been hurt—hurt in the full significance of a mining accident—buried, crushed under a fall of coal, which broke his limbs, bruised and battered his poor body into utter helplessness, and left him with but a spark of life to bear his sufferings, and a mind strong enough only to realize the distress of poverty. This circumstance caused Jamie no end of bitter tears. His good mother tried to console him, but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and the more she feigned cheerfulness, the more the boy seemed to perceive their common misfortune.

His childish heart was full of sympathy for his poor father. And the latter, on his part, became more than ever attached to the boy on account of this evidence of his character.

It was hard for Jamie to contemplate the coming of Christmas without a visit from Santa Claus. It was especially hard for him when Christmas Eve finally came, and he was requested not to write to the kind old man, because "He would not have enough presents to supply all the children in the village."

However, Jamie found some excitement in perambulating the streets, watching the shoppers going in and out of the stores, and carrying all sorts and sizes of bundles. But his chief delight was to stand before the huge display windows of the toy stores and gaze on the wonderful creations in the shape of engines and cars, trumpets, singing tops, dancing men, and the hundred other things which appeal to childish curiosity.

He spent nearly the whole of the afternoon of the day before Christmas visiting the places where the most numerous stocks were shown. But he could not visit them all, and so left the largest establishment to the last. He desired to view this at night, when it would be crowded with people, and when the windows would be beautiful with decorations, and all would be ablaze with electric lights. After supper he started with his little sister for C — street, on which was located the object of his anticipation. On arriving at the place the two children took up their post in front of the window, and commenced to absorb the display. In one corner was Santa Claus, dressed up in his gorgeous furs. On his back he bore a large basket, filled with enough articles, Jamie thought, to supply all the stockings in his village with London thrown in. For a moment he wondered how the genial old soul before him could be so mean as to forget him when he had such an abundance of everything. But his wonder was only momentary. His curiosity was too excited by the brilliant display. He saw skates and sleds, toys and tools, candies fruits, nuts, everything in profusion. Maggie was attracted by the doll babies. A large one in Santa's basket, which thrust its golden head above everything else, appealed to her best sense of beauty. She was lost in admiration of it, when Jamie tugged at her hand and told her to look at something he had discovered in another corner. But she was only

half interested in what attracted him, and couldn't see it readily. Jamie thrust his little grimy finger against the window pane, and endeavored to point it out to her.

But just then he was tapped on the shoulder by one of the clerks who had come outside, and told to move away. The children, half frightened, withdrew to the edge of the sidewalk. Maggie desired to go home, but Jamie wasn't satisfied; he wished to have a longer look at the window.

However, he grew somewhat timid at the sight of two uncouth young men, who stood in the doorway, vulgarly inspecting the shoppers as they passed in and out of the store. He was afraid to advance for a while, but finally he edged his way cautiously up to the window, and was feasting his eyes again.

Soon the door opened, and Arthur White, a big, good-natured boy, whose opulence made him free-hearted, came out with several bundles.

"Hello ! Jamie," he said cheerily,—he knew Jamie well, and liked and trusted him.

"Hello, Arthur," said Jamie, in the same tone.

"Will you take these home for me ?" asked Arthur, as he placed a package under each of Jamie's arms, and put a dime in his hand.

Jamie was delighted. It was a pleasure to do a turn for Arthur at any time, but it was doubly pleasurable at that moment to earn a dime. Arthur went away to make some more purchases, and Jamie started off with the packages. Maggie went with him, but only for a short distance. Jamie, like a little man, felt the importance of his mission, and desired to execute it alone. Maggie was eager to carry one of the bundles. Jamie wouldn't have it, but Maggie insisted. Then, to relieve himself, Jamie gave her the dime, and told her to go home and wait for him. This was a compromise which satisfied Maggie, so she ran home.

Afterwards Jamie trotted off briskly with his burden. It was necessary for him to traverse a little side street, which was not very well lighted. As he turned into this, he looked behind and saw one of the young men who had stood in the shop doorway, following him. He increased his pace a little, and soon came near Arthur's home. After going a few yards, he looked around again

and beheld the young man almost at his heels. He thought of running the rest of the way, but, in another instant, quick as a flash, the larger bundle was snatched away from him, and upon turning round, he saw his pursuer making off with it.

Jamie's heart swelled into his throat. The thought of losing the package filled him with inexpressible sadness, and this, combined with the fear of the situation, almost paralyzed him. What was he to do? The only thing he could do, he did do, and that was to run home as fast as he was able and relate the occurrence to his mother.

The poor woman was distracted by the news. She could not conceal her agitation. Maggie burst into tears, and reproached Jamie for not having permitted her to carry one of the parcels. She gave him back the dime, declaring she would share none of it. When Jamie saw the misery that his misfortune had caused, he thought he could never be forgiven. His unhappiness was productive of nothing but tears, and these he shed in abundance. At sight of his grief, his mother saw that she must hide her own. Besides, some sort of explanation was necessary to Arthur, which it would be best to make at once. This sad duty the good woman took upon herself.

After learning from the two children all the circumstances of the reception of the packages, and the subsequent details of the stealing from Jamie himself, she took the other bundle and set out for Arthur's home. On arriving there, she found that Arthur had not yet returned. She called his mother and related the theft to her, at the same time giving her the package that she had brought.

Arthur's mother received it with obvious thanklessness, and accepted the story with a great deal of hesitation and incredulity. She did not know Jamie nor his mother, and thought of them only with that feeling of disdain and distrust that the supercilious rich entertain for the humble poor, and which they are often too anxious to display.

"A fit punishment for Arthur's imprudence," she said, sarcastically, as she took the package. Then, as if laying all the blame on Arthur, she added : "He is always too generous."

"Oh, do not say that, Mrs. White," said Jamie's mother, full

of feeling "He is not too generous, and not mistaken in his generosity, I assure you; for Jamie is honest."

"As all are honest nowadays who look out for themselves first," remarked the woman, with an air of philosophical penetration.

"Do you suppose my child, at ten years of age, is capable of comprehending and practising your sophistries?" asked Jamie's mother with quiet dignity.

"Perhaps not the child, but others for him," said the woman, with a look that was turning into scorn.

Jamie's mother was completely taken aback by this heartless insinuation. For a few moments her mind was swayed by alternate passions of rebuke and contempt. But, mastering her inclinations, she replied with trembling voice :

"Your cruel insult shows that you do not believe what I have told you. I would to God it were not true. Then I would not have to bear your scorn, and Jamie would not be branded as a thief."

Her voice was choking with emotion, so that she could say no more. With a heavy heart she left the house.

When she arrived home, Jamie and Maggie were still lamenting the unhappy night. The poor father, who was just convalescent from his injuries, had endeavored to console them by making little of the loss and by holding out a prospect of forgiveness. But his face could not show a tranquility and cheerfulness that his heart did not feel, and his efforts were of little avail. However, the mother succeeded in quieting the children, and their wearied natures soon found repose in sleep.

When they awoke again it was Christmas Day. Jamie's first thought was to run to the chimney-place, where he was wont, in former years, to hang his stocking, in the hope that Santa Claus might, after all, have left something there. But he found nothing. Tears glistened in his eyes, already red from weeping. He seemed to realize at that moment, for the first time, the privations of poverty.

His mother, however, took him to her side, and told him the story of the first Christmas Day in Bethlehem. She dwelt on the omnipotence of God, on His power to command all the comforts and luxuries of the world, and on how His birth might have been

attended, had he so wished it, by all the pomp of kings. "But instead of this," said she, "the infant Saviour choose to come into the world amidst the most abject wretchedness. He afflicted His blessed parents with poverty in order that He Himself might be surrounded with poverty. Then in a lowly stable, which afforded nothing but the merest shelter, while the riotous world without was reveling in its nightly feasts, Jesus, the Redeemer of Mankind, was born.

"The Blessed Virgin had scarcely the wherewith to clothe Him; and St. Joseph was perplexed as to how he was to provide food for the Holy Family. But God supplied their needs.

"Thus the infant Jesus grew to manhood. He lived each day, proclaiming the kingdom of Heaven, and the duties of man to God, and having no more of food or raiment than was required from day to day."

"God always looks after the poor," she concluded; "We are poor, and He will not forget us."

The powerful lesson of Christ's humble birth was not lost upon Jamie's heart. Indeed, owing to the way in which it was narrated, it could not have been lost upon anyone whose heart was susceptible to tender feelings. The good woman, at that moment, felt a sadness such as she had never experienced before. Her interview with Mrs. White had disturbed the smooth current of her thoughts, and caused her to reflect on the consequences of Jamie's misfortune.

It was evident that Jamie's reputation for trustworthiness would suffer in Arthur's estimation, when the latter should learn his mother's biassed opinion of the stealing. If the fiend that stole the package were known, it might be recovered, and this dire effect prevented. But such was beyond hope. Jamie had never seen the thief before that night nor since, and did not know whether he belonged to the village or not.

It was this thought that depressed his mother. Her imagination pictured Jamie moving among his companions, deserted, shunned, taunted as a thief. She fancied, she saw him always downcast, cheerless and alone; she saw the ruddy sign of health fade from his check, and a sickening pallor take its place; she saw him return home only to cry, and vow that he would not go out

among the boys any more ; she saw his life blasted, when it should be innocent and joyous. And all through no sin of his.

In the bitterness of this revery, while her heart quivered with emotion, she began to pray—her Christmas prayer—that God might save her child from this awful fate.

Happily for Jamie, his childish nature saved him from the painful reflections that afflicted his mother. When Christmas Day was passed, and when the last week of the year was drawing to a close, the incident of the stolen package had slightly faded from his memory. But he could not forget it entirely, because his mother reminded him of it from time to time.

However, on New Year's Eve, the thought was crowded out of mind altogether, at least for the time being, by the anticipation of the raggamuffin parades, and by the universal excitement of ringing the old year out and the new year in. The parades were always a source of unbounded amusement. The fantastic costumes of the marchers, the bands of music, the blazing torches, the funny antics and badinage of the clowns, attracted everybody to the streets.

Jamie and Maggie went, as usual, after supper, to see these amusing spectacles. Club after club, representing various trades and professions, passed in review. When the last one in line faded from sight, the children turned towards home.

But the sound of trumpets in the distance announced that all was not yet over. Soon other paraders came into view—an organization of young men dressed as knight errants, mounted on horses, with lances and shields, and all the trappings of chivalry. The trumpeters marched on foot in advance, and kept up a constant din. They traversed the whole length of the village street, attracting the admiration of all the bystanders. In the counter-march to their headquarters, the trumpeters were more tumultuous than ever. One of them was particularly conspicuous, both by the extent of his uproar, and by the attractiveness of his horn. This was a long cone-shaped instrument, drawn out into a large bell. It was decorated with ribbons, the colors of the organization, and a little silk banner, bearing in crude letters, the club's name. It sounded so loud that it could be heard above all the others.

Jamie was so enchanted by the dazzling sight that he followed the trumpeters along the street. He had not gone far, however, when he saw Arthur White spring from the sidewalk into the street, grapple with the conspicuous trumpeter, and endeavor to wrest the horn from him. The latter was stronger than Arthur, and pushed him off. He returned to the attack, and continued his efforts, at the same time calling for assistance, and declaring that the trumpet was his, and that the man was a thief. When Jamie drew close to the disputants, he recognized in the gaudy trumpeter, the man who had pursued him on Christmas Eve.

"Arthur," he shouted, "That's the man who stole your package from me."

"Yes," replied Arthur in a loud voice, pointing to the trumpet, "and that's what was in the package."

On hearing Jamie's accusation, the young man's countenance flushed. He threw down the trumpet, and attempted to escape. But several strong hands seized him, and compelled him, by threats of physical retribution, to confess his cowardly theft before the whole crowd. Afterwards he was permitted to depart, amidst the reproaches of his associates and the contempt of the onlookers.

Thus was the stolen package recovered and Jamie vindicated. He could not reach home quick enough to tell his mother what had happened. When he did get home, he had not the pleasure of breaking the news, for Maggie had outdistanced him. However, he was none the less delighted.

But his gratification was only a shadow of the joy that filled his mother's heart, when she reflected on the stinging rebuke that the outcome would inflict upon Mrs. White's pride and malignancy. She whispered a prayer of thanksgiving, and praised the unerring justice of God.

D. MCTIGHE,
Third Form.

“THE CONVENT BOY”

(FROM THE MISSIONARY RECORD O.M.I.)



HE was only a native, a raw Kafir from the wilds of the Xesibi country. Three years ago he wore his blanket, the raw hide of the sheep or buck, and stained his flesh with red clay, trembled at the rattle of Umtakati's charms. And now ! well now he is in the “Rest land” away from all that disturbs, another example of the wonderful ways of God. Rest John ! and wear your crown ; you wont have to scare the birds any more from the amabele, or kraal the cattle at night ; no more need for the “Knobkerry” or assegai, your enemy cannot touch you in the “Rest land.” What a change in a few hours from the heathen's kraal to the Christian's home !

We called him John, but in town he was known as the “Convent Boy.” We miss him so much, he had grown so used to his ways, and all the day long some one seemed to be calling him. The place is lonely since he left ; there is something wanting, we often listen for it in vain ; it never comes back for it is the voice of the Kafir boy.

Poor John ! you were a faithful servant ; and the Sisters miss you sadly ! There is no big strong man now to cradle the little child, or carry it at night over the rough dark road, no one to count the cattle or put the fowl to roost. “You know, Sister, I was once a very stupid boy, but now I know my work.” Oh ! yes ! you know more than any of us now, and you have got an eternity in which to thank God for the light he sent to the Xesibi boy !

John was working nearly three years for the Nuns. He was always busy, never a moment idle, to-day he would help the mason and the next day he would plant the garden, or paint the doors for the Lady Superioress. A day came—alas ! it is ever thus—when the Kafir boy was missing.

“Gone ! and there is not a gleam of you,
Faces that float into far away ;
Gone ! and we can only dream of you,
Each as you fade like a star away.”

We found him in his "hut" with a "lapy" around his forehead, and fever in his eyes. His head was aching, his heart was throbbing violently and the Kafir boy was struggling for breath. Pneumonia, the scourge of white and black, was calling John to the "Star-land."

The native sleeps on the cold hard floor, with nothing under him but a rush mat and a cotton blanket, and it is thus that he sows in youth, the seeds of this terrible disease, which so often in early life drags him to an untimely grave. A kind friend lent his covered carriage, the gift of the Pondo chief, to take John to the hospital. His eyes became deadly brilliant and his parched lips were begging for his native beer. "U'Tyula! tyula!! tyula!!!" He grew weaker and weaker, He wanted to know why the bells were ringing in the night. Strange, how many dream of bells when dying: Is it the Passing bell that haunts them?

"Or is it a spirit's wail?
Solemnly, mournfully,
Sad—and how lornfully!
Ding dong dell!
Whence is it? who can tell?"

Kafir news is shouted from hill to hill, and, in this way, information is carried over miles of country, in the space of a few hours. I was not surprised when John's heathen parents arrived from his far off Kraal, the day after we brought him to the hospital. "They had heard that their boy was ill and they had brought a sledge to remove him to his home." I told them John was dying; his only chance was rest, the least movement or change of temperature meant instant death for the poor sufferer. They would not listen to reason; he was their boy, and they must have him. Their "Umrakati" would have an ox killed and the blood would be sprinkled over the hut and the sick boy, and with a sharpened stick he would make incisions in different parts of John's body, and he would take his medicine from the horn of an antelope and put it into the holes which he had made and the evil spirits would have to leave his boy. After long persuasion, I prevailed on them to leave him a few days longer. John also begged for rest and so we kept him. Poor boy! he was only human, no wonder if the ruling passion was strong in death. The Kafir loves money, loves it in his raw state more than God, and John was still

a heathen. He was wondering if he would get his wages for the time he had been sick in bed. Ah ! yes John, and your reward will be very great. His days were numbered soon and he would roam the Phantom land for ever. But we must not lose our faithful John. No ! no ! the "convent boy" must die a Christian.

What a strange feeling takes possession of one when the time is short to do the work that lasts for ever. When souls are going up to God, and bodies about to be laid in the dust. Now so near the waters of Baptism ; and to-morrow ! Well John's to-morrow never came. Nuns were now offering up novenas, begging the mercy of heaven, the grace of Baptism for the dying pagan. Day after day, they visited the poor invalid, spoke to him, prayed with him, consoled him. I sent a Basuto boy, "Harry," to read parts of our "Ikatekism" in his own language for the sick boy. We both used to go up together to instruct him. When first we spoke to him about being baptized he hesitated, but in a short time he consented and begged to be made a Christian. After the baptism he seemed to be thinking constantly of God. "Harry," when I am well you must look after me, and take me to church with you. Yes ! it is true I must think of heaven now. Jesus, mercy ! We taught him how to make the sign of the cross, and he would ask the nurse at night for the little bottle of holy water that he might bless himself. The doctor ordered him stimulants, and one night he whispered : "Is it not wrong to drink whiskey ? You know I am a Christian now."

He was most attentive during the anointing, following the prayers that were read for him in his native language. He promised to pray for all of us when he got to Heaven. He was fast hurrying away from the "night land," to the cloudless and shadowless bright-land. I gave him the last absolution at 10 p.m. on Saturday night. The fan which the sisters had given him and which he had used to the last, in a vain endeavour to keep away the fever, dropped from the poor black hand and lay broken on the bed.

Alas ! alas !
How soon to pass !
And oh ! we go
So far away,

At 10:30 p.m. the nurse came to say that "the Convent boy" was dead, dead with the sign of the cross on his forehead.

Next morning I helped to place him in the coffin. The nuns and Catholics attended the funeral; John's own friends, native boys, carrying his remains to the grave.

I buried him on a Sunday morning under the shade of his native "Black Wattle" in St. Patrick's Cemetery, Kodstad.

When strangers visit God's acre, the children lead them to one certain plot and whisper: "John, the Sister's boy is sleeping there." *Requiescat in pace!*

F. H. HOWLETT, O.M.I.

Kodstad, October, 1899.

Lapy :—Dutch for any kind of small cloth, linen, etc.

Xesibi :—A certain tribe.

Umtakati :—Witch doctor.

Amabele :—Kafir doctor.

Knobkerry :—A strong short stick with knob.

Assegai :—Kind of spear.

Ikatekisma :—Catechism.

Kraal :—Place for cattle, Kafir huts, etc.

U'Tyula :—Kafir beer.

Raw Kafir :—Wild Kafir, green, etc.



FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.



READERS of THE REVIEW will, we deem, be delighted to get some special information from the scene of hostilities in South Africa. This account is especially interesting to us, not only because it gives details not ordinarily contained in meagre newspaper dispatches, but moreover, because it comes from the Rev. Father Schang, O.M.I., who, only a short year ago, was numbered amongst our professors. Most probably, Father Shang is now at the front, right in the thick of the fight, as it was his intention to accompany the Canadian contingent, as chaplain, upon their arrival in Natal. His five or six years' residence in the Dominion led him to esteem very highly the people of this country, so we may feel assured that, even on this account, he will now, if possible, be doubly zealous in bringing relief, comfort and consolation to the Canadian soldiers in their hours of sadness and suffering, far away from home. Here is what Father Schang says ; his letter was addressed to some friends in Ottawa :

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL,

October 29th, 1899.

Here I am stopping for the present, but not through my own fault ; it is because I cannot continue my journey to the Transvaal on account of the war. I arrived at Durban on Thursday morning, the 27th inst., just a month after my departure from London. We should have got into port two days sooner, but wind and sea united their forces to keep us back. The entrance to the harbor is so difficult that we were obliged to wait outside over Wednesday night, and were not landed until half-past eight next morning. Two of the Oblate Fathers were at the wharf awaiting our arrival. One of them happened to be an old friend of mine from very near home. My coming was an especial joy to him, as I brought him news from his mother.

The city of Durban is, indeed, very pretty. As far as scenery is concerned, I have never witnessed anything to surpass its situation. It extends from a valley over the side of a neighboring mountain. The plan of the city is as modern as are the arc-lights

that illuminate its streets. The houses are hidden by the thick foliage of trees, in whose branches you can see the funny antics of monkeys, parrots and other animals.

In Durban there is a church, which, though handsome, is not to be compared with some of those in Ottawa. There are, moreover, an Indian church and a residence of the Oblate Fathers. The promenades and parks, and especially the boulevard along the sea, are very handsome.

On the day after my arrival, I went to visit the Sisters' convent, which building certainly surpasses anything of its kind in South Africa. Its situation could not be surpassed for a commanding view. From its windows, you can see the whole city, the harbor, and, farther out, the great rolling sea. Its garden is very pretty, with its palms and other trees, which afford a pleasant shade.

Quite near the convent, is the Catholic Orphans' Home and the Sanatorium. In the latter institution, I met some sisters from Toronto and Quebec. As a matter of course, we talked a great deal about dear old Canada. One of these sisters is a cousin to Mrs. Tassé of Ottawa.

On the day following my visit to the convent, I accompanied the Right Rev. Mr. Jolivet to Pietermaritzburg, where I have remained since. As we sped along through the country from one city to the other, we saw large fields of bananas and other warm-country fruits. Before reaching Pietermaritzburg, the train has to climb a mountain range to the height of 2,500 feet above the sea-level. The view, as the cars twist and mount past rocky peaks and yawning gorges, is indeed magnificent. Even the scenery of Switzerland cannot surpass it, unless by the addition of snow and forest. When we stopped at Pinetown, we met a train bringing wounded soldiers and some captive Boers.

As far as beauty is concerned, the town of Pietermaritzburg cannot compare with Durban ; its surroundings, however, especially the mountains, are very picturesque. Here, the Right Rev. Bishop has his residence, and the little church serves as his cathedral. The latter building is very plain, for the Catholics down here are, by no means, rich. The school numbers on its register, about eighty boys. Even Latin, Greek and the usual

accompaniments of these branches, are taught. I am initiating some of the boys into the mysteries of Cæsar, which work takes a good part of my time.

You can hardly imagine how you would feel upon seeing the first native African in his original costume. I can assure you that these Africans do not expend very much money on clothing, even those living in cities or towns. Outside, in the country, they expend still less, which state of affairs, judging from what I have witnessed here and in Durban, must reduce the clothier's bill to somewhere near zero. About the cheapest outfit I saw, so far, was a sack with three holes in it ; one for the head and two for the arms. Some natives, however, especially the women, wear a white dress, European style, but insist upon going barefoot. You may take it for granted that they would look a great deal better in their native rags.

The policemen form a class of oddities, especially worthy of notice. They are blacks of course, and wear no shoes, deeming such appendages useless. They make up for this want, however, by having their feet and legs polished.

Negroes, or rather Kafirs, act as coachmen, but dispense with horses, and draw the light carriages themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that they can run at least as fast as most hackmen's nags. When dressed up they look certainly more ridiculous than picturesque. Some wear cows' horns on their heads and all of them have bracelets of gold or copper on their arms and legs. Moreover, to complete their disfigurement, they display rings or feathers in their noses and ears. In a word, these black fellows' holiday outfit shows the greatest variety imaginable.

The Kafirs always lighten their labor by the accompaniment of song. They sing even their prayers, the rosary for example. This is a custom that I very much admire.

We have spring here now, and, although the roses are blooming and the trees and shrubs but greenening, still the oranges, bananas and some other fruits are ripe. The weather is quite warm, something like that of June or July in Ottawa. Generally, in summer, that is to say, during January and February, the mercury goes up to a hundred degrees in the shade. But, let us

turn a moment to something far more serious, and certainly more interesting to you in Canada.

I am in charge of the hospital here in Pietermaritzburg, and so have a good opportunity of witnessing the heart-rending results of war. The poor wounded soldiers are in a terrible condition; the sight of them would draw pity from the hardest heart. About one-third of them have been shot in the left arm, one-half below the chest, and the remainder in the parts above. All of them are young men, a short time ago, full of life and hope, but now. I found among the Boer prisoners here, ten Germans; all are wounded and present a pitiable spectacle. Even in this town, you may hear every day the soldier rifle-shots that bring captive spies to death.

It cannot be denied that the English are getting shamefully beaten. Nevertheless, they report it as a victory when they retreat leaving their wounded and dying behind. Don't believe everything you see in the papers, for, really, matters are looking very gloomy here at present. The English Commander-in-chief, General Symons, has been killed, and two British regiments are prisoners, although the papers say nothing about it.

The Boers are now about a hundred miles off; if no help arrives within eight days, they will be here. In case this happens, I suppose our fate will be similar to that of Kimberley and Dundee. These towns have been almost destroyed by the Boers. The blow is a heavy one to the Catholics, as the church, schools and houses there, are, at present, a heap of ruins. Martial law has been proclaimed here in Pietermaritzburg, and, as the Government has taken possession of the railway for three days, nobody is allowed to go to the depot during that time. In Durban there are 400 captive Boers; here there are about 100. Supposing the Boers defeat the English to-day, then it is almost sure that there will be a great battle near Ladysmith, and what may follow we cannot surmise. This is the news brought by one of our Fathers, who came back and left again during last night.

Most of the Oblate Fathers are with the troops, and it is to be hoped that I, too, shall soon leave for the front. As soon as the Canadian contingent arrives here, I shall take charge of them, and follow them everywhere.

May the English be victorious ; otherwise our missions in the Transvaal are lost—and some others too. If I get killed you will be notified of my death. At any rate, I am not at all afraid. Please remember me in your prayers, and do not let me wait too long for news. If I could get some copies of the UNIVERSITY REVIEW I would be delighted. I shall try to send you a more interesting letter next time.

Wishing you all a merry, holy and blessed Christmas and a happy New Year, and extending these, my good wishes, from young to old, from known to unknown,

I remain, yours very truly,

JAMES SCHANG, O.M.I.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIV, NO. 4.

DECEMBER, 1899.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 4.

OUR YULETIDE GREETING.

Once more the grace-laden season of light and joy, the gladdest gem in the annual crown of Christian festivals, is about to mirror, deep in each toiling pilgrim's heart, a serene ray of its heavenly gladness; once more the "throbbing bells" are ready to peal out at midnight their merriest clarions; once more a hundred thousand earthly voices are preparing to join their happiest notes with the rapturous music of heavenly millions in harmonious tribute to Bethlehem's Baby King. The good man rejoices because his long-promised palm of victory is now in sight; the sinner is glad because a universal invitation to the mercy-seat of pardon has gone forth. In a word, how could there be found amongst us a place for sadness, when the very source of life eternal is at our doors? In the mild glimmer of the crib-light, every Christian has recalled to him his dignity as a brother of the Child-God, and is

happy with a great gladness. Yes, even from the peep of sunrise to the utmost limits of the western sky, let the heavens rejoice and let the earth exult before the face of the Lord, because He, our own Emmanuel, is come. Hearty words of gratitude, merry words of greeting, winsome words of renewed friendship, divine words of peace and good will, are, at this beloved season, wafted over plains and mountains and lakes and mighty oceans, as well upon the wintry blasts of northern climes, as upon the summer zephyrs of southern lands, until the whole round earth is encircled by the chain of mutual compliments, for this is Christmas,—glorious Christmas, the holy night, the blessed day, of universal love and jubilation. Where is the heart so cold that it burns not in the celestial glow of Christmas happiness? Where is the bosom that throbs not more quickly under the strong impulse of Christmas generosity and emotion? Where is the Christian soul, be it young or old, be it that of the college-boy, or that of the strong man, or yet that of the hoary sire, which, on this day of days, enters not into holiest sympathy with the poor, the suffering and the forlorn? Animated, then, by a truly Christian spirit, we join our little word with the rich abundance comprised in this universal exchange of greetings, thanksgivings, sympathy and prayer, and, in true sincerity of heart, we extend to all our readers, our best wishes for a holy, happy and merry Christmas, followed by a blessed prosperous New Year.

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FATHER FINN.

This month, THE REVIEW considers itself highly privileged in being able, through the esteemed courtesy of Messrs. Benziger Brothers, the well known Catholic publishers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, to place before its readers an excellent portrait of the distinguished Jesuit novelist, the Rev. Francis J. Finn. We deem this portrait a very fitting accompaniment to the learned and exhaustive article on Father Finn from the able pen of Mr. Maurice Casey. Both by ourselves and by our brother journalists throughout the country, Mr. Casey's contributions have always been recognized as the literary masterpieces of our magazine.

Indeed, we may safely say that they stand unsurpassed by nay similar compositions in far more pretentious publications. Nevertheless, both in the opinion of Mr. Casey himself, and in our own estimation, the present article excels all his previous efforts of a similar kind. We earnestly recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers, for, certainly, never before has the good work being done by Father Finn received a more just appreciation. We ourselves have always looked upon Father Finn as a veritable godsend in the sphere of boy-literature; we have always regarded him as a master power in the delineation of boy characters, but never was his real genuine worth properly brought home to us until we had read Mr. Casey's article. With such a genius as Father Finn laboring in the field of literature, we cannot understand why our Catholic boys should go on spoiling their good taste and staining the baptismal whiteness of their youthful souls, by the continual perusal of those trashy, slimy, sewer-smelling, prison-begotten productions, commonly designated by the name of dime-novels. We heartily join with Mr. Casey in proclaiming it a duty incumbent upon Catholic parents, to place in the hands of their boys, the stories written by this illustrious Jesuit. Moreover, we extend to Messrs. Benziger Brothers our sincerest thanks for the facilities they have afforded us in the preparation of this article on Father Finn, and for the beautiful engraving they so kindly sent us.

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A CRYING ABUSE.

At this season, during the past few years, it was noticed, with a great deal of concern, by the University Faculty, that an abuse was gradually appearing in connection with the Christmas vacation. It was remarked that some boys who had been home for the holidays, failed to come back in time to begin work with the others. Now this state of affairs, were it permitted to continue, would do a downright injustice to the University, to the professors individually, to the students' parents, and, especially, to the students themselves. In fact, it was one of the strongest objections which, being foreseen, was urged against the allowing of a Christmas vacation, when that question was under consideration by the

Faculty. If a boy come back late, he necessarily finds himself behind the others of his class, and, in nine cases out of ten, he lags behind until the following June. In a word, he remains a veritable affliction to his professors, to his classmates and to himself. The Faculty has decided that no such abuse shall exist in future, otherwise Christmas vacation must soon become merely a pleasant remembrance of the past. Consequently, this winter, all students that have been home for the Christmas holidays, must be back in the University on Monday, January 8th, so that all together may begin class on Tuesday morning, the 9th. Any student, failing to comply with this regulation, will not be re-admitted to the University.



Of Local Interest.

The students of the philosophical course have reorganized the St. Thomas Academy, and have selected the following officers: President, M. A. Foley; Vice-president, P. J. Galvin; Secretary, T. G. Morin; Councillors, Messrs. Breen and Meehan. Rev. Dr. Lacoste will assume the direction of the society's meetings, which are modelled after those of the famous academy of St. Thomas at Rome. The Reverend Director is the only member of that body of illustrious philosophers on the American continent. This fact would alone secure the success of the society. A series of discussions on philosophical subjects will be held weekly, commencing after the Xmas holidays.

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Since our last issue, the Scientific Society has held two very interesting and instructive *séances*. Both were largely attended, and the society's orchestra brought forth many congratulations from the audience. On Nov. 28th, "Hydrogen and Oxygen" was the subject of a paper read by Mr. Jas. Hanley. He treated each of these separately and then together. Mr. Herwig illustrated the lecturer's remarks by experiments with both gasses. The society's quartette rendered a selection in a very pleasing

manner, and responded to an encore. Mr. Williams also gave a humorous recitation which received well deserved applause.

On December 13th, Mr. M. J. O'Connell treated the "Digestive system" in an essay, which showed careful preparation and thorough knowledge of the subject. As at the previous meetings, the orchestra rendered several pieces in a most pleasing manner, and was supplemented by Mr. Morin in a declamation.

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On the fifteenth of last March, the first shovelfull of earth was taken out for the foundation of the new Science building, and on the twenty-ninth of November the last stone was placed in position. The building is now in the hands of the plumbers and painters, who will continue work all during the winter. The Science Hall will be ready for occupancy next September, and will be completely equipped by that time. A more detailed description of the Science Hall may be given in the columns of the REVIEW at some future date.

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The Senior Debating Society is to be congratulated on the re-acceptance of its directorship by Rev. Father Patton. At the first debate, held December 10th, the good influence exerted by him was already noticeable. Quite a large number of speakers from the house were heard on the following question, "Resolved that the liberty of the press is preferable to censorship." Messrs. J. O'Gorman and J. Burke presented, in a very able manner, the benefits of liberty; while M. A. Foley and R. J. Devlin upheld the cause of censorship. The debate was very spirited and well argued. The decision of the Judges favored the negative.

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The French students have also reorganized their debating society, and elected the following officers: Director, Rev. Father Gladu; President, Mr. C. Langlois; Vice-president, Mr. U. Valiquette; Secretary, Mr. H. Richards; Committee, Messrs. R. Lapointe, G. Garand, and F. Coupal. A glance at the names will show that the society has done very well in selecting officials, and a most interesting series of discussions will be prepared.

The University choir continues to uphold its reputation as one of the best trained bodies of singers in Ottawa. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Etienne, Secretary to Mgr. Falconio, assisted by Rev. Brother Roy and Rev. Brother Fallon as deacon and sub-deacon. The choir, under the leadership of Rev. Brother Fortier, rendered the *Kyrie*, *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* of Lahache's Mass, in a most artistic style. In the afternoon Mgr. Falconio officiated at solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The choir, as in the morning, sang splendidly; an *Ave Maria* composed by Rev. Father Gervais was heard for the first time, and is a worthy addition to the numerous musical compositions written by our Prefect of Studies.

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Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, invited the University choir to sing Vespers and Benediction on the evening of the Immaculate Conception. The parishioners were much pleased with our choir, and complimented its work very highly.

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The celebration of the forty hours devotion in the University Chapel was begun on Wednesday, December 6th, and was concluded on the feast of the Immaculate Conception by a general communion of the students.



Book Notice.

“THE CHOICE OF A COLLEGE.”—By *Charles Franklin Thwing*,
D.D., LL.D.

New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

This pamphlet, though written for Protestants only, should prove interesting and instructive also to Catholics. The heading, “men before methods,” is most suggestive; Catholic parents and students will find in it, much food for reflection. “Men before methods”; yes, assuredly. No school, college, or university, be its methods what they may, can give the state educated citizens

and Christian gentlemen, unless it has behind its methods, men of noble mould, men of lofty ideals.

The very nature of education calls imperiously for such men, —men of varied knowledge, men of character, men of principle ; in a word, many-sided men, learned, broad-minded, virtuous men.

Educators are called upon to develop the whole man ; to draw out the good that is in him, and to reduce to the minimum what evil there is in him. They have then, to do with what is noblest and grandest in creation, the intellect and the will.

To shapen, broaden, and expand the one, to strengthen, fortify and direct the other, they must ever be guided by one great principle ; a principle of paramount importance ; one that, to every other, stands in the relation of cause to effect ; a principle around which as a centre, all others must be grouped. It is the conviction that man's last end, his crowning perfection, is God. God made man for Himself ; He gave him an intellect to be perfected by truth, a will to be perfected by the good. The mind, developed, strengthened and formed by exercise proper to its spiritual nature, must, therefore, be trained to one great end, which is to be able to seek out the truth, to discern it from falsehood, to judge of men and things as they are, according to their relations with one another, and with their Creator.

God is the source of all that is true, and good and beautiful ; and man ever yearns after this triple source of perfection. Hence it is that true education, as it is attained only by the intellect and the will, unfolds the former to the benificent and many-hued rays of truth and beauty, both human and devine, and directs the latter in its tendency towards the good, both natural and supernatural. God, therefore, the essence, and the Author of all that is real and lovely, and consoling in creation, must be presented to the mind in His true relation to mankind, that is to say, as man's Creator and as his kind Father. To present things then as they are to the youthful intelligence, to unveil them in their various forms and conditions, to show the relations existing between them and their Maker, is the glorious, God-given work of every one charged with the moral and intellectual formation of the young.

We often say that education is a preparation for the battle of life. We are often deceived however about the real battle ; we are

not infrequently carried away with futile considerations of mere skirmishes that are hardly incidental to the real strife of the future. To fight life's battle well is to do good, and to avoid evil. Now to do good and to avoid evil is to accomplish God's will. God's divine law is the expression of His adorable will; the infallible interpreter of that law is our Mother the Church. If we obey her command, we perform all the good, God desires of us, and we thereby shun evil. Without this obedience, all is naught for the real and ultimate perfection of the human soul.

True obedience to the law is impossible without a full knowledge of said law. Now this true, sure, and entire knowledge, Holy Church alone can give us. Her children, consequently, and hers alone, are properly endowed, are fully gifted with the qualifications to educate—the word *educare* being taken in its strictest meaning.

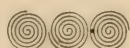
If then, by denominational colleges, the author of "The Choice of a College," understands institutions that teach or profess some divine truths, while they deny others, I am entirely in accord with him when he says, that they are now unnecessary. In fact they always were. If he designate as denominational Colleges, seats of learning, whose teaching and discipline is such as produce and as ever has produced, the truly scholarly, manly Christian gentleman, then again am I of his opinion, or rather of his conviction; but what will he say, if I call upon the history of the past thousand years to bear me out, when I declare that the Catholic Church has ever been the fruitful mother of the greatest and best educators, as well as the patron and protector of the most renowned universities of Europe. Surely when he speaks of undenominational schools he does not intend to advocate, indifferentism.

In a word, education is the perfection of man. By it man is perfected in his intellect and will. The end and object of the one is truth, of the other, good.

The Church of God and She alone is the custodian and interpreter of all that bears upon the highest truth, and upon the supremest good—God himself. Hence it is that she alone truly educates. Hence it is that, outside her fold, education, in its fullest sense, is an impossibility.

The pamphlet under consideration points out the end for which

a college should exist, as well as what it should be in order to have the confidence and goodwill of the public. As to the end of such an institution, sufficient I think has been said in this notice. The author makes some sensible remarks about that quaint institution found in almost every Catholic college, the dormitory. He, of course, treats of it as he finds it in Protestant institutions. His conclusion about it may, I think, in all safety, be ours too. Moreover, I believe we can also coincide with him in his views anent athletics in college life.



Of Local Interest.

All the students of the University took part in a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Lourdes" at Janeville, on Sunday, December 10th. The object of the pilgrimage was the enrollment of all the students in the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts. His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa, presided at the ceremony, and also, preached a very eloquent sermon on the Blessed Virgin. Father Pineault, one of the Marist Fathers in charge of the church, also preached a most effective sermon in French, on the object and aims of the Confraternity. The very Rev. Rector then read the act of consecration in the name of the students, who thereupon advanced in order and repeated a short form of the consecration before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The ceremony was concluded by pontifical benediction given by His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa.

* *

The hockey rink has been completed, and we have now but to wait until Jack Frost will cover it with ice for us. However, there is one thing about that rink which must be mentioned. The snow must be cleaned off, and strong and willing arms are needed for the work. Now every one should assist in keeping the rink in good condition, and no one should complain when asked by the rink committee to aid them.

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Last year, a considerable number of students desired to have an emblem designed. The gentlemen to whom the affair was

entrusted chose the emblem of the Athletic Association, and had quite a number of these pins made. They certainly are a work of art and not too expensive. There remain still a few of the pins and all who desire to purchase one should apply to the treasurer of the Athletic Association.

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A grand old Varsity cheer was a fitting close to the complimentary banquet tendered the Quebec Rugby Union Champions, by the University Athletic Association on Thursday evening, December 14th. The senior dining hall was prettily decorated with bunting for the occasion, and the walls were hung with photographs of past champion teams, while in the centre were two trophies, lasting tributes to the prowess of the College fifteen on the gridiron. About one hundred and seventy-five admirers of our stalwarts had gathered to do them honor, and also to do justice to the excellent spread prepared by the University cuisine. The orchestra of the Scientific Society under the leadership of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, discoursed sweet music during the banquet. These gentlemen showed a spirit truly admirable in consenting to play—and thus delay their own repast for some time.

Rev. Father Fallon presided, and on his right and left were Rev. Father Constantineau and Mr. T. G. Morin. Around the tables we noticed the following guests: Rev. Father Poli, Rev. Father McKenna, Rev. Brothers Boyer, Roy and Kirwin; Rev. Mr. Prudhomme and Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald; Messrs. Bernard Slattery, Jack Clarke, M. J. Shea, J. E. McGlade, James McGee, Joe Fahey, Ed. Murphy, R. J. McCredie and T. F. Clancy.

Father Fallon was obliged to leave early in the evening, but, before his departure we were treated to one of his famous football speeches. He complimented the team on its hard and consistent work all during the season. He told a few very amusing stories about the first Athletic Association banquet.

Father Fallon was followed by many speakers, who all warmly complimented the team on its grand work during the past season and expressed their fond hopes that the Garnet and Grey would always be the triumphant colors.

A most pleasing feature of the banquet was the willingness

with which the members of the orchestra, glee club, and other gentlemen offered their services to the various committees in charge, to make the banquet one worthy the dauntless champions of ninety-nine. Messrs. Hardiman, O'Connel and Nolan rendered vocal solos in a most pleasing manner, and Messrs. Carrière and Burns also showed great musical ability in two instrumental solos on the violin and trombone. Mr. Williams gave several recitations which were enthusiastically received. It would be ungrateful on our part to omit mentioning in a special manner Mr. John Clarke, who has for several years assisted at our banquets and helped in no small degree to make them grand successes. Besides rendering a grand vocal selection, Mr. Clarke read an original poem on the "Rough Riders," and delivered one of his now famous dialect speeches. The College team has a very staunch friend in Mr. Clarke, and we are glad to express our sincere thanks to him.

Letters of regret were read from Messrs. J. G. B. Claxton, President of the Quebec Rugby Union; E. H. Brown, Secretary of the Quebec Union; and also from Clifford Jack, Alex. McKenzie, J. McClaren, captains of the Montreal, Britannia and Brockville clubs. The sentiments expressed in these letters are grand denials to the reports that the clubs of the Quebec Rugby Union did not favor the stand taken by the College in the matter of playing off for the Canadian Championship in December.

The banquet, after a most pleasant evening, was closed by an enthusiastic Varsity cheer for the champions of ninety-nine.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

Many of our magazines seem to have realized the ideal of a Christmas issue. Yet while, we felicitate them on their varied excellence, the thought occurs to us whether anything like the phenomenal success of the secular publications, has greeted the efforts of Catholic publishers. Assuredly not. The intelligent Catholic is surprised at the circulation of the ten cent monthly, and stands mystified at the comparative few in whose homes a standard

Catholic magazine may be found, but let him consider, first of all, what he himself is doing to promote literature which has for its great object the furtherance of our faith. What about the unpaid subscriptions, or perhaps, only an occasional purchase? Appreciation expressed in a tangible way will be most effective in influencing our magazines in bringing out the productions of gifted Catholic writers, and will materially aid young writers who venture their literary efforts within the charmed circle of a Catholic publication. Otherwise these writers will have recourse to the secular journals, where every vestige of doctrine must be eliminated from their works, and the result is the loss of a power which might have accomplished much for Catholicity—Support our Catholic magazines; gladden the editor's heart with a subscription. Paste this in your hat, or make it one of your New Year's resolutions. And now what have our magazines been doing to attract their readers during this month?

*
* *

First comes the *Catholic World* resplendent in a cover of green and gold. The place of honor in this issue is assigned to the extracts from Father Elliott's *Life of Christ*, and these are handsomely illustrated with half-tones. The writer of "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado" certainly knows how to use his powers of observation, for his description of the mighty and beautiful works of nature in this gorge of Arizona, is one of the best contributions to this number. In "Ethics of Realism," Rev. T. J. Hagerty treats of the misrepresentation of religion in literature, the evil of agnostic influence and, finally, makes a strong plea for high literary standards in Catholic literature. False realism, the great bane of much that teems from our publishing houses, is pointedly treated of in this paper. The fiction for this issue has been carefully selected, and many pretty stories have been served up for Christmas fare. "A Christmas Proposal," and "The Flight of an Angel" are well plotted and retain the interest throughout.

*
* *

Under the heading, "A Century of Achievement," H. G. Bradley contributes a brilliant essay to *Donahoe's Magazine* for December, in which he reviews the progress of science and art, the triumph of democratic principles, the concentration of wealth in

individuals, the progress of the Church and other characteristics of the nineteenth century. "In the Shenandoah Valley" is an enticing bit of description, which tells of the mirth and cheer of Christmas-tide in that favorite part of Virginia. A paper of marked interest is "War Time Hospitality," which contains a soldier's tribute to the charity and kindness of the Sisters of Mercy and to the chivalry and devotion of Rev. C. Wood, of Charleston, S.C., during the Spanish-American war. "Shall Noblesse Oblige Prevail in Ireland," is a paper of particular importance and one that will powerfully appeal, at the present time, to the Irish and their descendants both in Canada and in the United States. The writer of this paper has taken up the inauguration of the Local Government Act, and around it, groups the leading events leading to the local elections, and afterwards the management of affairs which truly "exhibit a wonderful spirit of sobriety and intelligent conception of duty on the part of the new public bodies." The author suggests reforms for the betterment of trade, and urges a demand by the people for a greater control of Irish interests. The fiction of this number is immeasurably suited to the most critical lovers of good Christmas stories. "The Child that Never Grew Up" and "In His Name," are stories beautiful in pathos, delicate in sentiment, and elevating in the truths conveyed in their narration.

*
* *

In the *Ave Maria* of the 9th inst., there appears a splendid sketch of Father Gibault, the famous missionary of the Western States during the troublesome times from 1768 to 1790. W. F. Carne contributes a short article on "Washington and Masonry," wherein some light is thrown on the difference between the Continental masons and the white American and English masons. This paper has some interest in view of the gathering of members of the fraternity in Washington this month to conduct the services to be held at Mount Vernon, on the centennial of the patriot's death. It is gratifying to learn that the author of that admirable series of articles on the "Blessed Virgin Mary in the Breviary" will again be a frequent contributor during the coming year.

*
* *

With commendable zeal, Miss M. Halvey, in the December

Messenger of the Sacred Heart, traces the progress of that well known teaching community, the Congregation of the Holy Child Jesus. Considerable matter should have been more condensed, but, so many historic enumerations are here described, that credit must be given that greater digressions have not occurred in this article. The concluding paper of the series entitled "The Legendary Literature of the Middle Ages," is contributed to this issue. Could all recusants read the "Story of Katherine" and follow out its beautiful precepts there would be many happy "Father Mercers," and many remodelled lives this Christmas season. In this short contribution, Miss Hughes, the well-known Canadian writer, has deftly touched with tender pathos some edifying scenes, and shows remarkable skill in the weaving and unfolding of the plot.

* *
*

The *Sacred Heart Review* of the 9th, is an especially interesting and instructive number. The leading editorial, "Some Obstacles to Conversion" is not at all a sermon, but a pungent statement of the real claims of the Catholic Church, whose full recognition would remove a barrier for those who should accept the truth. Ignorance of doctrine, prejudice and human respect are the great obstacles which prevent many Protestants from casting aside religious opinions and associations of a lifetime, and casting in their lot with the Catholic Church. Rev. Mr. Starbuck censures Charles C. Coffin for his notorious anti-Catholic works. Other contributions are equally interesting and readable.

*
* *

A neat little stranger named *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, found its way to our *Sanctum* this month. It is a monthly devoted particularly to the young, and, in this respect, it is immeasurably ahead of some publications which claim that honor. Within its seventy pages may be found excellent contributions from all the leading writers, which renders this journal acceptable to both young and old. The good old Christmas story is not forgotten in the fiction department for "Freda's Christmas" and "An Old Christmas in the New World," are splendid contributions. In a short

article entitled "The War in the Transvaal," the writer, unconsciously perhaps, has distorted facts and disregarded any claims of the Utlanders in his defence of Kruger and the Boers. The good effect of an interesting description is lost in the concealed attempt to prejudice young readers against England. The other articles are well-written, the typography excellent, and in general, this magazine seems to satisfy the wants of parents and teachers and of those placed in care of the young.

*
* *

Acta Victoriana has such an excellent Christmas number and is, in every way, such a departure from the rank of a College journal, that it is evident that its management wish it to take order with the big magazines. But if it still lays claim to the old honor, it is establishing a bad precedent in putting forth a table of contents to which only two undergraduates contribute. A College journal is, above all, the organ of undergraduate students. To this issue some of the best writers have contributed. The place of honor is accorded to Dr. Bourinot's article entitled "The United Empire Loyalists." and here the genial Clerk of the House of Commons is at his best, in his patriotic description of those who, in 1775, seceded and repudiated connection with the American Revolutionists. Whatever opinion may be entertained of a body of men who basely deserted their fellow-countrymen in the sad hour of a nation's trial, certain it is that Canada has reason to feel proud of many of their descendants, who have achieved honorable distinction in the various walks of life. "The Relation of Universities to the National Life," by Prof. Shortt of Queen's, and a descriptive article "The Russo-Siberian Plain" are the best contributions to this issue.



Exchanges.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

Many of our exchanges have appeared in Christmas dress. The articles in some of them have received a more than usual amount of care. The Muse, it would appear, has been especially courted. From the *Niagara Index* we clip the following poem, which, for music of verse, would not be unworthy of Swinburne :

THE BOBOLINK.

Hark to the bobolink, beautiful bobolink,
 Singing a syrupy song of the south—
 Singing a song of tulips and petals pink,
 Sweet as a cherub and ripe as his mouth !
 Listen, O beautiful ! list to the bobolink,
 Singing a song of the cinnamon tree :
 Hark, O meadowlark, harken, O meadowlark,
 Why do you not sing as gaily as he ?
 Honeysweet, honeysweet, list to the bobolink
 Pouring his soul out like muscadel wine.
 Meadowsweet, meadowsweet, hark to the bobolink.
 Is he not luscious, delicious, devine?
 Beautiul bobolink, silver-tongued bobolink,
 Citron and cinnamon sweeten thy song ;
 Breathing of musk and vanilla, O bobolink,
 Sing to me, sing to me all the day long !
 Bobolink, bobolink, lighthearted bobolink,
 Thou art the Paradise Bird of the west.
 Linnet and lark, thou art both of them, bobolink,
 Surely in Heaven thou makest thy nest !

*
* *

The Western University Courant contains an able article on "The Great American," Abraham Lincoln. The writer indulges in exaggerations at times, but, on the whole, he handles very cleverly the career of "the martyr, the statesman, the forest-born liberator."

*
* *

The *Abbey Student* still preserves its high standard of excellence. It contains a large number of articles, every one of which displays the finish of experienced authorship. "The Hidden Gem" is well dealt with. The writer, after pointing out the dearth of Catholic productions in the field of dramatic writings, analyzes, somewhat in detail, Cardinal Wiseman's drama, "The Hidden Gem." His conclusion is as follows: "Such is the drama. Would there were more of its kind ! Would that there were more writers to produce good, Christian plays to replace

those that tend to poison the spiritual life of man ! But this field of Catholic literature is sadly neglected. Many zealous laborers are wanted. The above drama is a fit model for blooming, Catholic patrons of the Sophoclean buskin. The Catholic genius of the dramatic art has yet to rise. It is to be hoped that his light will soon beam from the literary heavens and that he will have many satellites."

*
* *

The preponderance of poetry on Autumn to be found in our exchanges is quite noticeable. The beauties of the good old season can never be exhausted. It is a pity, however, if poets will choose Autumn for subject, that Nature is not more variegated in its aspect. The leaves are always and everywhere brown ; the birds generally emigrate ; and " no insect's hum disturbs the day." We are told this year after year. The recurrence of Autumn poetry, with its accustomed melancholy thoughts, is like the annual appearance of Santa Claus in the show-windows of stores. It is quite natural, it may be urged, that it should be so ; but those poets must know that, at a certain period in the life of every one, the spell of "Santy" is broken.



Junior Department.

One month ago the Junior Editor was frightened into his present position, and, therefore, foresaw a year of troubles and trials to be endured at the hands of his fellow students. According to latest reports, he is still alive, and daily waxes strong in the midst of grave threats and insults. He is the object of much cavil and criticism in the small yard, and great rewards are daily offered for his capture. Among the small boys, many have been accused of writing the few remarks in last month's issue, but, happily, nobody has as yet laid his hand upon the right man. This futile attempt at detective work on the part of the juniors, is an encouragement to the Editor. Whether he will outlive the coming new year or be nipped, at the root and fall when his greatness is a-ripening, let it be left to the benign hands of Providence to decide. He humbly asks all sympathizers to take his part now in his hour of need.

In a short time, the spacious yard, busy class-rooms, and sleep-humming dormitories will be deserted, for their young occupants will have bid them a two week's adieu for several weeks, have the Juniors anticipated the coming vacation, with all its joy and gladness, and, without doubt, those who have worked hard and conscientiously during the past scholastic term, will go home with the consoling words: "Mother, I have done my duty." The boy who can say from his heart that he has done his duty while at college, will not fail to rejoice his parents' hearts.

*
* *

Bound as we are by the sacred bond of student friendship, we shall not separate without wishing one another all the joys of the present season. Yes, friends of college days, accept the time honored wish, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." "As many mince pies as you taste at Xmas, so many happy months will you have."

*
* *

The occasion of Christmas appears a little inauspicious for reprimanding publicly the members of the Junior Department. Justice, however, acts at all times and places and "discards party, friendship, kindred, and is, therefore, always represented as blind." Hence, gentlemen, "you shall have merely justice and your bond." Heedless to the advices and admonitions administered on several occasions by the worthy members of the professorial staff, a small number of the night-walking juveniles continue to devour the ruinous trash called dime-novels. These morbid books are not confined to the study-hall and recreation-hall but are brought into the class-rooms. Hence it follows that a great waste of time, and an inadvertence to serious subjects become a stumbling-block to the juveniles' success. The Junior Editor, however, is determined to take the most effective means to expel all such worthless reading from the Junior ranks. He knows their names, their country and their place of residence. If, therefore, during the coming century, he see a knickerbocker-youth buying or devouring the pages of "Diamond Dick," "Dan Dirk," the "Secret Service Series," or "Snaps," he will most certainly lay before the public view, the culprits' names.

Boys, allow not the spirit of enthusiasm to leave the small yard. A few lads display little interest in games during the noon recreation. Well, Junior friends, the infirmary would lead a more secluded life, if you would take part in the exhilarating amusements in the fresh air.

“ No love, nor honor, wealth nor pow’r
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise,
With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

“ Hours laid out in harmless merriment ” will most certainly produce good appetite, good digestion and good health.

* *

From our study window, we observe that certain young men show a want of reflection. During the rain that fell a few days ago, these sturdy youths found great pleasure in wading through the pools of water on and surrounding the rink. Carelessness in preserving one’s health is not the mark of a serious young wisdom-gatherer.

* *

The Junior Editor likewise observes that the deportment of seven or eight young classmates is not always edifying in the chapel. At times when the choir displays its reserved talent in rendering a difficult Mass, several tiny heads are continually turning around, and breaking their necks to catch the harmonious notes as they fall from the singers’ lips. Comrades, do not persevere in such rude habits; not even if a few misguided Seniors do give you the example.

* *

The question of the advisability of reorganizing the Junior Debating Society is again under consideration. Judging from the eloquence and warmth of discussion displayed during athletic contests, all agree that the debates would be most lively and spirited. This is one of the many questions to be settled at the dawn of the new year.

* *

All the autumn games have been locked up in the “ Dark Room.” They are now out of service and will not appear until the warm sun draws from the earth’s crust the hardening frosts. The duty, therefore, of the officers of the J. A. A. on their return from the Xmas holidays, will be to inspire their comrades with

the same love for winter games as was displayed on the football campus and hand-ball alleys during autumn. As we are always interested in whatever promotes friendly feelings and healthful diversions among the Juniors, we would propose that they imitate their older neighbors, and form a league of hockey clubs. Among two hundred boys, there is certainly sufficient material to be found to make up several strong contingents. To infuse more interest and excitement into the games, we feel assured that our devoted Prefect, the Rev. Father Henault, would be pleased to set up a small trophy for the victors. The Junior editor will always be present to take notes of the different plays and to record the successes of the victorious teams.

* *

Now is your time to make a hit, boys. Practice hard during vacation in order to win a position on the competing hockey teams.

* *

The member from Winnipeg will remain with us to study out the secrets of the game. We wish you success, Nick.

* *

Jimmy the short, will, during the next two weeks, draw up rules for the Wont-be-fooled Club.

* *

GULLIVER IS PUNISHED IN THE LAND OF LILLIPUT.

A short time ago, when the upper regions had thrown a mantle of purity on the lower, the young district of Lilliput, on account of overhanging darkness, had fallen into a state of dismal gloom. Enraged at this continued obstruction to the course of his rays, the fiery orb of day split the silvery lining of his nebulous floor and cast his brilliant light on the snow-flaked walks of mother earth. This unexpected light illumined the land of Lilliput and awakened its sleeping inhabitants. With cunning in their eyes, they seated themselves at the windows of their homes and looked with delight at the enticing appearance of their spotless yard. They immediately don their hibernal gowns and wildly rush into high banks of pure white fleece. From the mouldable nature of this crystallized vapor, the short-statured creatures make forms of large men, and small men, and mighty men, and then destroy them, considering this feat an effective preparation to meet the

onslaughts of the Gulliver contingent beyond the picket fence : During the intense labor of building walls and citadels, a voice is heard from the sentinel who stands on the outer walls of the fort —“ To arms ! an enemy approaches ! ” There is a bustle in the camp. Each man with bullet in hand, peeps through the walls and perceives the mighty Gulliver advancing to the battle-fields of Lilliput. “ Is he a friend or an enemy ? ” they ask. Too big to be a friend ; therefore he is an enemy.

Smith, the commander-in-chief of the Lilliputian forces, decides to shoot the enemy, and fires a twenty-four-inch cannon. The ball belches forth and strikes Mr. Gulliver where the game rooster receives the ax. A terrible blow it is, for the victim reels, and sees the starry sky fall upon him. Suddenly, recovering from the terrible hit, he hears a crowd of Lilliputians giggling behind their snow-banked fortresses. With three strides, the crest-fallen Gulliver, is within the walls of Lilliput. Commander Smith stands at his post, and rains down shot and shell upon the enemy and his strong forces rush out into danger with poles, cords, picks and shovels and large pins, seize poor Gulliver by the legs, arms and hair, and throw him into a heap of piled up snow-flakes. For several minutes a mass of struggling humanity and flying fleece are the only signs that the victory is still doubtful. As strength gives way to weakness, Commander Smith orders his men to escape and to seek shelter within safer walls. The command is promptly obeyed. At the conclusion of the fray, the humbled Gulliver, disfigured and disheartened, arises and rushes off behind the picket fence. His great dark coat is in tatters and his *two dark blue eyes* are badly *ruined*. Such is the lot of all enemies of the Lilliputian nation ; such let it be. “ Ubi concordia, ibi victoria.”

*
* *
Messrs. Smith and Lynch will, for the future, settle all their disputes after breakfast. Both have been credited with a fall.

*
* *
Say, boys, have you seen the big *lark in (s)* the senior department ? Yes ; he has quite a *holt on all battles*.

*
* *
REWARD !!!

A two weeks' credit on pies and cakes for the boy that finds the Junior Editor.

During the holidays, Master Lynch will supervise the rink. He fears that the ice will crack or melt before the boys return. His spare moments will be spent in completing a libel suit against the Junior Editor.

* * *

When the learned exegetist from Chapleau reaches home again, he intends to solve the following objection: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Therefore, heaven is not eternal.

May the light of right understanding shine in darkness. Take care, Willie; don't be trying to puzzle your professors.

* * *

Some serious men, not found in the small yard but who may land there some day, have, at table, indulged in bursts of pointed wit, such as:—Paul Kruger has eloped with *Lady-smith*; I have received a letter from *Ladysmith*, etc., etc., etc.

* * *

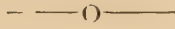
If the Seniors don't care to meet the fate of Gulliver, we advise them to keep clear of our rink.—J. E.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Junior Editor will be sure to feel lonesome during the two week's holidays that are just about to begin. He will miss the loved companionship of many whom, with reason, he has learned highly to esteem. Even the joys of home, sweet home, will not be sufficient to completely satisfy this heartfelt want. Consequently, he requests a letter from each representative of the small yard during the holidays. He hopes that even those who remain in Ottawa will be kind enough to drop him a line. He would like to know just how each one of his young friends is enjoying himself;—for instance, what kind of games he is taking part in, what kind of Xmas presents he got, how much turkey he ate, and a lot of other information needless to mention. The Junior Editor will be happy to publish in the January REVIEW any of these letters that are very well written. As the Junior Editor's address contains big words hard to spell, all letters for him should be addressed as follows, and upon arrival at our office, they will be forwarded to him:

The Junior Editor,
Ottawa University Review,
Ottawa, Ontario,
Canada.

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 5.

JANUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 5.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

I.



HAIL noble Hall where Learning reigns supreme
High-honored mistress of a fair domain—
Hail, Sovereign whose subjects ever deem
Their chiefest pride to swell thy classic train,
No song of mine thy far-famed worth can raise
All humbly then I bring my meed of praise.

II.

Not mine the privilege of those favored ones
Who drank pure wisdom from thy plenteous fount
Yet in the walks of life thy worthy sons
Chiefest among my cherished friends I count.
Full well thy golden record they uphold
With cultured minds, and Hearts refined gold.

III.

Oft from their lips the story have I known
Of well-loved teachers, strict yet kind withal—

[They copy Christ, Who claims them for His own
 The world despising, mindful of His call]
 Of Chapel and of Class-room memories old,
 Affection thrilling in the tones that told.

IV

The glories of the " Campus " too, of yore
 Of wondrous victories " by flood and field "
 " GARNET AND GREY " in conquest's tide that bore ;
 Aye forcing all their stubborn foes to yield
 The champion's crown they snatched in every fray,
 And triumph's laurels gird their brows to-day.

V

* * * * *

Glory of Canada ! All praise be thine
 Pride of the Capital, to thee I sing !
 Would that a Master's Lyric-touch were mine
 A richer, worthier garland I should bring—
 Accept my gift rough-fashioned but sincere
 Tribute from stranger heart that holds thee dear.

Rev. JAMES B. DOLLARD (*sliav-na mon*)

TORONTO, Jan. 4th 1900.



THE POETRY OF EDWIN MARKHAM.



MEДИOCRITY is a sheep that rigorously follows its leader. It does not depart from the beaten path. It does not originate : it imitates. It does not initiate: it copies. It does not move singly, but goes with the majority, and shouts with the crowd. The common-place is its breath of life. Suspicion is its inaffable characteristic. It suspects because it does not understand.

If we desired a proof of the trend and universality of mediocrity, we should find it in the way the great majority of people treat new ideas. It is said that certain savage tribes of Africa kill all strangers they encounter. Alimential considerations doubtlessly have some weight, as they seldom fail to have even among people who are not professional cooks, but without them, plausible reasons for what Macduff would call the "deep damnation of the taking off" of the "tenderfeet" would probably be found in their strangerhood. Want of knowledge begets distrust. As a means of dealing with physical entities, assassination is now generally frowned down by people possessing the slightest degree of civilization, but the brute instinct which inspires it still finds full expression in our manner of treating new and strange ideas, especially such of them as seem out of harmony with our established beliefs concerning the diurnal conflict between the "masses" and the "classes," to which some grim humourist has given the sounding title of Civilization.

Burning at the stake, except among the white savages of the Southern States, having become unfashionable, we cannot quite make an end of the troublesome fellows who dare to think largely and encourage others to do so, but we can, and do, vilify and denounce them as vicious disturbers of the public peace, and we can, and do, systematically condemn and misrepresent the ideas they advance, simply because they sound new to our conservative hearing.

All this moral imitation of the native Africans at their worst is, I take it, an indication of the power of mediocrity, which like

the "spells of imbecility" described by Ossian and other early Irish poets, hangs low over the English-speaking world to-day. Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think. Thinking is not easy work, and most people do as little of it as they can; preferring to dawdle in that soulless intellectual conservatism out of which mediocrity grows like a weed out of mire.

The consequence of this lassitude is only too obvious everywhere, but it is, perhaps, especially so in all the departments of intellectual life. The people who crowned Alfred Austin as their poet laureate, seem to me to deserve the title of the most fervent devotees of the great, stupid Moloch of mediocrity to be found on earth to-day, although, it must be confessed, Americans give them an extremely close second. Unless I am altogether mistaken in my view—no impossible contingency—the British fail in the production of first-rate writers and thinkers, and the ebb is, I venture to think, more obvious in the United States, since here no man of the first degree of literary reputation survives.

A whale among minnows is, we are given to understand by naturalists, a most important animal; and by a parity of reasoning, so is a giant among pigmies. By analogy also, a fresh and original writer in an era of mediocrity and servile imitation, is deserving of being looked after, if not up to, by every one who thinks for himself. If we are ever to rid ourselves of the dry-rot of mediocrity, which is weighing us down as an intellectual people, it must be through admiration for real genius and originality. As a humble step towards this happy consummation, we should, when an author comes among us with a distinct idea, do with it what Kant tells us to do with our vague notions—"we should," he says, "detain, examine and elaborate them." It is in this spirit that I, at least, enter upon the consideration of the volume of poems, which its author has called, from its leading effusion, "The Man With the Hoe." These poems have now been before the public for a year, within which period they have made what Shakespeare would term "a palpable hit," and no wonder, as, if ever a poet had a distinct message for humanity, that one is the author of the aforesaid volume, Mr. Edwin Markham.

He comes of an old American family. His ancestors left Connecticut for Illinois, and Illinois for the Pacific Slope, at a time

when thousands were acting upon Horace Greeley's advice, to go west and grow up with the country. He was born, the youngest son of his family, on 23rd April 1852, at Oregon City, Oregon State, and, his father dying before the future poet's fifth birthday, he was reared by a devoted and talented mother. After the elder Markham's death, about 1857, the family moved southward into California, first to keep a general-store, and subsequently a sheep and cattle ranch in the central portion of the State. During boyhood he followed the farmer's noble and healthy calling. He was trained at the district school, and, having by his industry, managed to save some money, he paid his own way through the State Normal School at San José. Then he studied law, but like so many men of creative genius, he did not find the occupation to his liking, and deserted it for school-teaching. In education he, by sheer merit, gained many high positions. Head-master of the Tompkins Observation School, at Oakland, California, an institution which is affiliated with the State University, is his present title and address. He has published two volumes of poetry; the first was entitled "In Earth's Shadow," and the second is "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," which within a year has made him famous. A public writer has a just claim to privacy of life. This sketch, brief as it is, contains all the public has a right to know about Mr. Markham. For much of the information, I am indebted to an instructive paper on the new literary star, contributed by the highly-endowed poet, Mr. William D. Kelly, to that model paper for young people, the "Weekly Bouquet" of Boston City.

Mr. Kelly says that Mr. Markham, judged by his verse, seems to be "a mystic and a socialist, who believes in an earthly millennium that is yet to dawn upon the world." The critic is by far too fine a scholar and too broad-minded a man to use these terms, "socialist" and "mystic," in any disparaging sense, but it is doubtful if very many of his readers, be their intelligence what it may, will not misconstrue them, left as they are by him without much explanation. In fact, the terms are nearly always and by almost everyone honestly misunderstood or cunningly perverted. As I believe Mr. Kelly to be perfectly correct in using the words to characterize the general trend and tone of Mr. Markham's volume, and in view of the many different meanings

attached to them, it is not, I feel certain, too much to ask the reader to bear with me while I make a few distinguishing remarks on each of the expressions.

The peculiar state of society to which we have given the high-sounding name of civilization, even the most optimistic among us can scarcely consider altogether desirable. It may be questioned if it has made any material alteration for the better in human nature. It refines and softens manners, it is true ; but it is fear of various punishments that causes restraints. But to say nothing of widespread dishonesty, and greed for lucre and blood, the Southern States have proven that men are still capable of all the blind and cruel passions that history, tradition or archæological research have disclosed. We prate about our Christian civilization, but, fronted with the almost unexceptional universality of the meanest sorts of dishonesty in the trades and the professions, by cruel murders, by brutal wars, by corruption in public life and immorality in private life, is it not a fact that the proud words Christian Civilization become barren contradictions ? We call ourselves humble followers of the Prince of Peace, but during this century the Christian nations have done most of the fighting in the world, and the worst of it has been among themselves. This proclaims that when we pray we do not mean what we say ; we are hypocrites. Does the ship of state always pursue the straight course of integrity ? Perhaps Henry George went too far when he alleged, with all the earnestness of his nature and the unsurpassed vigor of his rhetoric, that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer ; but, nevertheless, are not the moneyed idle wallowing in luxuries, while the toiling poor go without the comforts and even the necessities of life ? Dives gets the plums in the cake ; Lazarus, the crumbs, and the kicks—lots of the latter. Could not most existing Christian religions be improved in their practice on their social sides. Christianity is not at fault, but man's disuse of Christianity. Is mankind as a class healthy, happy, and contented ? Healthy we are not, even in communities where medical doctors are few, happy we are not in a world plentifully dotted with lawyers, learned in the art of settling disputes—for a consideration -- as for happiness, well, I have never yet met with even a nearly happy mortal. Has not the com-

mon understanding of the sacred word Justice come to mean what the statute law allows? But that is far from the lofty conception of Justice which is termed Equity. I might continue this indictment of civilization without end, but it would serve no purpose. Everyone capable of reading the newspapers, teeming as they do with the noisesome details of all sorts of depravity, knows our boasted civilization is not a state of blessedness, but rather a most unholy disorder. It is so far from being perfect that a band of chattering baboons might be depended upon to make a better one. According to the true, therefore cutting, epigram of Ruskin, our two objects in life are, "Whatever we have, to get more; and wherever we are, to go somewhere else." This is not the golden age: it is only the age of gold. And this is the delightful civilization we give praise unto ourselves for forcing on weak nationalities and savage nations at the points of our most Christian bayonets!

The social problem which seeks for a betterment of the condition of mankind by a wider and fairer distribution of the good things of life is as old as Job. Throughout the years, proposal after proposal has been made. The shores of the stream of time are studded with the wrecks of schemes for the improvement of the world. And, like the torrent at Niagara, still they come. If failures have been, there is no reason that there shall not be a success. The men who propose to restore harmony to civilization even by the radical means of a new economic system, be their schemes never so drastic, deserves respectful hearing; especially if they stop short of violent revolution.

The people that float such schemes are now known as socialists. Strictly speaking, socialism denotes simply the consideration of the social state. Socialism may be defined as the science of reconstructing society on entirely new bases by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of human industry. It is opposed to individualism, which means "skin your eye" and "paddle your own canoe." A socialist is one who looks to society organized in the state, for aid in bringing about a more perfect distribution. He believes that man, associated with his fellows in the state, has duties to perform which, single and alone, he is unable to fulfil. The individualist, on the

contrary, holds that singly and alone, man is able to fulfil all his duties, and, in acts if not in words, echoes the question of Cain—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Socialism has been made to stand for a great number of widely different and often conflicting tendencies. It is used in a popular sense which renders it nearly equivalent to communism, although the two systems are skies and oceans apart. Communism demands a community of goods, or property; socialism does not necessarily do so. The central idea of communism is economic equality: the distinctive idea of socialism is distributive justice. The term socialist is, of course, the more inclusive. Every communist is a socialist, and something more: not every socialist is a communist; in fact very many sections and factions of socialists are bitterly opposed to communism in all its forms.

Socialism grades all the way from the astounding doctrines of Proudhon, who taught that property was theft and property-holders thieves, to the Christian socialism expounded by Lamennais which aims at a moral and intellectual elevation of mankind as well as a material one, and would make Political Economy a Christian Science and assign to the Christian religion an important part in the work of resolving the social question. Many other forms of Socialism there are, some of them sufficiently fantastic. It must be allowed, though, that during the last fifty years, the milder, less extravagant and more coherent socialistic doctrines have made great headway. Whenever the State—that is, the dominant politicians—steps in and attempts to do for the citizens what it is supposed they could not do for themselves without the help of such a union as government represents, there is unmistakable Socialism in practise. All civilized governments are, therefore, at this moment, more or less socialistic. So much of this sort of Socialism has already been inducted into the laws of England and Canada, to say nothing of France and the United States, that, were I to enumerate the instances, it would require a list lengthier than this article is likely to prove. If Socialism were really as destructive in its tendencies as our masters, the money-lords say it is, our civilization would ere this be driven out of existence.

Inasmuch as Mr. Markham is a socialist at all, he belongs to

that class to which that distinguished authority on all matters relating to the cult, Prof. Richard T. Ely, calls "Socialism of the chair," or what I like to term pen-socialism. I am so far from finding the least fault with Markham for his doctrine, as I find it expounded in his verse, that I consider it lends a distinctive charm to all his work. I was born on the side of the social barricade held by what the grand democrat, Lincoln, used tenderly to call "the plain people," and there I purpose to remain. I firmly believe, with the martyr-president, "God must love them (the plain people) he made so many of them." I have not a doubt but that in the aggregate, their intentions and aspirations are good and holy, although, I grant you, some individual designs and ambitions, like medicines, should be "well shaken before taken."

The protest against the present condition of affairs social could scarcely be more mildly or beautifully conceived and expressed than it is by our author. For my part, I could follow with perfect equanimity a more bitter and sweeping indictment. Did I know of anything like a proper substitute for it, I should, had I the power, think as little of completely overtoppling our present trumpery social system, as I would of knocking the head off a thistle with my cane. But, as the wise and weighty Dr. Johnson admonishes us in his "Rasselas," dear to my class-days: "The memory of mischief is no desirable fame." Until men have learned certainly to improve on existing social conditions, they will do well to worry along with what they possess.

The poet has been called a mystic; let us consider the term. Mysticism has been very unjustly made to stand for mist. In its better forms it is something far more definite and even tangible than mere brain-fog. Belief in our responsible freedom, in our immortality, and in God, lies at the foundation of all society worthy of the name. The defence of such a system is only achievable through some form of idealism. The interdependence between Christianity and Idealism is, to my mind at least, a fact as settled as is the rotation of the Seasons. In this connection it is useful to remember that philosophical mysticism was one of the great trends of mediaeval thought. Says the late learned Brother Azarias: "Many a learned mind wearied with disputes of the schools, sought refuge in mysticism." So it has been from

the Middle Ages, unjustly called "dark," to our own, wrongly termed "of light." Mysticism has had at all times profound attraction for the human mind. It has always marked an attempt to escape from dry and barren speculation to "a more intimate acquaintance with the infinite truth than books could impart." That pathetic striving of poor humanity to get away from stress and annoyance! Is not imaginative literature itself a vast effort to escape from the worry of the real? Therein man conceives himself what he is not; for no one is pleased with what he is.

But the able author just quoted points out that Mysticism outside of Christianity generally ends in pantheism, immorality and inaction. The Christian conception of man is essentially spiritual, but it embraces individual nature; all that he is. Realism is superficial, because it rejects what it cannot see, and it does not see deeper than the outside rind and robing of things. Take Christianity from Mysticism and you deprive the latter not only of its profundity of vision but of the broadness of its scope.

The nature of our consciousness powerfully lends itself to Mysticism. Its field presents a constant succession of images, a perfect phantasmagoria of ideas, emotions, desires, which come and go, we know not how, which crowd on the threshold of the consciousness and strive to enter into its domain. Some appear and vanish away like snowflakes in a breeze, others reappear after a period of oblivion, and all alike seem to be subject to similar if not identical changes and to obey some invisible law. Now, the mystic strives to get nearer to that law, and, if he be a Christian, to the Lawmaker behind it.

At every turn, some apparition of phantasy forces itself upon our consideration; our thoughts are full of ghosts. Even in ordinary thinking there is a large element which comes out of the world of unconsciousness. Who put the element there? Why, God did—that God who is Supreme Power, and Wisdom, and Love. The very links of association which bind together our ideas are woven in the dark, and the highest glimpses of philosophical generalization come upon us when they are least expected. So it is with the emotions also. That we do actually possess a mass of notions and ideas which are naturally formed in the mind by its own constitution, none can deny. It is upon this subjective mental

world that mysticism subsists, as naturally and luxuriantly as lush grass upon rich soil.

The mystic confines himself to the strictly subjective without going outside its bounds. His teeming mind is to him truly a kingdom. He does not go from logic to experience, from reasoning to sensation, that he may feel he touches ground and gains new strength. His mind, instead of being cast in the rigid, logical mould, is decidedly genial and poetical in its manner of acting. As a rule, the expression of the mystic is far from a systematic one, in the sense that the multiplication-table is systematic. But, like the wisdom of Edmund Burke, a saying from it is often worth a whole system. He is not progressive and self-insistent in the sense a steel trap is progressive and self-insistent. He is not a commonplace thinker. Sometimes he is like the addle-brain described by the satirist :

“ Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
They flew like clouds, and left no trace behind.”

But the typical mystic dreams nobly, and his actions are the reflex of his dreams. If he be a Christian, he endeavors to look through the veil of the material, in which all nature is embosomed, to behold the spiritual reality. In modern days, he is generally a poet, giving voice to these half-heavenly, and if he be a non-Catholic, half-pantheistic expressions which have come to poets in all ages and in all civilizations, Hindu, Greek, Egyptain, and American. His is the ideal philosophy, the ideal method of thinking, that sustained such artists as Michael Angelo, Dante, Shelly, Hawthorne and Beethoven. It is the great Platonic teaching, a teaching which, in its philosophical applications, was fully shared by St. Thomas of Aquinas, whose immortal soul still pervades the schools ; a teaching which raises literary art higher than mere imitation, a teaching which shows the great enforcing spirit of the universe working through man as through any and every other mundane agency. By means of it men build for their souls, even here on earth, “a lordly pleasure-house” in comparison with which Tennyson’s glittering “Palace of Art” is only the merest unadorned back-line shanty. The secret desire—would I had ability, clearly to define that term—which is the vitalizing principle of all the most heavenly poetry, the music that whirls us from earth and

makes us partake of angelic joy, can be satisfied only in dreams, but the dreams may contain more than any reality, and we may safely conclude with a great writer, if all our dreams were satisfied there would be no more poetry.

Coleridge told an inquiring lady that he did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen so many. So some of us, pluming ourselves on our rationalism, profess not to believe in mysticism, but if we analyse and go deeper, it will generally be found that we fail to recognize mysticism because it haunts every department of the mind, and familiarity here as elsewhere breeds contempt. Every man is at times a mystic. Perhaps, mysticism at large is most readily resurrected from that sort of mental indolence which consists in a set dislike of the drudgery of sustained logical thinking. It is, however, of widely different types, which compose a long scale indeed; sometimes it is very elevated and elevating, noble and ennobling; and again of a very mean and trifling character, teaching nothing and leading nowhere. The foggy metaphysics and subtle scepticism of Germany is proverbial. It is probably an outcome of an over-indulgence in tobacco and beer, and an instructive essay might be written on the connection between them. Contrast the article "made in Germany," with the mysticism of "The Imitation of Christ" or that of St. Theresa, who, to use the words of Dr. Dowden, united in so eminent a degree an administrative genius, a genius for action with the genius of exalted piety—contrast these two types, and it must, I think, be conceded that the latter, both in nature and results, is far superior to the former.

That the mysticism of the poet of "The Man with the Hoe" is entirely of the latter type, will, I think, be immediately admitted by all his readers, and I find no use in subjecting it to analysis. His mysticism is akin to that of his famous countryman Edgar Allen Poe, who, whatever he may not have been, has a clear right to the title of the poet of the mystic. Like the author of "The Raven", the singer of "The man with the Hoe" frequently vibrates between two points, the realistic and the vague and inscrutable, but our author, unlike his famous prototype, never once fails to combine people or situations in ordinary life, though his spiritual vision frequently takes for medium:

"The light that never was on sea or land.
The consecration and the poets dream."

Markham's mysticism has wings but at least the tip of its toe never leaves earth. It dreams shadowy dreams enough, but when it subsequently sings of them it is wide awake. It beholds very unusual visions, as "through a glass darkly," but the language in which they are described "he who runs may read" and quite comprehend without stopping.

Full illustrations of the foregoing assertions are, I think, furnished by the poem "At the Meeting of Seven Valleys"; so that it becomes incumbent upon me to give it in its entirety:

"At the meeting of seven valleys in the west,
I came upon a host of silent souls,
Seated beside still waters on the grass.
It was a place of memories and tears—
Terrible tears. I rested in a wood,
And there the bird that mourns for Itys sang—
Itys that touched the tears of all the world.
But climbing onward toward the purple peaks,
I passed, on silent feet, white multitudes.
Beyond the reach of peering memories,
Lying asleep upon the scented banks,
Their bodies burning with celestial fire.
The strangeness of the beatific sleep,
The vision of God, the mystic bread of rest."

It has been said of Nathaniel Hawthorne that he heard melodies too fine for mortal ear. Hawthorne heard no more ærial strains than Markham, but, as this little poem clearly shows, the latter's form of expression is not above mortal comprehension, and I wish I could say as much of every passage in Hawthorne.

The poet's socialism, like his mysticism, is strictly confined within the limits of what prosy people call, sanity. It appears to be a direct result of looking upon the awful inequality in life. It probably came to the poet when he gazed upon the dread tragedy of human misery, and perhaps shared in some of it. He believes in the progress of the race, but that dogma is no more than the central idea of such an uncompromising stickler for law and order as Alfred Tennyson. If the thoughts of men are to be "widened" at all, it may not be by a sudden surgical operation, like that by which the Rev Sydney Smith proposed to get a joke into the head

of a Scot ; it must be by slow means, "with the process of the suns." As in Tennyson so in Markham : that much shows distinct in every verse he has written. If I have not misread him, his other leading idea is that of brotherhood—the "brotherhood of man," and less insistently, for Markham's creedal faith seems to sit lightly upon him, at least unlike Jean Angelo, he does not profess himself of a certain church by his turn of thought, the "fatherhood of God."

If I were asked for a complete synopsis of all his teachings concerning those matters, I should unhesitatingly point to his lines on "Brotherhood." Here is the poem :

" The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood ;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth ;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way :
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path :

● Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages run :

Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man."

He who reads these stanzas with understanding, can safely say he knows the poet Markham. Other poems, such as "The Desire of Nations," "The Tragedy" and "On the Gulf of Night" are informed with the same philosophy. But the poem "Brotherhood" holds the terms of them all.

Markham has some very short poems that deserve attention on account of the wonderful force and beauty of the thought. It is scarcely necessary to ask at which altar the author of the following splendid quatrain on "Infinite Depths" worships :

" The little pool, in street or field apart,
Glasses the deep heavens and the rushing storm;
And into the silent depths of every heart,
The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form."

"The Paymaster," is another brief poem; a diamond of beauty:

"There is a sacred something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse."

The extracts I have given show the poet as a keen thinker along certain lines of speculation. They also show that his thought is not only profound but useful. The only thing of importance that remains for illustration here is his imagination. It is the divine attribute of the imagination that furnishes the wealth of the poet. The fineness of Markham's imagination both in its function as a creative faculty, and as formative quality, to which we also give the name of fancy, may be very advantageously seen in the following fine sonnet:

THE WHARF OF DREAMS.

"Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep;
Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
Flashes a signal fire across the night;
Barges depart whose voiceless steersmen keep
Their way without star upon the deep;
And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,
Come cries of incommunicable news,
While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—
Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,
Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,
And bales of fantasy from No-Man's Land."

I need only refer to such valuable poems as "The Goblin Laugh" with its refrain pregnant with meaning for all who struggle for place and pelf, and "forget the large mansions of the mind;" the powerful sonnet, "A Leaf from the Devil's Jest Book" which holds no little in common with poor Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" the highly imaginative and thought-crammed lines entitled "The Whirlwind Road" with its weighty lesson for poets and artificers of verse. All these poems are very good, and contain the condensed observations and conclusions of a man constitutionally benevolent. Everywhere the poet sings as the chosen

bard of optimism ; a rare enough literary product in our pessemistic times.

If the preceding paragraphs are not devoid of expository value, we are now in a position to approach the greatest poem in the volume under review, "The Man With the Hoe," at a decided advantage, being forearmed with a notion of its author's leading ideas. This is all anyone needs, to understand if not appreciate the poem, which is as follows :

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous picture.)

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox ?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw ?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow ?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain ?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of eternity ?
Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light ?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim !
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades ?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed
Plundered, betrayed and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched ?
How will you ever straighten up this shape ;
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Touch it again with immortality.
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man ?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries ?”

The secondary title of the poem, “Written after seeing Millet’s world-famous painting,” counts for much. Its omission by editors who copied the poem in their papers has led to many and surprising misunderstandings. Indeed, the poem reads as if the painting had etched itself upon the mind of the poet ! I know nothing of Mr. Markham’s method of working. I cannot tell whether the forty-eight lines which compose the poem were written in a day or a week, a week or a month, a month or a year, a single year or a score of years. I know as little about the time the poet devoted to the production of this work as I know of how long it took Shakespeare to write a play. What is very clear is that “The Man with the Hoe” is a work of great deliberation, and should I learn it was really composed within a brief period, I shall be surprised. Every touch in it from start to finish shows great thought and deliberation. Its intense earnestness—an earnestness which eschews such new and uncommon words as “fraters,” “norns,” “hyens,” “fardels,” “gleering” and “weald,” found rather plentifully in the other poems—is one of its marked traits. It is not mere power but good nature as well as power. It is the protest of the proletarian. It speaks for that which, so far as high utterance is concerned, is nearly dumb—for oppressed Labor personified as some such figure as the genius of Jean François Millet flashed on immortal canvas. I find in it that harmony with the tendencies of human nature, and

assertion of human right, which must induce me to consider it as a substantial influence for good. The noble ruin, the chief personage of the poem, is an image of refulgent grandeur, sublime as the statues of Phidias, and more enduring, creates itself, and will, if I do not err, long continue to create itself in the reader's mind, a perpetual embodiment and renovation of the awful truth it illustrates. The stately calling to account of the "masters, lords and rulers in all lands" is plainly a questioning of the almost general misuse of the monied power. For the rest, it is virtually democratic—Walt Whitman with music—it deals with the universal, the persecution of the laborer; it appeals to the common heart of man; it is feeling, thought, and passion used in behalf of the poor and downtrodden, and not to bolster up rank, glitter, or station. Having, as I fondly hope, adequately illustrated Mr. Markham's system of thought by the aid of some of his shorter poems, all that is necessary with reference to "The Man with the Hoe," which poem nearly everywhere speaks for itself plainly, forcefully and eloquently, is to request my readers to read the poem for themselves, in the light of the preceding illustrations.

In this small volume there is so much which ministers to excitement and enjoyment, which stimulates thought and satisfies the sense of beauty, that it cannot fail of being rich and fruitful in results. Every poem serves to remind us that we are in a period of transition. Labor, long dumb and neglected, is finding voice and advocates. The legitimate authority of intellect which ought to give government to nations, is up in insurrection against money-rule. The reprobation of the system is no longer confined to the turbulent, the ambitious, the ignorantly suffering, but it penetrates the seclusion of the philosopher, and condenses the lambent flame of poetry into the lightning that blasts while it irradiates. Down till the present, obstinate cupidity has wielded the rod of power, talent has been a coerced slave, playing fantastic tricks like Phaeton in the chariot of day, scorcing the earth, and ripe for the avenging bolt of Jove; but unless the signs of the times count as nothing, the moment is at hand, when genius, blazing in the breasts of the common people, and the guides and lovers of the common people, goes forth, like a second Galahad, armored in the entire justness of its cause, fearlessly and incessantly to make temporary application of eternal principles in behalf of the lowly, the oppressed, and the forlorn.

MAURICE CASEY,

HOMELY COURAGE.



MY hearing aches with noise of war,
And combat's hellish sound,
Like thunder when the tempest breaks
Rolls dreadfully around ;
Death holds high carnival to-day
With glees of lethal fight,
But, though his visage terror wears,
Men front him for the right.

We may have courage, all of us,
To start at honor's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend,
Or face a cannon ball ;
To show the world one hero lives—
Pride's promptings love the light—
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right ?

To answer No, with steady breath,
And quick, unfaltering tongue,
When fierce temptation, ever near,
Her syren song has sung ?
To care not for the bantering tone ;
The jest or studied slight ;
Content if we can only have
The courage to do right ?

To step aside from fashion's course,
Or custom's favored plan,
To pluck an outcast from the street,
Or help a fellow man,
To hold the fallen, who would mend,
As worthy in our sight—
In short, do we untiring use
Set courage to do right ?

Revere the brave who die to serve
 The cause which they deem best,
 And waft your hearty blessings on
 Each living warrior's crest ;
 But ne'er forget the hero souls,
 The men of dauntless might,
 Who, day by day wherever found,
 Show courage to do right.

M. . . .

JANUARY 8th, 1900.




Something each day—a word,
 We can not know its power ;
 It grows in fruitfulness
 As grows the gentle flower.
 What comfort it may bring,
 Where all is dark and drear !
 For a kind word every day
 Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a deed
 Of kindness and of good,
 To link in closer bonds
 All human brotherhood.
 Oh thus the heavenly will
 We all may do while here ;
 For a good deed every day
 Makes blessed all the year.

—*Sacred Heart Review*.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY W. A.
MARTIN, '02.

N the vast range of natural science there is, perhaps, no problem more difficult of solution or that offers a wider field for speculation than that of man's origin.

Revelation has given solutions to the problem, but these are misunderstood or distorted by many scientists, and, by materialists, they are totally ignored. Dissatisfied with the attestation of Faith, men have groped in the dark with the dim and uncertain light of science, and with this feeble glimmer have striven to discover the depths from which man has sprung. But almost invariably these men have been in the thralls of mental hallucination, or their higher moral nature was entirely obscured, and they have returned from these excursions with doctrines that are verily the strangest of phenomena. Regarding our origin, Faith tells us we are from God. But is positive science unable to give us any clue to the problem? It is utterly incapable of doing so :

“ For man to tell how human life began
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ? ”

In fact the only reply it can give to our query may be adequately expressed in the words of Quatrefages. “ To those,” says he, “ who question me on the problem of our origin, I do not hesitate to answer in the name of science, ‘ *I do not know.* ’ ”

All scientists, however, are not as diffident as Quatrefages in declaring science to be ignorant of man's origin, but many of them to whom *to understand* does not necessarily mean *to see*, have elaborated theories as fabulous and fantastic as the mythological legends of antiquity. But, one will ask, has not the Church always maintained that between faith and science there can be no real conflict? How, then, are we to reconcile these theories with the tenets of faith? We must examine the facts at our disposal and determine how far the truth of these theories can be established, keeping well in mind that the position of faith must always be that of a dictator, that has not one iota to concede.

In the Mosaic version of creation, we read that, on the sixth day, God said to himself: "Let us make man to our image and likeness—and God created man to his own image." "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It is evident to all that the only meaning that can be given to these words of the Sacred Book, is that man was formed of the earth, and neither exegesis nor natural science can interpret them otherwise. But there still remains open the question as to the operation of natural laws by which man's body may have arisen like the other animal structures, *z. e.* through descent, and also the discussion as to whether the theory that man is the mediate effect of divine creation is reconcilable with the words of Holy Writ. For if God had evolved man's body from the organism of a monkey, we might still maintain that man was formed of the earth, not immediately but through descent from a body that had been previously formed of the earth. Although there are vast numbers, who hold tenaciously to the verbal interpretation of the texts quoted above, it would not be altogether justifiable to condemn those that take a broader interpretation, since the Church has not yet pronounced on the meaning that is to be given to the words. But, however, since it is a canon of scriptural exegesis, that the literal sense of a passage is to be accepted until sufficient reason be given to deviate from this literal meaning, it would be most advisable to accept, until science has established beyond a doubt the animal origin of man's body, the opinion which is the consensus of nearly all scriptural exegetists, and which pronounces in favor of the immediate formation of man's body from the slime of the earth.

There are many passages of scripture adduced in support of this view. When Adam has fallen, God pronounces sentence on him saying: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken, for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." In this passage the immediate formations of man's body from the earth is manifestly supposed. . . Moreover, it is patent to all that there is an essential difference in the manner in which God created man and that in which he created the irrational animals. For in

creating the latter he simply uttered his "*fiat*," but before making man he deliberated, and, we may say, pictured in his mind what man should be, what position he should hold in the order of the world. "Let us," He says, "make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth." "And God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him, male and female he created them." Therefore, we see that the world came into existence by the mere will of the Creator, "*fiat*." But as mentioned above, before creating man, God as it were, reflected. He announced what he was going to create and also what man's destiny was to be. Hence, it would seem natural to suppose that since God intended that man should have dominion over all the creatures of the world, he would have created him differently from those over which he was to rule and not have evolved him from preexisting animal organisms. We have seen that science expresses ignorance in regard to man's origin, but pseudo-science, however, is not so modest as to admit that it is incapable of offering a solution to so momentous a question, and as the one great aim of pseudo-science is to completely unseat God, it shows no hesitation in declaring man to be of animal origin. But what causes us to marvel most is the want of facts which we should suppose would be brought forth in support of such an affirmation.

The men of this school consider man as nothing other than an animal of most complicated organization, and who being subject to the same laws as the rest of animals, is, therefore, of similar origin.

The principal exponents of this school are Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel and Vogt. The following is the description of man's origin given by Vogt:

"Man developed from the primordial slime of eternal matter, partly owing to accident, partly of necessity, by the throwing and mixing together of the materials of the first organic cells. From this original genesis arose at first the vegetable, then the animal forms, which, through infinite changes, finally developed into the ape. The first man sprung from the ape; and at the breast of the she-monkey, he sucked his mother's milk."

What name in Burke's "Peerage" would like to claim this descent?

Haeckel goes a little more into detail, and traces man's genealogy to the famous moneron or protoplasmic cell, called the "Bathybius Haeckelii," which never existed except in the recesses of Haeckel's imagination. And from this mythical progenitor he delineates man's descent through twenty-two different stages. But he has been prudent enough not to prove the existence of these stages; in truth, they are but the figment of his untuned imagination. He himself admits that he founds his theory on the reasoning of fitness. His hypothesis is but a desperate attempt to escape the responsibility of a creator. Virchow himself who is one of Haeckel's school, has declared that he is forced to choose between religious certainty or the postulate of Monism. He says :

"Not a single positive fact is known which proves that an inorganic mass has transformed itself into an organic mass, and, nevertheless, if I do not wish to believe in a special creation I must have recourse to spontaneous generation; the matter is evident, no third course is given. When we have once said, 'I do not admit creation and I want an explanation of the origin of life,' we set up a first thesis; but whether we wish or not we must come to the second. Therefore, I admit spontaneous generation. But we have no proof thereof; nobody has seen the production of organic matter; it is not the theologians, it is the savants who reject it If we have to choose between spontaneous generation and creation, to speak frankly, we savants have a little preference for spontaneous generation."

Hence, we see that Haeckel bases his theory on spontaneous generation. He also declares that matter is eternal and self-existent, and that everything is reducible to the atom of matter. Moreover he maintains that from this atom by infinite changes has evolved man.

By the experiments of Pasteur, the eminent French chemist, the impossibility of spontaneous generation has been conclusively proved. The materialistic Tyndall almost simultaneously reached the same conclusion as Pasteur. Huxley and the other English materialists as well as those of the continent and of America generally admit that spontaneous generation is scientifically impos-

sible. But still these men show their monumental unreasonableness when they declare that we must maintain as a postulate of science that life was spontaneously generated in the distant past. But, however, would spontaneous generation exclude the idea of God? Not necessarily; as an organic body might arise from inorganic matter by the special action of the creative power. Hence we must not be surprised that many of the Fathers of the Church believed in spontaneous generation. But they believed that only the lower species of animals arose thus. We may safely presume that they derived this opinion from Aristotle and the early writers for they could have by no means obtained it from the Scripture nor did they even as much as insinuate that they deduced their belief from Holy Writ.

Despite the proofs of the impossibility of spontaneous generation, Haeckel and his confreres are still confident. They anticipate that in the near future protoplasm shall be artificially produced and then it shall be verified that the organic can spring from the inorganic.

Materialistic scientists have often caused thinking men to be astounded by announcing that they had found the means of producing living protoplasm. But invariably there has been nothing more than the announcement. For not only is it impossible to produce the cell of living matter, but the cell itself baffles all manipulations. Hence, when these godless men take upon themselves the mysteries of creation they cannot fail to arouse the amazement of mankind.

Haeckel and his followers also hold that matter is eternal, self-existent, and in continual evolution. Matter to be self-existing must be eternal, but this matter being in evolution necessitates motion. Now motion, which is inseparable from the idea of succession must have had a beginning, therefore eternal succession is self-contradictory, and hence it is impossible to conceive the idea of self-existent matter in a state of eternal successions or evolution. Thus we see the theory of Haeckel is reduced to an absolute absurdity, since it is based on scientific error and on a principle that is impossible to be conceived.

There is a second school of evolutionists who maintain a theistic genesis. Its principal exponent is Darwin, who has

revived and has placed in a new garb the theory of Lamarck that had been pushed to the back-ground by Cuvier. Darwin does not deal so much with the origin of life but rather with transformism. He asserts that in the beginning God created one, or at least three or four primitive forms of animal life. And from these, by means of slow and gradual transformations, the existing forms of animal life have descended. This evolution has been brought about by "the struggle for existence," from which resulted a "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest." He declares that since more individuals are produced than can survive (animals tending to increase in a geometrical series while the means of sustenance increases in an arithmetical series) there must necessarily result a struggle for existence in which the individual battles for its existence and the species for its preservation. The struggle will be most severe between the varieties of the same species, and the more opposite the varieties and individuals are to one another the greater will be their chance of surviving. However, Darwin endeavors to cast a shade of light over this gloomy picture when he says :

"When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that *death is generally prompt*, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply."

In his *Descent of Man*, Darwin thus traces man's origin :

"Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the quadrumana, as surely as would the common, and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys, the quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient maunpial animal : and this, through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain

and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine Ascidians than any other form known." It is needless to mention that in this hypothesis everything is assumed and not a single part is based on scientific fact.

The gorilla, chimpanzee or orang-outang are generally considered the last stage of transformation before man. One of these anthropoid apes lost the habit of creeping on all fours and of climbing trees. After walking on the ground for generations its hind limbs became feet and the ape began to walk erectly. Its tail, having no further duties, grew shorter and eventually disappeared. The hands being now developed supplanted the jaws as organs of combat and as means of procuring food. By degrees the features underwent a complete transformation, the snout was somewhat abbreviated and the face became more vertical. Further on in its advance to man's condition, the ape discarded his repulsive grin and assumed man's pleasant smile. And his monotonous cries were converted into articulate language. This theory is patently absurd, for the inductive sciences, as all know, are founded on the constancy of nature for indeed no conclusion could be drawn from beings that were in a continual state of variation. But the Darwinian theory denies that anything in the world is permanent. Now nature must be permanent or variable: if permanent the theory of Darwin must vanish; if variable, we can make no inductions concerning the beings in nature, hence the theory is baseless.

But, however, how has Darwin established his theory? Is it not simply on analogy, on the anatomical similarity between man and beast? Supposing the analogy to be true, would the likeness of structure denote common origin? Hence it would be absurd to found a theory on such a basis.

How can the Darwinian theory explain the succession of vegetable and animal forms in nature? We have already seen the futility of attempting to bridge over the abyss between non-living and living matter, and there is also nearly as wide a gulf between vegetable and animal life. Extreme supporters of Darwin are not alarmed at this gap, but boldly attempt to fill it up. They tell us there are beings whose nature is doubtful, it not being certain whether

they are plants or animals. This is true. But the Darwinian theory claims that life succeeds in graduation from inferior to superior forms. If this be so, why are not the highest species of plant life most akin to the lowest of animal? whereas it is a fact that the animal and plant life approach each other in the lowest forms of both. Can evolutionists presume to teach us how the plant acquires a sentient soul, how it ceases to deoxydize and acquires the power of oxydizing; how it loses the function of accumulating and begins to expend? They have essayed to solve such momentous questions, it seems surprising that they would not first remove these slight difficulties.

There is again another great break in the scale of evolution that Darwin and his supporters have found impossible to seal up, and this is the difference that exists between the various species of animals. The transmutation of species is more widely doubted to-day than it was when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859. It is true that species are known to admit of limited variations, but it is equally true that the law restraining the transmutation of species has never been transgressed. Moreover, evolutionists tell us that the succession of species has been slow and gradual, whereas research has proved that the transactions have been abrupt. For instance, the bones of Marsupial mammals are found in Triassic rocks but there are no remains of the animals connecting them with the inferior oviparous species. The Tertiary rocks are rich with the fossils of true mammals but not a single trace of one has been found in the Cretaceous strata. But the greatest break of all is found between man and all other animals. And no amount of search will ever succeed in finding the link that is supposed to connect him directly with the rest of the animal kingdom, for as Wallace admits, he is really "a being apart."

Could we who adore an all-wise and merciful God believe that this theory of natural selection, whose essence is an implacable struggle, is in harmony with His wisdom? Are we not more disposed to acknowledge that he created the species of plants and animals according to their kind as the Sacred Book tells us: "God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth after its kind." For what is the "struggle for existence" but the annihilation of the

weaker, and continues incessantly until only the more powerful forms remain. We who worship God as our Creator are more inclined to believe that He created all beings after their kind rather than that they are the result of a merciless conflict. In fact, we might ask does not the theory of natural selection entirely exclude the idea of God and design from the universe, since it makes everything dependent on chance? Or if evolution does not overthrow the belief in a design in the universe, it at least teaches that God is not good and that he is unskilful. Now again, in the "struggle for existence," it is supposed that the most intelligent ape abandoned its arboreal habits and accustomed itself to walk erectly. It also became denuded and acquired handsome features. This seems to be the very antithesis of what one naturally supposes would occur, for a struggle is more calculated to convert a man into a brute than to transform a brute into man. Moreover the monkey's physical structure is better adapted to buffet hostile influences than is man's delicate body. In a word, it is impossible to conceive how the "struggle for existence" could make a man out of the ape.

It would seem apropos to inquire how the first man-ape was initiated in the art of thinking. Moreover, how was the volume of the ape's skull increased to about twice its natural size? When Darwinists are asked how the ape began the thinking process they tell us that the power resulted from the increase of the brain. And asked again how the brain increased, they inform us that it was by the "activity in thinking." This is truly a vicious circle in every sense of the word. We would infer from what they say that the faculty of thinking depends on the weight and size of the brain, or that the greater the increase of the brain the more powerful will be the faculty of thinking. This does not stand the test of examination, for if it were true our present-day geniuses would have heads of importable dimensions. But it has been proved that the Palæolithic men had skulls as large, and in many instances larger, than the present day men. It has been ascertained that the cubic capacity of the skulls of several "Cave-men" of the Palæolithic period average 1606 cc., whereas the average Parisian skull, which is the largest in Europe, is but 1559 cc. Again, if we consider the relative weight of the brain, is not man surpassed

in this respect by many beasts? And also, indeed, in relative weight the brain of the child exceeds that of the adult.

The evolutionists say that after the ape became man the size of the brain began to increase, and fathers begot children with still larger brains. This is evidently absurd, for no generative force can produce a superior being from an inferior. Now, if in the distant past apes were changed into men, why does not the process continue? Have the natural laws been suspended, or has some other agency impeded their action? Moreover, no one has ever witnessed the changing process that evolution describes, nor has there ever been found a fossil that indicated this process. It has been despaired of finding the missing link, still men persist in defending a theory which is truly but the dream of a perverted fancy. Schlegel tells us that "absolute doubt constitutes scientific error." Hence, it would be just to place evolution at the very top of the category of errors, for it is an error that has no extenuating features, it is not an error of the every-day kind.

There are eminent Catholic scientists who endeavor to reconcile the Darwinian theory with revelation and with the doctrines of the church. They differ from Darwin in that they maintain the special intervention of God in the creation of the human soul. Among the exponents of this modification of Darwinism are Dr. Mivart in England, and Dr. Zahm in the United States.

Mivart believes that it does not militate against any defined doctrine of faith to maintain that God modified the animal body through the agency of natural selection, plus some other force, until it was developed sufficiently to receive the rational soul which he then infused into it. Like Darwin, Mivart bases his theory on the anatomical resemblance between man and the ape.

In America Fr. Zahm holds views somewhat similar to Mivart's. In a lecture delivered at the Catholic Summer School in 1895, he quoted St. Gregory of Nyssa, in support of theistic evolution. "The primitive material," says the saint, "the nebulous matter from which all things were fashioned, was created by God directly and immediately, whereas all the multifold creatures of the visible world were produced indirectly and mediately, that is, by the operation of secondary causes called the laws of nature." He also cites St. Augustine, who says: "God did not create the world

as it now appears, but only the primordial matter out of which it was composed." "And," continues Fr. Zahm, in his own words, "spontaneous generation was never a stumbling-block either to the Fathers or Scholastics, because the creative act was always acknowledged and because God was ever recognized as the author, at least through second agents, of the divers forms of life, which were supposed to originate from inorganized matter."

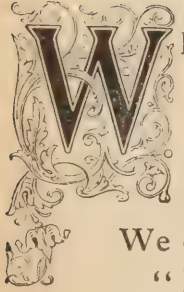
We have previously seen how the theory of spontaneous generation is not necessarily atheistic, and also that many of the early Fathers believed in the spontaneous origin of several lower forms of life. But we have also seen how Pasteur has proved the impossibility of spontaneous generation, and, moreover, that even the most rabid materialists have admitted that there are no proofs of the formation of organic from inorganic matter. Hence it is evident that Fr. Zahm, although he may be supported by St. Gregory and St. Augustine, has based his arguments on a very shallow foundation.

In regard to the relation between evolution and scripture, Fr. Zahm affirms: "Evolution is not opposed to revelation, as is often imagined, but to certain interpretations of what some have imagined to be revealed truths. It is not opposed to dogmas of the church, but to certain individual exponents of dogmas, who would have us believe that their views of the inspired record are the veritable expressions of divine truth."

Of course, as has been stated before, it is not heretical to maintain that theistic evolution is in accordance with revelation. But why should we accept the words of Genesis in a figurative sense? When scientific proof of man's descent from pre existing animal forms shall have been adduced, then there may be reason to understand the words of scripture in other than the literal meaning. But at present there is no reason whatever for deviating from the verbal interpretation. And the general opinion of exegists declares that Scripture excludes the hypothesis of man's corporal origin from animal forms.

(To be continued.)

PRAYING IN WAR-TIME.



WE kneel before God's altar high, and mumble
 A thumb-stained page of old, familiar prayer ;
 Doubtless our postures are devout and humble,
 Our features perfect unctuousness wear.

We call upon the " Prince of Peace " to hearken :
 " Forgive, as we forgive," the cry we raise ;
 But hate-filled clouds of war His bright sky darken
 And through the murk the murderous cannons blaze.

What fine consistency marks our devotions—
 Loud must the demons laugh to see each fool
 Issue, at close of his prayerful emotions
 To break all precepts of the Golden Rule !

We hold that which we have, and dearly covet
 What we have not, though 'tis our neighbor's share :
 An *abstract* honesty—oh ! how we love it !
 And peace (when war is done) were meet and fair !

So let us pray with trumpet voice, my fraters,
 Until the other's ear each shouter stuns ;
 We can (when prayer is o'er) go forth deep haters
 To sit at ease and gossip of—the guns !

Christmas Day, 1899.

W.

“THE DARK AGES.”



THE time between the seventh and fourteenth centuries is generally honored with the above title. Now, whoever affixed it to that part of our history must have been either very ignorant or very malignant ; for we can think of hardly any time since the creation that less deserves so harsh an epithet. But certainly an age in which the wisdom of the Church of Rome enlightened the world,—a time during which some of the greatest lights of that Church illuminated every field in arts, science, religion and statesmanship,—must seem dark to those that are blind to the beauties of these lights. Such an age must seem dark to those that are enlightened and guided solely by their own wisdom, a wisdom so ridiculously profound that it cannot even rise superior to prejudices. It should of course be no surprise to us if men of that kind would call the Middle Ages dark, for, from their infancy, they were taught to regard the Roman Catholic Church as a chaos. But often one may hear even Catholics using the word “dark” in reference to the middle ages. Now this is a sign of ignorance, for if they would but remember the teachings of their Church, Catholics, even although they did not refer to history, would see the absurdity of such a title.

Now let us look at the principal reasons that are advanced to uphold the above name. Cruelty, barbarism, ignorance, are the charges that are brought oftenest against the Middle Ages. And no matter how often they are refuted these charges always spring up again like the good-for-nothing weeds they are. Books might be, and have been filled with the refutation of these slanders, but the space of this article is very limited, so we shall endeavor merely to look over the “Dark Ages” and compare them with their supposed more enlightened successors, leaving our readers to judge whether or not the epithet “dark” is just.

Let us begin with the accusation of cruelty. “Surely,” you say, “nobody can deny this charge ; look only at the Spanish Inquisition; look at all the tortures that were employed by that institution, tortures for which you can find no parallel in history, and you must say that this alone is enough to put the stamp of

cruelty on the forehead of an age which permitted such a court to flourish." Now you believe that you have thrown a bomb at us that will blow every argument of ours to fragments. Let us, however, pick up this missile and examine it, and we shall find that it is harmless. We acknowledge that the Inquisition was rather cruel according to the way we look at things; according to the judgment of an age which does not believe in the existence of Heaven and Hell, and which considers bodily pain the greatest misery that can befall a man. The Inquisition employed tortures painng the body for a short time to save the soul from the everlasting tortures of Hell. There!—I hear somebody laugh; yes you see there are even some at the end of the nineteenth century, who are so "dark" as to believe in such things as Heaven and Hell, and they are very well contented to remain in that "darkness."

We shall never deny that the Inquisition was misused. What court was not? The courts of the present time deal out only justice? Yes, we never hear of decisions against which everybody cries out? Supposing all that is said and written about the Inquisition to be true, have we no parallel? Aye, more than a parallel to it in recent times. What about the, —permit me to call it so,—English Inquisition of Henry the Eighth and his successors in England and Ireland, where tyrants tried to thwart the consciences of their Catholic subjects by hanging and quartering? What about the cruelties to which such men as Thomas More, Fisher and all those that would not weigh down their consciences with a noxious oath, were subjected? What about Ireland? The "most enlightened nation" was not cruel in Ireland? The Inquisition in Spain sought to convert heretics by words or sharper means; that at least was its primary object. England tried to convert Ireland by caresses? England became so affectionate, that thousands of Irishmen live in exile because they cannot get used to the English embraces. English rule in India was never cruel? O, no!—how could it be? The people of India were oppressed until they were forced to rebellion, and then they were blown from the mouth of a cannon.

But we need not go back even as far as the time of Henry the Eighth. Let us look at things taking place before our eyes. To-day, even in the enlightened nineteenth century,

Catholics are treated as if they were noxious things, aye, they are openly, solemnly insulted even at such an impressive ceremony as the coronation of the sovereign of England. Every religion is tolerated and upheld except the Catholic religion. Then see the treatment the poor get, the world over ; they are kicked and left to starve. The only institution that really takes care of the poor, no matter to what denomination they may belong, is the Catholic Church. Again, look at the Indians, and at the cruelty with which they were and are treated. The poor red man was oppressed until human endurance reached its limit. Then, when he arose and tried to avenge the wrongs the white devil had done him ; when he took life for life, scalp for scalp ; when he tried to win back the heritage of his fathers by force of arms ; then there was a chance of butchering him wholesale. We will not speak about slaves and slave trade, nor about the cruelties committed in the revolutions of our times, nor about many other things we could mention, because we think the above is sufficient. We think the exaggerated cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition can very well stand a comparison with the underrated atrocities of post-Reformation times. Of course, every unprejudiced mind will see that the Inquisition is brought forward only because it happens to be a Catholic institution. Who has forgotten the slanders heaped on Catholic Spain during the late war ? To-day the authors of those slanders, at least those persons that came in actual contact with the oppressed and patriotic Cubans and their oppressors, are of a different mind, but very few of them have manhood enough about them to come forward and say : "We made a mistake."

The Crusades seem to furnish another proof showing the cruelty of the "Dark Ages." Their "barbarity" and terrible loss of life are constantly bemoaned. Now there must be nothing higher than temporal life for him that accuses the Middle Ages of barbarity and cruelty on account of the crusades. Could there possibly be a higher aim than that of the Crusades for a military expedition ? Merely by their end, (now please do not do me the honor of calling me a Jesuit), they could be justified, if justification be needed. They aimed at putting a stop to Turkish atrocities in Palestine : they had as their object the end of Turkish power

in Europe. This is called barbarism by an age that allows the most barbaric nation to ursup a goodly part of Europe. This is called cruelty by the nations that protect the Turk whenever he feels like butchering a few thousand Christians, as he periodically does in Armenia or in his other possessions. This is called cruelty, and the life of the fallen is bemoaned in an age which makes war for the slightest reasons, in an age in which wars are waged because this or that nation covets the possessions of its neighbor. How are these wars, (we need not go far for examples), justified? By the words: "for humanity's sake," or for the "advancement of civilization." The Crusades put a stop to Turkish cruelties, but that is not the only thing they did. They built up a desire for arts and sciences in the western part of Europe; they united Europe, if only for a time, and constant peace reigned there during their continuance. Popes and Princes, Clergy and Laity of those times were equally enthusiastic about the Crusades. If these men had seen any unjust barbarity or cruelty in the Crusades, they would not have supported them with all their power, even with their lives. Many other advantages which the Crusades brought to their own, and to times long after, might here be mentioned, but we think that the above will do to show that the Crusades were not as cruel and unjust as some of our modern wars. And if they were cruel, they have had, and are now having many imitators in more unworthy causes.

Did you ever hear of one who attacked the Middle Ages and did not try to show the great immorality that had spread during that period, over the then known world? It well becomes our moral age to preach morals to the Middle Ages! Compare the worst examples of the Middle Ages with those found in the side streets, and in the front streets, too, of London, Chicago, New York, Paris, and many other modern cities,—then speak against the morals of the Middle Ages if you dare. Moreover, there were, in the Middle Ages, no courts whose only business is to dissolve the marriage tie. Marriage was then considered a sacred state, a sacrament; in our times it is the contract made and dissolved at the pleasure of the contracting parties. You may marry as often as you like; if your wife does not suit you, go to some court and

in half an hour, you may be rid of her and be united to another to be got rid of, in like manner, at your pleasure. Worse still ; you may have as many wives as you like ! Now, even the Koran allows only four ; a Mormon may have as many as he can support. Yet worse ; free love is inculcated by certain enlightened teachers. Immorality is openly taught and praised as a virtue in some books and newspapers of this "moral" age. We have not mentioned child-murder in its different degrees ; we have not mentioned the immoral influences of schools, out of which even the name of God is banished. Such a state of affairs was absolutely impossible in the "immoral" Middle Ages.

The accusation of ignorance is another of the many slanders thrown against those centuries. Compared with our own age, they were, in a certain sense, ignorant. But we must not compare the two ages. We might as well try to compare constitutional England with despotic Russia. At an age when a book cost a small fortune, not everybody could have a library and be able to read it. Nevertheless, at that time and under those disadvantages, we find schools and universities all over Europe. Besides schools for the common people, we find universities in Rome, Lyons, Paris, York, Oxford, Fulda, Ratisbon, Paderborn, and all these seats of learning are existing still. It is true that many nobles could not even write their names, and that they even boasted of this ignorance. But that did not prevent them from being true men ; it did not hinder them in the fulfilment of their duties as true knights. They did not the less protect the poor, the widows and orphans, because they could not read Cicero. Moreover, what need had they of more learning ? They never had occasion to sign their names to big documents, for their word was as good or better than hundreds of signatures are now. The word of a man was given and kept. In our age, where an oath has sunk down to mere formality, you must be able to sign every promise you make, so that the one you make it to, may have at least some little security.

Then, whence would we take the books out of which we get the most valuable information for the advancement of sciences in our age, where would we get the Latin and Greek classics after which the classics of our own times are formed, if the monks in the Middle Ages had not preserved them carefully by copying and re-

copying them? Was it not during the Middle Ages that the foundations were laid on which we are now building those grand structures of science? If the foundation did not exist, and had not been laid on solid rocks, the buildings which our scientists raise now, for the admiration of all ages to come, would soon crumble to pieces. The monasteries so readily destroyed in our times, were the places where arts and sciences were fostered. Many of the learned men of the Middle Ages, many of the inventors were monks. These same monks also conducted schools in which the common people were taught. Then, as now, the Catholic missionary, as soon as he arrived amongst the heathens, taught them not only the Gospel but everything that might be helpful to civilize and educate them. No Catholic missionary ever tried to keep the people whom he had converted, in ignorance for mercenary purposes, as some of our Protestant missionaries are accused of doing.

There is hardly an age that produced such eminent rulers, statesmen, scholars, warriors and artists as these much-slandered centuries. A few of the best known names will suffice to show the truth of this statement. We have Charlemagne, Alfred, King of England, Stephen, King of Hungary, Louis the Ninth of France, Richard the Lion-hearted, Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Flanders, Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred; we have Raphael, Dante,—indeed we might keep on filling line after line, page after page. Purposely, we have abstained from mentioning any saints, of which this age was particularly rich, for they surely are considered the darkest spots in the “Dark Ages.”

Though the brains of the common people were not filled with mathematical formulas, and, though the children did not have to bother themselves with Cicero and Demosthenes before they could read and write their mother tongue correctly, they knew how to follow the rules of a Christian life; they knew how to defend their faith and country; they knew how to lead a life equally advantageous to themselves and to their neighbors. In our times, of course, when the almighty dollar is the highest god, we need quite an amount of knowledge to find the best and easiest way of transferring that same god from our neighbors' pockets into our own. What do most men study for, unless it be to make money after-

wards? You will find only a few, and them in the Catholic Church, that have a higher aim in their studies than to make money in their after lives. Why does John study law, and Peter, medicine, and Paul, something else? Does John want to be able to help the oppressed? Does Peter want to cure the ailments of the poor? On the contrary, whoever afterwards pays the most, is usually served first. Whether the case is right or wrong, there is always a lawyer to defend it; whether the practice is against the law or not, there is a doctor to undertake it,—for money. Exceptions of course are found, but they are rare.

With the foregoing we have tried to prove how groundless some of the slanders are, that are thrown against the Middle Ages. Now let us speak of some things that are never mentioned by the slanderers.

Architecture is a pretty good criterion by which to judge the spirit and also the capacity of an age. If this be so, then what will you say of an age that raised the cathedrals of Milan and Cologne and many other edifices of like grandeur and beauty? Can any building, however grand, that was raised in our age of light, compare with those buildings raised in the age of "darkness"? A people able to perpetuate their skill in such monuments can hardly be considered very ignorant. The "skyscrapers" of modern cities bring more profit to the builders and owners than did the buildings raised for the glory of God during the Middle Ages, but where is their artistic beauty? Our enlightened age is not able even to finish the buildings left unfinished by the Middle Ages.

Then why do we find so many ruins of castles, abbeys and churches which vandals have destroyed all over Europe? Why are not these ruins removed from the earth? Because even the ruins show the grandeur of the original structures. Do you think that if any of our much praised "skyscrapers" would fall to ruins, any one would try to preserve it in that state to hint at the beauty of the complete building? You laugh!—the idea seems ridiculous, but it shows, that in point of architecture, our age is, so far as beauty may be concerned, "behind the times."

Moreover, we stand before the paintings and statues, we read the books produced by masters of the Middle Ages; we

appreciate them, but we are unable to imitate them, although we have such grand light, while they sprang into existence amidst such "complete darkness."

The many useful inventions that were brought into existence during those times are, I suppose, more signs of the "darkness" that reigned then? But they, at least, show that the inventors had quite a lot of energy and perseverance; they show that these men did not work for themselves alone but for coming generations. Are we not much benefited by these inventions? We praise ourselves for the inventions, that are daily made in the art of warfare. But look at the machines that were employed during the Middle Ages at the siege of a city. Look at the battering-rams, the catapults and other machines. Do they not prove a great amount of skill? We could mention many other things in favor of the "Dark Ages." We have not mentioned the Orders that were then founded, which are to-day, more than ever, the back bone of the Church we revere, and which are admired by Catholics and Protestants alike, a few bigots excepted. We have not mentioned the institutions that made it a duty for their members to sacrifice their liberty, lives and all, if, by such a sacrifice, the liberty of one Christian slave could be bought. We shall, however, mention a few institutions founded generally by the Roman Catholic Church, which are an adornment to their age. Even our secret societies try to legitimize their own existence by pretending that these institutions are there origin.

We consider chivalry one of the greatest institutions of those and of all ages, because in it we can see the spirit of the times, we can see what was the foremost thought of the nobility. Chivalry made out of a rough soldier, who could not be kept in bounds except by superiority of strength, a defender of the helpless, a help to the poor, a protector of widows and orphans. Chivalry sanctified and ennobled the most profane of all callings. Can you compare the spirit of our grand armies with the spirit of this institution?

Then look at all the military Orders,—the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and many more. They combined all the virtues of true knights, all the heroism of true crusaders, with the spirit of true religious. Can you count all the good these Orders

did? Can you count all the defeats they brought down upon the enemies of Europe? Who knows, but that Europe might be now possessed by these enemies were it not for the stand the military Orders took against any invasion. Remember the defence of Rhodes, Malta, and many other places held by the military Orders. As long as a single man was alive they would not surrender, and the very barbarians whom they defeated looked up with awe and admiration to those heroes. Our times are absolutely incapable of producing such heroes. We can see this by comparison with the men that are called heroes now-a-days. Our age ignores the above facts. Only a few weeks ago a prominent bigot, he happened to be a "minister of the Gospel," addressed the Catholics in these polite words: "We abhor, denounce and spit on your stinking Orders." The man must have made a deep study of these "stinking Orders?"

Let us consider also the "Truce of God." This was a command of the Church prohibiting the continuation of any warfare during the days consecrated to our Lord's Passion, Death and Resurrection, *i. e.*, from Wednesday afternoon until the following Monday morning of every week, and also during the whole of Lent and Advent. This command was strictly observed. Where can you find any sovereign who would obey such a command now? Look at the latest events. A war, just, so called by some, is carried on not only during the whole week, but even during the time in which the birth of the Prince of Peace is celebrated.

We have also the right of the Sanctuary, showing what reverence the Middle Ages had for a church or monastery. If any criminal, fleeing from justice, took refuge in a church or in certain privileged monasteries, then he could not be taken from thence; he was free within the walls of the sacred building. But as soon as he would leave the sanctuary, he would again be subjected to the rigor of the law. In our times, a man may go into a church or where he likes; he is sure to be taken if he be wanted by justice. Nay more, the priest on the altar, if he be wanted for a pretended crime which he even had to commit against civil authority to satisfy his conscience, is not respected; he is torn from the altar and thrown into prison. Worse still, modern devotees of law and order do not even give themselves time to throw him into prison, but kill

him on the steps of the altar, recalling in this way the worst persecutions of the Roman Emperors in the first three centuries of the Christian era ; with the only exception that the Roman Emperors were heathens whilst the moderns call themselves Christians. Examples to prove this might be found within the last fifty years.

But now it is time to let our readers judge. Just allow us to tell them once more that, if the Middle Ages were cruel our age is worse ; if they were barbarous, our age is no less so ; if they were ignorant—but what am I saying ? they were not ignorant, as we have tried to show. If only our enlightened age would try to be in some respects as *dark* as those ages were, we would not hear any more talk about money difficulties, social troubles, and we do not know what kind of questions. We would not have to listen to speeches about the rights of women, because in the “Dark Ages” every woman knew her right, aye, and her duty too. We would not have to look at the wretchedness of the poor, which is constantly before our eyes, because the monasteries which our age has destroyed, and the “lazy, good-for-nothing” monks which our age insults and tries to do away with, took care of them. We would find out that the “Dark Ages” with all their failings, made man happier and more contented than our enlightened age, which has—no failings at all ? In short, we would find out that the “Dark Ages” were not so dark after all.

HENRY HERWIG,

Third Form.



THEIR PROUD RECORD.

WHAT THE OBLATE FATHERS ARE DOING IN SOUTH AFRICA MISSIONARY WORK—FAITHFUL TO THE OLD FLAG, THEY LEAVE THEIR PARISHES TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED, THE SICK AND DISTRESSED.

(From the *Daily World*, Vancouver, B.C.)

At the present time all eyes are turned towards South Africa. Everybody follows with concern and anxiety the sudden turn of a war which, it seems, will be long and terrible. The Boers are very numerous, brave, well disciplined, furnished with the best arms, have great confidence in themselves and in divine Providence which, they say, will never fail them, because they are fighting for justice, their rights and independence.

The theatre of the war is precisely the parts of South Africa confided by the Holy See to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. For 48 years they have labored with extraordinary devotedness, zeal and perseverance in an arid and ungrateful soil. The work was hard and laborious. For a long time they sowed in tears without reaping much fruit from their labors. The good seed, however, was not without fruit, and for the past 25 or 30 years in many places it has produced a most abundant harvest. In 1851 the first Oblate Bishop was consecrated. Rt. Rev. Bishop J. F. Allard, O.M.I., with a few Oblate Fathers were the only Catholic priests in those vast regions of Natal, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, Zululand and Basutoland, and there were only a handful of Catholics scattered over those immense territories. Now, there are five Vicariates, with over 80 Oblate Fathers, a very flourishing monastery of Trappist Fathers, Christian and Marist Brothers, Holy Family, Augustinian, Dominican, Nazareth, Mercy, Ursuline and Kermaria Nuns. Of late years the number of conversions among both the white and black populations has been very remarkable; Catholic institutions have become very prosperous in all the principal centres of population. Let us give a few names of the institutions: At Johannesburg there is the largest and best equipped hospital in South Africa, a

large boarding school for young ladies, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Family ; near by, a home for old men and women and an orphanage, under the charge of the Sisters of Nazareth : besides these, the Ursuline Nuns and the Marist Brothers teach more than 500 children in their schools.

At Bloemfontein the Sisters of the Holy Family have another boarding school, and day schools, having a large number of pupils. The same good works are carried out at Kimberley, where there is also a school for the negroes ; the schools of the Christian Brothers are well attended. In the same city the Sisters of Nazareth have an orphanage for children, and a home for the old men and women. At Mafeking, the Sisters of Mercy, and at Taungs, the Sisters of Kermaria, have also schools. At Newcastle, which has just been occupied by the Boers, without striking a blow, the Dominican nuns possess a large boarding school for young ladies. Ladysmith and Estcourt, the headquarters of the British, have each a hospital and school, under the direction of the Augustinian Sisters. Pietermaritzburg is not behind the other cities for institutions : there is a college, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers, a boarding school and orphanage, day schools for white children, Indians and Kaffirs, under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and a sanatorium under the care of the Augustinian Sisters. At Durban is another sanatorium, an asylum for old persons and for orphans, a boarding school for young ladies in a beautiful position, besides large and flourishing schools for Indian and Kaffir children.

These details are sufficient to show the progress that the Catholic religion has made in those countries whose inhabitants a few years ago, were either pagans, infidels or heretics. But, alas ! what will now become of those grand establishments ? They will undoubtedly experience the fatal consequences of the war. In the cities already occupied by the troops, some wards are entirely solitary on account of the emigration : but the hospitals are filled with sick and wounded : the schools are transformed into hospitals, and teachers into nurses and Sisters of Charity.

Many of the Oblate Fathers have been obliged to abandon the ordinary works of the sacred ministry and to devote themselves to the service of the soldiers, to follow the armies as military

chaplains. We find the Oblate Fathers in both armies, because in both there are Catholic soldiers. Rev. Father Michael Morley, O.M.I., and the other Fathers of the residence at Kimberley, give their care to the soldiers at and around Kimberley; Rev. Father William Murray, O.M.I., and Rev. Father James Saby, O.M.I., perform the same duties to those at Ladysmith. Rev. Father Leon Marchal, O.M.I., of Johannesburg, is chaplain to a regiment of 2,000 Irishmen, who have taken the part of the Boers; Rev. Father Stephen Hammer, O.M.I., of the same city, is chaplain to a corps of 3,000 German volunteers.

The Oblate Fathers, on the battlefield, in the camp, amongst the soldiers as on their missions, will reap an abundant harvest of souls for Heaven. Father Wm. Murray, O.M.I., at Ladysmith, has already administered the sacrament to 900 men, many of whom had not approached the sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion since they had made their first Communion. Almighty God does all things for the salvation of souls; it is to be hoped that He permits the horrors of this war in order to bring many souls to everlasting life. May He spare our institutions which we have established with much labor and many sacrifices. May we ask our readers to offer a prayer for this intention?

PETITES ANNALES, O.M.I.

December, 1899.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF RT. REV. BISHOP CH. JOLIVET, O.M.I.

“The Boers are already masters of a part of Natal. From the beginning, the British abandoned to them Newcastle, where they are now established. The Dominican nuns were obliged to flee thence in a hurry, leaving their beautiful establishments to the mercy of the Boers. The nuns left with many of their boarders who were unable to return to their parents. For a few days they stopped at Dundee, whence thirty nuns and thirty boarders were obliged to seek refuge here at Maritzburg. They have rented a house into which they are all crowded together. A month ago they had one of the finest boarding schools in South Africa; now it is in ruins, and the nuns are in a sad state of poverty. At

Ladysmith and at Estcourt the Sisters are still holding their own. The Sisters of the Holy Family at Maritzburg and at Durban are undisturbed and perform their various good works. Our missionaries and our French and German Sisters are still respected. Father Wm. Murray, O.M.I., has gone as a military chaplain to the Irish regiment.

“† CHARLES, O.M.I., Vic. Apos.

“Bishop of Belline.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETRER OF REV. FATHER MARCHAL, O.M.I.

“The Boers are brave, well-armed, good horsemen and good marksmen. They are fighting for their independence and are determined to fight to the last man. The hardships of war are nothing for these hardy farmers. They know the country and can become invincible in guerilla warfare. They are already, with Free Staters, 60,000 strong, and will be 100,000 after the first victory. A regiment of 3,000 German volunteers, most of them artillerymen, have just started for the front. Rev. Father E. Hammer, O. M. I., is their chaplain. I am starting as military chaplain with 2,000 Irishmen, with their green flag. The corps Franco-Belge guard Johannesburg. The numerous Dutch railroad navvies are all going to the front. I had a flourishing parish, 400 Catholics near the church and 1,000 in the district. All are either going to the war or to places of safety. Yesterday I had only 30 men and three women at mass. The Catholics that are going to fight have obeyed my instructions and have received the sacraments. During my absence, my Kaffir servant will take care of my house and garden till my return. If you learn that I have been killed on the field of honor and in the performance of my sacred ministry, I presume you will be proud of me, and not forget to pray for the repose of my soul.

“LEON MARCHAL, O.M.I.”

FROM THE LAND OF GOLD.

The following interesting letter was recently received from the Klondike by Rev. Father Boisramé, O.M.I. :

DAWSON CITY, YUKON DISTRICT,

Nov. 7th, 1899.

DEAR FATHER BOISRAMÉ,—

My last letter was dated the 13th of October, when I sent some photographs to you and Mgr Routhier. Since the receipt of your letter of the 11th of last August, I have had no news from you. Rev. Father Desmarais has kept you pretty well informed of all that goes on up here, whether good or bad, and of the *opera Dei per Oblatos*.

You must have read in the newspapers an account of the terrible accident that befell the boat carrying Father Desmarais on his return to Dawson. It was a miracle that no lives were lost. The "Stratton," aboard which the Rev. Father had a free passage, was toilsomely descending the Yukon, feeling its way with great difficulty through masses of floating ice, when at midnight on the 24th of October, those detached masses got jammed so tightly as to form a dam across the river, thus closing navigation. The ice continued to pile up around the boat, and as the current is very swift, the water began to rise before the obstructed passageway. What could be done in the darkness of the night? The danger was so quickly realized that a sailor seized a hawser, and, jumping from one block of ice to another, finally reached the shore, where he fastened it securely. The passengers in turn took hold of the hawser and slid along the ice, jumping from block to block behind the sailor. In the meantime the ice gathering beneath the boat raised it and threw it over on its side. Thereupon the women rushed madly for the windows and crawled out upon that side of the boat that was now uppermost. Then, by means of the hawser and with the assistance of the passengers already landed, they slid along the ice to the shore. Scarcely had the last woman (one of my fervent Catholics) touched the ice, when an immense block raised the stern of the vessel, which, all on a sudden, plunged

bow foremost beneath the ice, disappearing in an instant amid the noise made by the explosion of the boilers. Not a trace was left of the vessel so lately engulfed with all its baggage and freight, including thirty sacks of mail. Part of the goods bought by Father Demarais in Montreal were on board. Now, chalices, altar linen, altar wine, holy oils, etc., are all at the bottom of the river. The remainder of these goods were aboard a large scow, the owner of which was under contract to deliver them at Dawson City. But his scow was caught in the ice, and there lie our goods in the open air one hundred miles from Dawson. The question is, shall we get them? The freight was paid for the entire distance, but the loss of the goods has ruined the poor boatman. The cost of carrying them over the ice to Dawson will be greater than the purchase price in Montreal. I gave Rev. Father Desmarais \$800 at his departure and he borrowed \$1,000 in Montreal. He arrived here yesterday after an absence of more than two months, having lost his baggage and breviary, and bringing with him nothing but the clothes which he had put hastily on before leaving the vessel. He had travelled more than 140 miles on foot over the ice, which he found sometimes loose and drifting, sometimes piled up in huge masses on the banks of the river. Unnecessary to add, that during this painful journey the poor Father suffered intensely from cold, hunger, fatigue and insomnia. He arrived here at last remarking that it might have been worse.

I brought the month of the Holy Rosary to a close by using for the first time my beautiful pair of gold beads. You are aware that I intend to present these beads to Very Reverend Father Superior General, after exhibiting them at the Paris Exposition. If I thought it would give you pleasure, I would send them first to Ottawa whence they could be forwarded to Paris. I am told that since it is certain they will attract attention in Paris, it would be worth while seeing them at Ottawa. I will send you by next mail a newspaper containing a description of the beads and of the school which I have just opened.

I remain yours devotedly, who need your prayers,

E. GENDREAU, O.M.I.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 5

JANUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 5.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

During the past month THE REVIEW has received many kind congratulations from various staunch friends, all of whom have expressed themselves as well pleased with both its efforts and its success. Moreover these faithful supporters have amply proved the sincerity of their words by inclosing in their letters such tangible evidences of good will as dollar bills, checks and postal notes. Now this is just the kind of support we want to get from a lot of other persons whose names are found on our subscribers' list. They need not bother praising us if they don't think we deserve it, but, at any rate, we expect them to pay their debts. This is not asking too much, we deem. It is a matter very easily understood by anyone with even an ordinary share of brains, that we cannot continue to publish our magazine without money. The printer's bill and the engraver's bill come to us quite regularly,

and we, poor mortals, not possessing the famous philosophers' stone, have nothing to meet them with, except perhaps the faint "hope of future prosperity." It may be surprising, but it is none the less true that, during the past year, the amount of money paid to THE REVIEW by subscribers, *would not be sufficient to defray the expenses of a single issue*. More than once, THE REVIEW has had to draw from private purses in order to meet its bills. Luckily it has some better friends around here than the majority of its so-called subscribers.

Now we have extreme difficulty in bringing ourselves to believe that this state of affairs is at all just ; indeed we may well surmise that most of our delinquent subscribers will scarcely have the hardihood to call it just either. If a subscriber doesn't wish to continue taking THE REVIEW, let him pay up his arrears and give us notice to stop sending it. In doing so, his action, although not very encouraging to us, will be, at least, conscientiously honest, and that's a good deal in this last year of the nineteenth century. It should be borne in mind that, under the new Canadian postal regulation, we are obliged to pay postage on THE REVIEW, from the office of publication to subscribers. This is an additional expense over and above that of former years. Consequently, taking everything into account, the subscription arrears are absolutely necessary for us in order to keep our magazine in existence.

In this disagreeable state of affairs, we are about to act in a manner that may seem a little harsh to some ; but necessity has no law. We are sending bills to each one of our subscribers that is in arrears, and expect these bills will be promptly attended to. MOREOVER THE NAMES OF ALL PERSONS THAT HAVE NOT PAID UP ARREARS ON OR BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH OF NEXT MARCH WILL BE REMOVED FROM OUR MAILING LIST, AND IN OUR BOOKS, OPPOSITE SAID NAMES, WILL BE WRITTEN IN RED INK, THE NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY PHRASE, "CUT OFF UNPAID." These three words appear already on our books in a few places, and we can assure our readers that they do not contribute much to the honor and dignity of the persons opposite whose names they have been placed. This is about all we have to say upon so unpleasant a subject, and we think it is enough.

THE HOLY YEAR.

The solemn ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of the Holy Year were participated in throughout the world with extraordinary manifestations of Catholic piety. In thus auspiciously commencing the sanctification of the last few months allotted the dying century, the universal Church of Christ entered well into the profound religious spirit of its Chief Pastor,—into the undying spirit of its Divine Founder. Could there have been imagined a better manner of beginning the Holy Year than that decreed by the Sovereign Pontiff? What nobler idea than that of sanctifying its first moments by the mightiest act of all Christian worship? aye, by the only real act of Christian worship in existence? With good reason did the Holy Father decree the New Year midnight Mass; for without the sacred Mass, Christianity would fail to render God the honor that is His due. Without sacrifice, religion is *nil*; and there is no sacrifice but the Mass. Let us hope that this Holy Year, so well begun by the oblation of Christ's adorable Body and Blood, may be for all of us what its name implies. To us students, this year affords opportunities of great moment. We are young yet; indeed most of us shall reach manhood only in the advance of the new century. Let us, nevertheless, keep clearly in mind that this is a kind of account-settling, and stock-taking year. We need to find out just where we stand. All our old debts must be wiped out, and new pages must be turned ere sounds that midnight stroke which will be, at the same time, the knell of a hoary-headed friend of progress, and the birthday clarion of a new and, we hope, happier era.

In olden times, when the Jewish people were the chosen ones of God, the Jubilee Year was, as we know, an important event. When it occurred "each household received back its absent members; each family recovered the property that had passed out of its hands during the fifty years before; the debtor was released from his obligation; the captives and the bondsmen were set free." Let the present year see verified in us the spiritual regeneration so aptly typified by the temporal favors long ago accorded to the Jews. If we have been absent from the family circle of God our Father, let us return home; if we have forfeited our right to

our eternal inheritance, let us bravely strive to recover it ; if we have become indebted to the divine justice, let us hasten to obtain remission ; if we have been captives or bondsmen under the cruel sway of vicious passions, let us unhesitatingly break our chains and make for liberty. In a word, let us make noble and sincere efforts to end well that of which none of us saw the beginning ; let us prepare ourselves to begin well that of which none of us, with these mortal eyes, shall see the end. The twentieth century will be for each one of us what we make it ;—either a kind friend or a harsh, cruel tyrant. One thing is absolutely certain ; it shall stand meditatively beside the newly made grave of each one of us, and witness the last sad sod placed in trim position. There by the lonely tomb, it will test our worth, whether that worth be meted out in gold, in silver or in lead. Let us so labor now from its beginning, or rather during this year of great opportunities that precedes its beginning, that when we come to pass away into that sleep we call death, the twentieth century may be able to raise over our silent ashes a golden monument of glory—of glory not in the worldly sense, but of glory that is everlasting—of glory won by devotedness to the eternal interests of ourselves and of our fellow-men.

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* * *

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

The unfortunate war now waging in South Africa has, for the past three months, fixed upon its saddening pictures, the attention of the whole civilized world. Now, it is not within our field, to enter into a discussion as to the validity of the relative claims put forth by Briton and Boer in this lamentable struggle. All we allow ourselves to do, is to join our little word of sorrow with the heartrending sighs and wails of bereaved mothers, and wives, and children, and to inquire why it is that, in this last year of a noble era, such scenes of carnage are allowed to have a place. In all this nineteenth century world, famous for wise statesmanship, is there no man or committee of men capable of settling this petty dispute, without having recourse to bloodshed? Surely the matter is not so very difficult? Surely proud Albion, without sacrificing a whit of honor, might have bowed her haughty head

for once, to the decision of some reliable umpire. Was she really afraid of getting the worse side of the decision? Indeed it would seem so from her hasty flight to arms; but even so, the preventing of such terrible scenes of bloodshed as were lately witnessed on her own territory, would have been worth a consideration, especially to one so rich. Yes, we hardly pity England in her reverses, because we deem her chiefly responsible for the existing sad state of affairs; but we do pity the poor soldiers that, far away from home and friends, are suffering so much in her cause. We do pity the heart-broken mothers, and wives, and brothers, and sisters, of which there are now so many throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. In the existing state of affairs, our sympathies are aroused by a sentiment such as is voiced in the following lines written at Christmas time for the "*Westminster*," by Mr. Thomas Hardy:

South of the line, inland from far Durban,
There lies—be he or not your countryman—
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside.

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OUR SOCIETIES.

The various societies which furnish so much profitable enjoyment to the student body during the long, dreary winter months, are now, we are glad to state, in a very flourishing condition. Without these periodical breaks in the weekly round of study, life at the University would very soon become both dull and monotonous. It is therefore a duty incumbent upon every student, to encourage these societies as far as lies in his power. By so doing, each one can prove his generous loyalty both to his fellow-students and to his *Alma Mater*, and, at the same time, benefit himself immensely. He can, moreover, contribute not a little towards making college life pleasant both for himself and for those that call him companion and friend.

We are especially pleased to note that the Scientific Society is prospering even beyond our most sanguine expectations. Nor need we wonder much at this, for how could it do otherwise under such able guidance? The varied and carefully prepared lectures that it provides for its select and attentive audiences, are, every one of them, real intellectual treats; something, in fact, that cannot fail to impress much useful knowledge upon the hearers. Then, as the Society's energetic Director once laughingly remarked, the pill is very well sugared; that is to say, each lecture is carefully set in such a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music as is a real treat.

Now perhaps there is nothing of more utility to students than the practice of public speaking on the various important topics of the day. Such a practice is amply provided for, at the weekly meetings of the Debating Society. At each of these meetings every student present is free to have a hearing on the subject under discussion. The debates are becoming more and more interesting and more closely contested every week, so we may expect great results from the society before the return of summer. In reference to this organization, however, we would suggest that the discourses, especially from "the house," be much better prepared than hitherto, and moreover we *insist* that *slang is entirely out of place at such reunions*. Those that have the intention of speaking on the subject under discussion, should not wait until they arrive in the hall, before thinking of what they are going to say. If this observation be attended to, it will prevent many foolish things from being said.

We are very glad to be able to state that the student societies are not the exclusive property of the senior department. Our young friends, the juniors, have lately re-organized a society, known as the Sodality of the Holy Angels. They have even got ahead of the seniors by the fact that they have obtained for their organization, the special blessing of the Apostolic Delegate. We congratulate the juniors upon the admirable earnestness and edifying piety with which they have undertaken the work of the Sodality, and we wish both them and their society every prosperity during the remainder of the scholastic year.

Editorial Notes,

BY W. P. EGLESON, '00.

The favorite assertion of Protestants that converts to Catholicity are made only among the savage, the ignorant or the weak-minded has received another flat denial by the recent conversion of the Rev. Dr. DeCosta. We are continually being told by our separated brethren that the Catholic Church has no power and can exert no influence over minds that have known intellectual freedom and have been enlightened by the philosophy of Liberalism, Socialism and Rationalism; that her doctrines cannot stand the test of modern thought nor bear the scrutiny of severe logic; that there exists a necessary antagonism and perpetual struggle in the mind between reason and faith; and that all who enter her fold must abnegate their own reason or be possessed of none. It seems hardly necessary to mention that these are most gratuitous suppositions on the part of our opponents, for experience has long since placed such statements in the category of the purest of figments. Even a cursory glance at the history of religion during the past one hundred years is sufficient to disprove such statements.

The great revolutions in religious thought in England during the first half of the present century was but the natural and logical outcome of an eager and honest investigation for truth and a careful and conscientious examination of the claims of the Catholic Church. The great Tractarian Movement which effected this, numbered among its originators and promoters many of the most distinguished scholars of the time at Oxford. Keble and several others that had a large share in the work, unfortunately remained and died in the *via media*, but Newman, Manning, Ward and a host of others, encouraged by the success already attained, urged onward by the impetuosity and strength of their mighty intellects and, guided by the "kindly light" from above, continued their labors and, following the logical sequence of their researches, arrived at the goal of truth and made their submission to the Church of Rome.

Even on this side of the Atlantic, and despite the fact that nothing seems to be more in opposition to the trend of the American mind than to enter into itself and seriously think out any question, we are at no loss to mention many notable examples of men who, by the native strength of their own minds, have worked their way from the dark and stormy ocean of error and uncertainty to the calm and sunlit harbor of truth and satisfaction. The Rev. Dr. De Costa is the latest addition to this bright galaxy in America. His conversion has an additional significance in view of the fact that Protestant controversialists are ever charging us with opposition to the Bible, and that among the chief reasons stated by the distinguished convert for his change of creed, is the fact that the Catholic Church is the only true custodian and interpreter of the Scriptures, whereas the various Protestant sects and sub-sects repudiate divine revelation and tradition. The result is that many of their adherents deny all religion, while others, more profound in intellect, seeing that religion is natural to man and an inextinguishable craving of the human soul, fervently inquire: "To whom shall we go for the words of eternal life?" Diligent inquiry and deep research invariably point to the Church of Rome. She alone holds the keys of the heavenly kingdom and can give the only correct solution of all doubts and difficulties. Her doctrine and teaching alone can bring conviction and peace to the mind, and joy and satisfaction to the heart. Such, Dr. DeCosta assures us, has been his personal experience and such, we may say, will ever be the experience of those who, laboring under doubt or embarrassed with philosophical difficulties about religion, enter upon an honest and careful search for the true faith.

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His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons in a contribution to the "End of the Century Book" published by the New York *World*, sums up in a few excellent words, the great evils which at present confront the United States. While entertaining strong hopes for the future prosperity of his country, the Cardinal is not without his fears and apprehensions, and reminds his countrymen that they must not ignore the fact that the Republic is assailed by great

dangers, such as impiety, unbelief and socialism. The following quotation from his words is well worthy of consideration :

“ The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced to the family.

“ The root of the Commonwealth is in the homes of the people.

“ The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind.

“ The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the family. The river does not rise above its source.

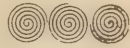
“ We are confronted by five great evils—divorce, which strikes at the root of the family and society ; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth ; the desecration of the Christian Sabbath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage that we owe Him ; the gross and systematic election frauds, and lastly, the unreasonable delay in carrying into effect the sentences of our criminal courts, and the numerous subterfuges by which criminals evade the execution of the law.

“ Our insatiable greed for gain, the coexistence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life, and every other moral and social delinquency, may be traced to one of the five radical vices enumerated above.”

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The flourishing state of Catholic missions in South Africa is certainly most encouraging, and bears eloquent testimony in behalf of the zeal and labors of the Oblate Fathers to whom that district was confided by the Holy See. The first Oblate bishop, Rt. Rev. J. F. Allard, was consecrated in 1851, and had jurisdiction over the vast regions of Natal, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, Zululand, and Basutoland. For a long time the work was hard and the results discouraging, but the patient and heroic labors of the missionaries at last bore fruit. At present there are five Vicariates and over eighty Oblate Fathers, a monastery of

Trappists, Christian and Marist Brothers, Holy Family, Augustinian, Dominican, Nazareth, Mercy Ursuline and Kermaria Nuns, and the numbers of conversions is large. That God may spare and protect the numerous religious institutions from the horrors and disastrous consequences attached to the present war, should be the fervent hope and prayer of all.



Obituary.

ROYAL DUMONTIER '98.

It becomes our sad duty once more to record the death of one who, but a short while ago, was amongst our fellow students, Royal Dumontier. Though it was known that his feeble health had hastened his departure from our midst, still no one expected that the hour of dissolution would come so soon. Indeed, hopes of recovery were held out at various times, and, after a few months' rest from study, he rallied to a slight degree. It was during this brief period of convalescence that Royal passed with most brilliant success, the entrance examination of the faculty of law at Laval University. He pursued his course there for six months, but was finally obliged to return to his home in Hull. There, despite every care and attention, he slowly wasted away. His cheerfulness and resignation to the will of his Creator during the last hours of his life, did much to alleviate and soften the sorrow of his family. God took him to Himself shortly after the opening of the New Year.

As a student, Royal had won the respect and praise of his professors, and as a comrade, he was true and staunch. To his bereaved parents and family the REVIEW offers the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of the professors and students of Ottawa University. They join with them in asking God to grant him rest and happiness for eternity.

Of Local Interest.

The Holy Year was appropriately ushered in at the University by the celebration of Midnight Mass in the chapel. Rev. Dr. Nilles was the celebrant, and in the body of the chapel, were all the professors and students that had remained at the University during the holidays.

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The Christmas holidays have come and gone, but their memories are yet very pleasant. The students all report having spent a most joyous fortnight, whether at their homes or at the University. After this brief interval of relief from close study, both professors and pupils have settled down to the routine prescribed for the next term. All indications promise a most successful year from every point of view. Though somewhat tardy, yet THE REVIEW offers the teaching staff and the student body all the compliments of the season.

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A matter which is engaging the attention of the students at present is the condition of the volumes in their library. It is not such a long time ago since the number of books on the shelves was fairly large; the selection was varied, and the books themselves were well bound. Now, however, owing to several causes, which are well known, the number of volumes has dwindled down very rapidly, and their condition is very much dilapidated. It is to be sincerely hoped that steps will be taken very soon to put the library on a firm working basis.

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We regret to announce that Rev. Father Cornell has been obliged to give up his classes for a short time. His failing health made this decision imperative, and his superiors have granted him leave of absence for a month. We sincerely trust that, after this short term of relaxation has expired, Father Cornell will once more be able to resume his work as professor.

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Father Cornell's temporary retirement has caused some few changes in the teaching staff. Father McKenna has taken charge

of the Fifth Form in English, and Brother Kirwin will teach the same branch in the Third Form. Father Flynn and Brother Fallon have been entrusted with Father Cornell's French and Catechism classes respectively.

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"Falsely Accused" is the title of a drama which will be presented shortly by our Thespians. The play is adapted for male characters from Hazelwood's "Awaiting the Verdict," and is of no little power and interest. The rôles have been given out and the actors are rehearsing faithfully. We look for a repetition of the successes which our Dramatic Society has met with in the past.

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The Academy of St. Thomas, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Lacoste, is engaged in the discussion of the various theses for the examinations in Philosophy. The Academy meets every Monday and Friday morning. The interest displayed by the members of the Philosophical Course augurs well for the prosperity of the society, and beneficial results may confidently be expected from it.

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The Senior Debating Society had hardly finished congratulating itself on its good fortune in securing the services of Rev. Father Patton as Director, when it was announced that other duties made such demands on his time that he would be forced to sever his connection with the society. However, Father Cornell was approached and gave the committee a favorable reply. We are sure that our new Director will do a great deal to advance the interests of the Society in many ways.

The last debate before the Xmas holidays took rather a literary turn. The question was: "Resolved that Brutus was a better friend to Cæsar, than was Mark Antony." Messrs. Coughlin and Lynch presented the arguments for Brutus, while Messrs. Poupore and O'Gorman did likewise for Antony. The decision of the judges favored the gentlemen on the affirmative. The restriction of further immigration into the United States was argued on January 13, by Messrs. Gookin and Hanley for the affirmative, and Messrs. Burns and Murphy for the negative. After a warm

and spirited debate, the judges awarded the victory to the negative. On January 20, "Resolved that the study of experimental sciences is detrimental to the cultivation of art." Messrs. Conway and King upheld the cause of experimental science, while Messrs. Morin and Nolan pleaded for art. The debate was most interesting and well argued. The judges favored the affirmative.

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The Scientific Society has been fully reorganized for the winter term. The season opened with a lecture on the Metric System by Mr. A. Donnelly. The explanation of this system as given by the lecturer, was very clear and concise. Father Murphy supplemented the lecturer's remarks by a few well chosen words. The Society's glee club and orchestra rendered several selections, which were well received. The President announced that several lectures by gentlemen from Ottawa would be given during the year.

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Owing to lack of space, several items of interest must be omitted for this issue. However next month we shall have more room at our command and shall publish full accounts.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

The opening month of the year 1900 sees many of our valued exchanges again in our *Sanctum*, and with them, a number of new publications which have been received with keen pleasure and appreciation.

The *Sacred Heart Review* of January 6th is an especially important issue. Reference has already been made to that splendid series of articles under the title "Considerations on Catholicism," by the Rev. Charles Starbuck, and so deserved is their importance that we give the following clipping lest some readers may misapprehend the purpose of these contributions :

"Rev. Mr. Starbuck does not "defend" any Catholic

doctrine, nor does he combat any Protestant doctrine. A careful reading of his papers will show that his design is to state correctly the teaching of the Church on this or that point of doctrine, and, comparing this teaching with the erroneous notions of it held by representative Protestant ministers and others, to do what he can to remove such misapprehensions. In exposing Protestant misunderstandings of Catholic teaching, Rev. Mr. Starbuck not unfrequently may give the impression to the inattentive reader that he is defending Catholic teaching in itself. On the contrary, he is only defending this teaching against Protestant ignorance or misrepresentation. He believes that Protestants ought to know, ought to have, the genuine Catholic teaching on all points of doctrine, instead of the spurious, counterfeit thing that now passes current among them, among the learned as well as the ignorant. He knows, what all Catholics know, that Protestant distrust of Catholic doctrine is largely due to ignorance, and, aside from all religious consequences, he sees in this fear, this distrust, social and civil results which have frequently worked mischief to the common wealth. Protestants and Catholics are fellow-citizens, with a thousand interests in common. The common welfare demands that the citizens should live together in peace, should work together with mutual confidence for the common good. Whatever sows the seeds of suspicion or mistrust, whatever fomenters sectarian wrangling and religious bickering, is a positive injury to the common weal. The citizen who has it in his power to eliminate these mischief making elements from the body politic is bound in conscience to work for that end. Rev. Mr. Starbuck is the only Protestant minister in this country who has the requisite knowledge of Catholic doctrine to state what it is. In all probability, too, he is the only man in the country who, in doing that, commands the respect and confidence of intelligent and educated Protestants. With special force, therefore, has the responsibility of good citizenship and a love of truth and fairplay pressed Mr. Starbuck to this work."

In the same issue, Professor Schurman, of Cornell, unfavorably known as the dictator and mouthpiece of that body cyleped the Philippine Commission, comes in for a well merited castigation for his narrow-mindedness and want of liberality in an

address recently delivered before the Congregational Club of New York City. The editorial demonstrates that the Professor, who is sometimes quoted as an authority on the Philippines, is not so well informed nor so learned on these matters as his friends would claim.

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The Sacred Heart Messenger (American), for January assigns its opening pages to a delightful itinerary entitled "Some New World Glimpses of an Old World Race." In the same issue there is a just mead of tribute given to Alexander Legentil through whose noble efforts the Basilica of Montmartre was begun. This magnificent Church, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, is being erected in fulfilment of a national vow made by French Catholics in 1871, and foremost among these devoted sons of the Church was Legentil. He was the prime mover and master mind of the undertaking. At first this gigantic project was in the hands of lay Catholics, but always with the approbation and encouragement of the clergy; then step by step the movement proceeded until June 16th, 1875, when, to the great joy of Catholic France, the cornerstone was laid by Cardinal Guibert, O.M.I. In that most instructive contribution "Higher Biblical Criticism," Father A. Maas gives a lucid explanation of the nature, results and methods of higher Biblical criticism.

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The *Catholic World* is not at all polemical, so that when a vigorous article touching on the status of the Church appears in its pages it is acceptable to all readers. Many pages of the current issue are given to a review of a few of the movements which now disturb the religious world. Under the title "The Crisis in the Church of England," Rev. H. G. Ganss surveys the Ritualistic agitation in England and its correlative force in America. This movement is not conducive nor helpful to the future stability of the English Church, for, according to this writer, "it emphasizes and accentuates, with an overpowering sense of conviction, the absence of unity, even uniformity which the logical mind must expect, and which always typifies the handiwork of God throughout animate or inanimate creation, and all the more in his kingdom on

earth, the Church." The divergent views of Anglicans, their contradictory doctrines, the unreliable primatial decisions, the vacillations and inconsistencies of the Ritualists, are vigorously exposed and carefully commented upon. The erudite editor of this magazine never allows a surfeit of religious matter to predominate in its pages but wisely gauges the general taste, and allows proportionate space to sketches appealing to the æsthetic reader, to contributions on great scientific questions, or touches his humor by some lively skit or story. Thus we pass to an article entitled "Murder in the Name of Science," and certainly the nature of its contents justifies the giving of this startling name to an attack on certain practises of the medical profession. From a pamphlet entitled "Human Vivisection," the author of this criticism (Father Searle) takes a number of cases in which dangerous operations were made with living human beings, and powerful drugs administered without any intention of curing or alleviating the disease, but simply to learn how such operations or drugs will affect the subject under such treatment. The writer clearly establishes a strong case, and in no uncertain terms, condemns those outrages which are crimes against the Christian code of morals. As the religious question is prominently to the fore, and the reader engrossed with solutions of all difficulties, the most careful consideration should be bestowed on that luminous review of Mr. Mallock's article contributed to the November *Nineteenth Century*, which criticism appears in this issue under the caption of "Mr. Mullock on the Church and Science." The fiction of this number has a special and local interest, for the opening scene of Miss Hughes' story, "A New Year's Tale of the North" is laid in the Canadian Capital.

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Donahoe's for January has not come up to our expectations. Some leading article on the all-important Religious question, or a contribution suggested by the coming events of Holy Year, should have found place in the opening number instead of some of the very ordinary articles. Withal, there are certain contributions worthy of careful consideration, particularly the criticism of Othello by Rev. James Cotter. The character sketches of Othello and of Iago are excellent conceptions, the writer's conclusions

are carefully drawn and substantiated by selected quotations from the play. In the article entitled "In Brownson's Middle Life" we are made acquainted with the great influences affecting him at the important crisis which resulted in his conversion to Catholicity. The article contains Brownson's beautiful tribute to the stern, uncompromising Catholicity of Bishop Fenwick. In "Boer against Briton," the author has but a veneering of truth in his pro-Boer attitude, and of course would not deign to consider her whom he is pleased to name "the chief pirate among the nations and most unconscionable Pharisee." The reader does not look for a high-class Catholic magazine to furnish such matter when a similar *pot-pourri* is served daily by our newspapers. The fiction of this number, with the exception of "The Transition," is weak and of little value.

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Among our new exchanges for 1900, *The Gael* deserves most favorable mention. In introducing this magazine to the student body, THE REVIEW commends the non-partizan stand of *The Gael*, and the desire of the editor to maintain in its columns an unswerving devotion to Ireland's dearest interests, and particularly to promote the spread of her language, literature, music and art. In the January issue there is an interesting description of the "Rock of Cashel," which carries the reader back to the Milesian invasion and conquest of Ireland. "The Moondharrig Hurlers," as the title would indicate, is descriptive of the noble Irish game of hurling. This charming contribution is by our own Canadian Celt, Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon). The author of "Irishmen in South Africa" pays a just tribute to a number of Irishmen who played an important part in the peaceful development of this now famous English possession. While all readers are engrossed with the present situation in South Africa, the editor has found a favorable occasion for some interesting paragraphs from John Mitchell's "Jail Journal." These notes breathe a patriotic love for the old land, a distrust of her oppressor, and truly have terrible emphasis at the present moment. The sense of humor characteristic of the Irish Race, even when bowed down with oppression, happily shows itself in some excellent lines.

Exchanges.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

The second number of *The Skylark* has reached our sanctum. In its exchange column we notice that it solicits recognition, and expresses surprise that its advent into the world of journalism was not proclaimed by the other periodicals. Truly we admit that there was a lack of courtesy displayed therein, a lack of gallantry in fact. But we in this northern clime have an excuse to offer for the oversight. We have heretofore never seen any *Skylarks*, and consequently knew nothing of the deep rich melody of their song. We were thus entirely unaware of the value of the little feathered songster in our possession, which we kept confined for some time without giving it an opportunity of displaying its power. We might urge still another excuse in our behalf. November is a very unfavorable month for the first appearance of a *Skylark* in Canada. It is not, in the minds of Canadians, the month that is coupled with song, and moreover the warble of songsters is then liable to go unheeded or be drowned in the jingling of sleigh-bells.

Well, we read the second number of *The Skylark* through and found it quite to our taste. Articles on various topics are found in its columns. Fiction and poetry receive considerable attention. Moreover, the article "Sounds from the Science Room" shows that the contributors appreciate also the study of natural phenomena. The merit of the first two issues of *The Skylark* augurs well for its future success. It has made a favorable impression on us, and we shall always accord it a hearty welcome to our sanctum.

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The excellence of most of the convent publications that we receive regularly is deserving of comment. Often, it may be claimed, there is a lack of didactic matter, but in nowise can it be said that such a fault is general. And just here we might remark that did some of our essentially didactic journals, who by the way pride themselves on being such, devote their exclusive attention for some length of time to lighter literature, they would afterwards

be the better qualified to present in more readable form, discussions on the topics on which they undertake to enlighten us.

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The *Niagara Rainbow* contains a pleasing variety of literary selections. This publication is only a quarterly, but when it does appear, it brings with it the accumulated merit of the three months during which it was in preparation. In the present issue, among the best articles are "On the Need and Use of Self-Conceit," "Moods," and "Old Letters."

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The Young Eagle, now twenty-five years old, next claims our attention. The articles are quite entertaining, but most of them might have been drawn out to greater length without any detriment to the subjects treated. We look for superior merit in short contributions, and if such be not displayed, we are somewhat disappointed.

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"As seen through a Mist," in the *McGill Outlook*, is a kind of parody on the "Vision of Mirza." The writer is wafted aloft, and from thence, through surrounding dimness, looks down on the vast city of Montreal. He sees and he moralizes. An inhabitant of that airy region conducts him along, and answers the strange questions that his curiosity prompts him to ask. The closing lines of this remarkable vision are: "I was about to point to a group of creatures, who tore from a building to the left, as we stood, when I felt a rush of cold clear air, and turning saw my friend beckoning me to a door which leads into a clearer, purer atmosphere. Gladly I followed him and the door shut with a soft click, and Montreal faded from my thoughts as I viewed the landscapes there." Of course the writer intends us to speculate as to who those "creatures" were. But I fear the occupation would be a useless one. We might suggest, however, that they were citizens who dreaded the approach of that scrutinizing eye that was soon to glare down upon them. On the whole, the article appears purposeless and displays no literary merit whatever.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, raised Thomas Fay, '96 to the priesthood on December 23, in the Basilica, at Ottawa. Father Fay celebrated his first Mass at Almonte the following day, Sunday. He has been placed as curate at St. Patrick's Church Ottawa. We beg to offer Father Fay our sincerest congratulations, and hope that his career may be long and fruitful.

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At the ordinations in Montreal we notice the following names of old college students: Mr. J. T. Quilty, '97 was ordained sub-deacon; Messrs. Ryan '97 and Foley '97 received minor orders; and Mr. Bolger, '98 received the tonsure.

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J. J. Garland and W. W. Walsh, two members of the class of '96 have recently entered upon the practice of medicine and law respectively. Dr. Garland is located in Syracuse, and Mr. Walsh in Vancouver. May success be theirs is the REVIEW's fervent wish.

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We are extremely well pleased to chronicle the marriage of one of our old friends, Mr. John Quinlan of Baldwinsville, N.Y. All of the Alderman's friends will rejoice at his good fortune and wish him long and happy years of bliss.

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The people of Springfield, Mass., will have as their chief executive officer an ex-Ottawa College student in Mayor Hayes. This victory was decidedly popular, and it is intended to tender the new Mayor a complimentary banquet. We hope to be able to present our readers with further details in our next issue.



Athletics.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Football Union was held in Montreal on Saturday, Dec. 2nd. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs. T. G. Morin, '01, and W. P. Egleson, '00. The secretary's report and treasurer's statement for the past year

were read and showed that the Union was in the most flourishing condition in every respect. The Shamrocks of Montreal were admitted to the junior and intermediate ranks. The union is now constituted of four senior teams : Montreal, Brockville, Britannia and Ottawa College ; eight intermediate teams, Lennoxville, Quebec, Brockville, Westmount, Montreal, Britannia, McGill and Shamrocks; and seven junior clubs, Montreal, Point St. Charles, Quebec, Britannia, McGill, Westmount and Shamrocks.

The election of officers for the season of 1900, resulted as follows :—

President—J. F. Savage, Montreal.

First Vice-President—T. G. Morin, Ottawa College.

Second Vice-President—Allan Rankin, Britannia.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. Herbert Brown, Montreal.

The union is now rid of all sporting organizations of the tin-horn denomination such as the Granites and Ottawas, and enters upon what promises to be a most successful year.

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Jack Frost has once more made his appearance in this section of the globe and has cooled all ardor and excitement for every outdoor sport except hockey. This being the only athletic amusement permitted by His Hyemal Majesty, we have again organized four student teams and arranged a schedule of matches for the season. Each member of the victorious team will be presented with a handsome group photo, as a souvenir. The teams are captained by Messrs. Costello, Smith, Callaghan and Poupore, and are as follows.

Costello, (Capt.) Halligan, Chenier, Blute, A. O'Leary, Davie, A. Valin.—Smith, (Capt.) Meehan, Richards, Sims, McGuckin, T. Morin, Mills.—Callaghan, (Capt.) M. O'Leary, McDonald, O'Brien, E. Valin, Eves, U. Valiquette.—Poupore, (Capt.) Kennedy, Talbot, Breen, MacCosham, Filiatrault, Loneran.

SCHEDULE.

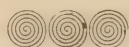
Jan. 17, Poupore vs Smith; Jan. 20, Callaghan vs. Costello; Jan. 21, Smith vs. Callaghan; Jan. 24, Poupore vs. Costello; Jan. 27, Smith vs. Costello; Jan. 28, Poupore vs. Callaghan; Jan. 31, Costello vs. Callaghan; Feb. 3, Poupore vs. Smith; Feb. 4, Pou-

pore vs. Costello; Feb. 7, Smith vs. Callaghan; Feb. 10, Poupore vs Callaghan; Feb. 11, Costello vs. Smith.

The teams are fairly well matched and all the games have been keenly contested. The following table shows the standing of the clubs in the games already played :

DATE.	TEAMS.	WON BY	SCORE.
Jan. 17.	Poupore vs. Smith,	Smith,	3 to 0.
Jan. 21.	Smith vs. Callaghan,	Callaghan,	4 to 1.
Jan. 24.	Poupore vs. Costello,	Costello,	2 to 1.
Jan. 27.	Smith vs. Costello,	Smith,	7 to 1.

The match scheduled for the 20th inst. was postponed on account of the unfavorable condition of the ice.



Junior Department.

The Junior Editor is happy to see the old familiar faces of '99 again grace the campus of Lilliput. Many new names have been placed upon the registrar, and are now counted among the knickerbocker tribe. Judging from the many quaint stories that the Junior Editor has heard from his numerous friends, he is persuaded that they spent a very pleasant Xmas vacation. It is needless to state that such good news brings joy to the Editor's heart.

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That overhanging gloom, which is usually the result of loneliness, has disappeared from the countenances of the Juniors, and they are now settled down to active work again. Each one has returned to his professors with resolutions many and great, and has taken a prospective view of a successful term. We hope that no darksome cloud will come to dim the brightness of such pleasant hopes. We regret very much that we cannot publish the records made during the fall by the many football teams of the J. A. A. The reason of this unusual omission is that we do not wish to proclaim to the public the stinging defeats suffered by the footballers. We expect, however, to be able to say much in praise of the lovers of Hockey.

In order that the present term may be marked by a spirit of progress, each boy must lend his time and energies to all that will further the interests of the community. In the study hall and classroom, let there be shown an earnest desire to succeed. All unnecessary parading through the corridors during study hours must cease. In the yards, the accustomed sportsmanlike spirit must prevail.

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On January 23rd, the Holy Angels Sodality assembled in the University Chapel for the first time this year. It was a real pleasure for us to see such a large number of boys in attendance. Rev. Father Henault, the devoted Director of the Sodality, preached an appropriate and well thought out sermon, which was listened to with most edifying attention. The subject of the discourse was devotion to the Holy Angels. It was announced that the election of officers would take place in due time, and that, every Tuesday evening, the members of the society will assemble in the chapel to hear instructions given by the Rev. professors of the University. We sincerely hope that all our young friends will prove themselves worthy of admission to the ranks of the Sodality, and that, once admitted, they will always remain faithful to its rules. The Sodality has received the special approbation and blessing of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate.

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CHRISTMAS BANQUET IN LILLIPUT.

As Christmas was a day of rest for all true Christians, Captain Moonlight, the Junior Editor's holiday reporter for Ottawa, determined to imitate worthy examples, and remain at home to enjoy his turkey and cranberry sauce with the members of the small community. I assure our young friends who went home that he ate much of the sumptuous table set before him and filled his heart with all the good words offered him.

During a great part of Christmas afternoon he was kept very busy perusing long letters from his many friends. Tired and fatigued over this laborious work, he was about to fall into sleepy oblivion, when he was suddenly called from his slumbers by the

President of the "Dark Room." Here is Captain Moonlight's description of what followed: "Come to the banquet hall," said Dennis, "we cannot begin the feast without you." "Now, as the President wore a serious mien, I replied that I would go instantly. Amidst the applause and music that greeted me as I entered the spacious dining hall so beautifully illuminated, my heart began to beat against my breast in joyous vibrations. I advanced arm in arm with Dennis to my place of honor at the banquet table. On all sides, I bowed in my loveliness, and wriggled a fascinating smile out of the corners of my mouth to each round-mouthed midget whom I met. As I sat down every guest and every waiter was on the *qui vive* to serve me to all the sweet things on the menu card.

Toast-master Dennis entertained me with his fund of Irish wit, and repeated again and again, remarks on the Anglo-Boer war that would have done credit to Mr. Dooley. His jokes were short-lived. After justice had been done to all the good things, Dennis rang the bell amidst uproarious cries of "more dinner." Having said a few ugly words relative to the feast, he dwelt at length upon the harmony and good will brought to all men at Xmas. Dennis proposed the toast to our "Absent Ones," and coupled with it the name of Tommy, the member from Winnipeg. A shower of apples, pies, potatoes and turkey bones met the honorable gentleman as he rose. Standing on a high-chair in the centre of the dining room, he thanked them for their generous manifestations of joy, and expressed the hope that he would treat the subject proposed, in a manner worthy of the occasion. In a few words he resumed the many advantages his absent chums were enjoying such as no prefects, no study, no dormitories etc., "They say," he continued, "that when a fellar leaves his comrades at college, he is a coward, afraid to stay within the college walls. Fellars, I'm not afraid nor am I a coward, and if I was asked to change places with the fellars who went home—No! I'd say; I belong to Winnipeg." "Hear! Hear!" shouted the guests and Tommy resumed his seat amidst a bounteous ovation of substantial applause.

Several other toasts were given about "clean collars" and "tooth powered shirts," about *poies* and *hams* and stolen butter.

Each deserves reproduction in our pages but lack of space prevents us from fulfilling such a pleasant duty.

The really munificent treat of the afternoon was Dennis' own discourse. I trembled and the turkeys flapped their wings when he announced the subject, for it sorely concerned me. It ran thus—"The Rights of Budding Editors to Express Their Views." Before rising, the speaker was kept on the alert dodging a boisterous display of the turkey dinner refuse. "Fellar Juniors," he said "personal grievances embitter me against all editors. I have a libel suit against one already. ("Lynch him," cried a wee voice from some part of the hall.) "And if I find my name in print again, I'll bring the whole police court, judges, attendants and the whole cop force of the small yard to arrest every suspicious character." (Hear, hear!) Dennis then asked for a drink and a swarm of buzzing knickerbockers ran to him with pails of iced water. His speech was a masterpiece; for fully an hour, he pleaded in behalf of the suffering tribe of the small yard. So powerful were his words of "thundering sound" that he struck each guest with a violent attack of somniloquism. The peroration was magnificent. We quote it in full. "O ye short pants, I hate ye. How long shall I be circumscribed by your limited extensions? Short legs begone and let me reach my longed-for greatness. Insult, rage, misfortune, calamity and cold ice, come and crush me!" Dennis consolidated. The next morning our young hero was in the infirmary and was eating oatmeal mixed with Mellin's food, and cake.

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Owing to the small corner that is allowed me in the REVIEW, I am able to publish only one of the many letters that I received during the Xmas holidays. This letter contained a piece of gum, some old stamps and, on one of its pages, was painted or penned, the dramatic picture of David slaying Goliath. What this picture signifies, the reader may judge for himself. The sentiments of the letter, however, are written in a milder tone. The letter runneth thus:

UTOPIA, UP THE CREEK,

January the 4th, 1900.

Dear Mister Junior Editor,—

You asked all of your young friends to forward you a few lines during the Xmas holidays. I assure you that you did not ask in vain. I was just waiting for an opportunity to write you, long before you sent out the invitation in your last issue. Now I begin to write.

During the past three months of the Junior Editor's existence, I have kept very quiet and have not shown the least propensities of a detective. I have taken part in all the sports of the small yard, and have played in the gymnasium; I have talked with all suspicious literary buds, but I have failed to get any inkling of the hidden gem. I notify you that on my return I shall be on the watch for you at all times and on all occasions.

Dear Editor, I am having a very pleasant time at home. At Xmas, Santa Claus came (at least I was told so when I enquired why the stove funnel was removed) and brought me many presents. Among the most necessary and valuable, were a pair of hockey skates and shin-pads, a kockey, a new overcoat and a few novels; (they were not dime novels). The ice has been so good since I left College that I have spent but a few hours at my books. *Au revoir*, I'll see you later, but take care.

Yours very lovingly,

THE GAME ROOSTER.

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In our last number we proposed that the small boys should imitate their older neighbors, and form a league of hockey clubs. Our young friends have effectively responded to our suggestion and have drawn up a schedule of three clubs, which will play hockey on *congé* afternoons during the winter months. The captains are Smith, N. Bawlf and Cloutier. The schedule is as follows:

Bawlf <i>vs.</i> Cloutier,	January 13th.
Smith <i>vs.</i> Bawlf,	" 17th.
Cloutier <i>vs.</i> Bawlf,	" 20th.
Smith <i>vs.</i> Cloutier,	" 24th.
Bawlf <i>vs.</i> Smith,	" 27th.

Bawlf vs. Cloutier,	"	30th.
Cloutier vs. Smith,	February	3rd.
Smith vs. Bawlf,	"	7th.
Cloutier vs. Smith,	"	10th.

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On January 13th, Bawlf and Cloutier met on the Junior's rink, and entertained the spectators with an excellent exhibition of hockey. Bawlf was the star of the rink; he evinced a thorough knowledge of the secrets of hockey. When the referee's whistle blew to announce the end of the game, the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Bawlf. The best combination work was done between Bawlf and Shields. Cloutier's men, with the exception of Pinard, were ineffective to bring the puck beyond the centre of the rink. On the whole, the game was free from unnecessary roughness, and the members left the rink as friendly as when they went on it.

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On January 17th, the members of the Junior department witnessed a game that did not in any way increase their admiration for Smith's contingent. Of course we do not wish to condemn the whole team for the unsportsmanlike work of Smith or Aubry; but the spectators, who knew the baneful rule, "*ab uno disce omnes*," left the rink uttering condemnations of the Smith contingent. It is a painful duty for the Junior Editor to express his indignation at the actions of those hockey players. He hopes that in future games, Smith and his ally will manifest a more sportsmanlike sentiment, and be able to suffer a few reverses without losing their respective tempers.

The game between Bawlf and Smith resulted in a victory for the latter, only after the roughest kind of play by Smith. The rough play consisted in the disabling of one of Bawlf's best men, Shields, who was obliged to retire.

After the game, the consensus of opinion was that Master Bawlf is a little gentleman and plays a gentlemanly game. He was ineffective, however, on account of his fear of Smith. The score read Smith 8, Bawlf 5 goals.

It is reported that Lynch is going to join the North Pole skating contingent. Success, Dennis.

Burns is somewhat light.

Pinard shoots as straight as a gun.

Smith is the whole team. It is too bad that such a good player should lose his temper.

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It has leaked out that one or two pretentious hockey clubs from Sandy Hill have already begun to practise. They anticipate a few games with the Juniors.

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We are pleased to note the marked change our few words of advice have wrought among the small boys. We congratulate them on the good spirit in which they have accepted the counsels we offered them. Whenever we have an occasion to direct them to good, we hope that they will always follow our advice: "Do not consider who says a thing, but what is said." We offer our sincere words of praise to the J. A. A. on the good judgment they have shown in appointing H. Smith policeman of the rink. This devoted young man has put spirit into the brooms and shovels; he has them at work immediately after each snow-storm, thus giving the community, ample time and space to skate. Woe to the unfortunate youth who steps on the rink when the flag of defiance, "*keep off*," is raised. Smith, by the most effective means, enables the young culprit to leave the gelid premises and then with protuberant chest exclaims: "*Veni, vidi, vici*." Smith thinks that the snow scoop is as easy to handle as is the plough. His retinue of harnessed colts obey him well.

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One evening last week, as we were having a quiet stroll in the vicinity of the juniors' study hall, all at once there was a tremendous crash, closely followed by divers noises such as might be caused by half-suppressed merriment. On making enquiries as to the cause of such an earthquake-like concussion, we were informed that a certain member from somewhere in far Algoma, had been experimenting as to whether the centre of gravity was free to move around as it pleased, during the time of a person's sleep.

Of course the result was a collapse during the honorable member's after-supper nap, with results nothing more serious than some broken steampipes, boards and chairs, and an egg-shaped miniature hill on the back of the honorable member's cranium. We are inclined to hold the Director of the Scientific Society responsible.

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It was noticed with extreme sorrow a short time ago that one of the rough youths of the small yard attempted to assassinate the Managing Editor of THE REVIEW. Take care, young friend, editors are scarce just now ; Supposing we lose the present incumbent, it would take nearly all the unpaid subscriptions of THE REVIEW to bribe another into office.

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During one of our perambulations through the much frequented departments of the small yard, we chanced to enter the gymnasium. Our sense of taste was highly offended to behold so much disorder in that spacious hall. Naturally we sought to find a few member of the J. A. A., but none of them were within grasping distance. We draw their attention to this discreditable condition of affairs, and we hope that one warning is sufficient to open their eyes.

The members of the 'Dark Room,' who are in charge of the photographic gallery, would do well to read the foregoing notice.

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Now, on principle, the Junior Editor doesn't like to criticise his elders. However, a week or two ago, he happened to see, or rather hear, something occur, which was so evident a violation of even the most lax good breeding that he cannot let it slip unnoticed. Chancing to pass a well known college stairway, where a knot of *gentlemen* were "looking for a job," he caught sound of the words, "*punk, punk*" insultingly addressed to a passer-by. Now the person passing at the time was, in more ways than one, far superior to any one of the staircased *gentlemen*. The Junior Editor's refined taste was highly offended, so he drew the following conclusions : " We juniors don't occupy private rooms in the college ; still we know what is proper and what is street-cornerish

We have heard such rot as "*punk, punk*" from the bills of mocking-birds and parrots, and we have heard of dogs barking at the moon. But then, neither the mocking-birds nor the parrots are supposed to be *educated*; and dogs that bark at the moon are probably moon-struck; so we may excuse these animals. But—!!!

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Not even an extraordinary feast day can justify a boy in breaking the rule or in disobeying his parents. We hope, therefore, that our young friends will smoke no more of those unhealthy cigarettes. We noticed that the hand-ball alley gang were in tribulation a short time ago.

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During a hockey practice, Tommy Sloan got a *puck* in the eye.

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Duchène—" *O'Keefe* off the floor."

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A remark passed on one of our gems :—" Say do you think Albert *groulx* much ?

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During the present month there was but one attack made on Gulliver's strongholds. No damage, however, was done.

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During the past week Leon's elegant notebook has been under examination by the Junior Anthological Society.

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The other day, a long-faced wag of the small yard suggested that the Junior Editor should exchange his *Nick*-erbockers for long pants. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

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The Junior Editor and his holiday assistant, offer their sincerest thanks to all those that presented them with boxes of nuts, candies, cakes, etc., during the merry-making season.

HONOR LIST OF COMMERCIAL COURSE AT CHRISTMAS
EXAMINATIONS.

First Grade—Lucien Lafontaine, 1st ; Philip Kirwan, 2nd ; Philip Levesque, 3rd.

Second Grade, Div. A.—Jos. Fortin, 1st ; L. P. Brosseau, 2nd ; Eug. Renaud, 3rd.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—William Valiquette, 1st ; Emile Langlois, 2nd ; Joseph Coupal, 3rd.

3rd Grade, A.—James Parker, 1st ; Francis Taillon, 2nd ; Horace Legault, 3rd.

3rd Grade Div. B.—James Donahue, 1st ; Eugène Seguin, 2nd ; Felix Routhier, 3rd.

4th Grade, Graduating Class.—John Gallagher, 1st ; Henry St. Jacques, 2nd ; George Babin, 3rd.





REV. WILLIAM J. HOWE, O.M.I.
DIED, FEBRUARY 13th 1900.

(From photo by Jarvis, Ottawa.)

University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 6

FEBRUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 6

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death
of his saints.—PSALM CXV.

SINCE the beginning of the new year, several members of the Order of Mary Immaculate have passed away to their eternal home. Amongst those that have thus gone to their reward, are reckoned three devoted priests, to whom our University will ever owe a heavy debt of gratitude. One of them had reached an age when death can hardly be regarded as unexpected ; still his sudden departure from the scene of long and successful labors, calls forth a pang of sharp regret from everyone that had the happiness of an acquaintance with his gentle ways. We refer to good Father Antoine, as the simple people loved to call him, the First Assistant to the Superior General. Perhaps to no one more than to Father Antoine does our University owe its present enviable position amongst educational establishments. The next Oblate to answer the Master's call to a better world, was one whom our great sorrow for his death, hardly permits us to mention. Those that knew Father Howe as intimately as we did, must have some idea of the

keenness of our grief. Let the following brief notice, as well as our editorial reference to his death, be accepted as our tribute to his memory. In the third place we mourn the death of Rev. Father Laporte, who for some years back has been known to many of us as the ever hospitable Superior of the Oblate house in Maniwaki. Father Laporte, besides having spent some time under our College roof as Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department, was, moreover, always a staunch friend of both professors and students. Finally, we have to record the passing away of a last year's graduate, whose life in our midst was ever such as is sure to elevate and edify. Mr. O'Meara was a young man, alike beloved by both professors and students. His death, though not unexpected, has caused a regret that is deep and will be lasting. In behalf of those that have gone into the home of their Eternity, the REVIEW breathes a prayer for rest; to those left behind as mourners of this fourfold bereavement, the REVIEW humbly offers the little tribute of its sincere condolence.

Reverend Joseph E. Antoine, O.M.I.

DIED JANUARY 11TH, 1900.



THE Angel of Death has once more visited the home of the Oblates in Paris and summoned to his eternal reward our beloved Father Antoine, First Assistant to the Superior General of the Congregation. The dirge of sorrow rising from the hearts of those for whom he labored so long in Paris, will surely find an echo on this side of the ocean, and many a tear will be shed over the memory of the noble priest who, in the morning of his sacerdotal career, so generously cast his lot amongst us.

That Reverend Father Antoine should be well known in Canada is not surprising, since he spent here more than thirty years of his priestly life.

Joseph Eugene Antoine was born in May, 1826, in the Diocese of St. Dié, France. He grew up under the watchful care of deeply Christian parents, who never for a moment relaxed their vigilance.

in regard to that tender flower, a sacerdotal vocation, which had evidently been planted in his soul. In 1849 he entered the Oblate novitiate at Nancy, and the year following, he pronounced his vows. As he had almost completed his theological studies when he entered the novitiate, he was sent directly from Nancy to Marseilles, in order to prepare for his ordination to the priesthood. On the 30th of September, 1850, he had the great happiness to receive Holy Orders at the hands of the venerable Founder, of the Oblates, Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles.

The soul of the zealous and energetic young Levite was all athirst for the work of foreign missions, and, at his own request, he was attached to the mission in Canada. The first twelve years of his life in this country, he spent in christianizing the Indians. He was afterwards appointed Superior of the Oblate community in Montreal, and finally Provincial of the Congregation in Canada and the United States. In spite of the strain caused by the duties of his administrative charge, he yet found time to preach a good many retreats and to direct an ever-increasing number of persons who sought his counsel and assistance. Even Bishops had resource to the treasures of his wisdom and experience, and such was his success in settling delicate questions, that he was selected to be the first occupant of the Episcopal See of Pembroke, an honor which his humility would not allow him to accept. The Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Taché, also endeavored to make him his coadjutor, but with no greater success. During his stay in Canada, Father Antoine was untiring and most successful in his efforts to further the interest of Ottawa University.

In 1887 he was present at the General Chapter of the Congregation, which was held in Rome, and before the close of the chapter, he was appointed Assistant General. The important duties which now devolved upon him did not extinguish for a moment that apostolic love for souls which had always characterized him, and throughout Paris, among rich and poor, great and lowly, his unassuming manners and whole-souled charity earned for him the name of "*le bon Père Antoine*."

The news of his death fell like a thunderbolt upon the community. That so robust a constitution should be brought to the grave in two or three days seemed almost incredible. Such

however are the ways of Providence. One morning in January, while on his way to one of the convents of Paris, in order to say mass, he was struck by a passing wagon and seriously injured. Pneumonia quickly set in, and in three days he was dead. During his brief illness, when told that he had but a few hours more to live, he cheerfully offered up the sacrifice to God. He was buried in the cemetery of the Sacred Heart, at the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, within the shadow of that temple which he loved so much to visit during life. His tongue is now silent and his lips forever closed, but the memory of his virtues will live long amongst us.

Reverend William J. Howe, O.M.I.

DIED, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1900.



TUNNED by the great magnitude and cruel suddenness of their bereavement, the professors and students of Ottawa University, as well as the faithful people of St. Joseph's parish, can hardly realize that dear Father Howe, the beloved Oblate, the able teacher, the devoted dispenser of God's blessings, is now no longer in their midst. During the times of recreation, as we pass through the College halls, we half expect to hear again the old familiar hello ! followed by some warm Celtic greeting, the overflowing of a heart unable to contain all the rich treasures of its kindness. So hard, hard is it to get used to the absence of one whose daily life formed, as it were, a part of our own existence.

Perhaps never before has there been witnessed in Ottawa, a more general or a more heart-piercing sorrow than that which has made memorable the death of Father Howe. Around the lifeless body, as it lay in state in the University parlor, and in St. Joseph's Church, we expected to see manifestations of profound grief on the part of both young and old. In this respect our expectations were more than realized. Not only women and children, but even strong business men in the prime of life, were heard to weep aloud as they knelt in prayerful devotion beside the mortal remains of him, who most probably had been their gentlest and most

devoted benefactor in a world where true God-like kindness is all too rare. Even yet, if, of an afternoon, we chance to enter St. Joseph's Church, we cannot fail to notice a number of sorrow-bent figures, who have not as yet ceased, nor will they cease as long as life lasts, to lament daily, before God's Eucharistic throne the loss of him who, without doubt, was their truest earthly friend. Dear reader, those praying figures are representative of the poor, the sorrowful and the abandoned. Well may they, above all others, weep ; a comforting light has gone out from the midst of their humble lives.

The Reverend William J. Howe, O.M.I., was a native of county Tipperary, Ireland. He was the son of John Howe and Ann Conroy, and was born in the parish of Silvermines, diocese of Killaloe, on April 17th, 1858. Having completed his common-school education, he felt in the depth of his soul, a heaven-inspired inclination towards the noblest of all vocations. Promptly obedient to God's call, he entered the Oblate Fathers' Juniorate at Kilburn, London, where he made his classical course. He then made his novitiate in his native Ireland, and continued during some time his studies for the missionary priesthood. The confinement and close application necessary for the acquirement of sacred science, soon, however, proved too severe a strain for his rather delicate constitution, so he was forced to abandon his books for awhile and betake himself to an active business career. Having entered the employment of Mr. Ring, a Dublin merchant, he remained for some time in the Irish Capital, and then left his dear native land for a stranger home in the Western World. We next find him travelling around as representative of a large New York firm, in which capacity he won universal confidence and esteem.

But his Heavenly Father's gentle call to nobler work, to which, years before, young William J. Howe had bravely tried to correspond, still sounded in his soul, so, with a generosity truly characteristic of his whole-souled Celtic nature, he resolved to again occupy himself solely with his Master's business. He was strong again in health, and would henceforth devote himself unreservedly to the procuring of eternal treasures both for himself and for his fellow men. With this purely supernatural end in view, he came to Tewksbury, Massachusetts, where, in October,

1888, he again entered the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1890, he made his perpetual vows, and thenceforth for three years, devoted himself to the study of theology and to the teaching of young men who had the desire of becoming missionary priests. In the month of September, 1891, when the new Oblate Juniorate was opened in Buffalo, N.Y., Brother Howe was appointed one of its professors, in which capacity he remained for two years.

During his residence in Buffalo, Brother Howe was untiring in his devotedness to a double duty,—the study of theology and teaching. Indeed the thorough manner in which he accomplished this twofold task, attracted the attention and admiration of both his superiors and pupils. Some of those that are now professors in Ottawa University owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Father Howe for his devotedness to their encouragement and advancement during their classical course in Buffalo. We feel sure that, as long as life lasts, when exercising the sacred ministry, they will not forget to pray for the kind and genial benefactor of their early student days.

On August 13th, 1893, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass., Brother Howe was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood by the Right Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. In the following October, he received his obedience for the University of Ottawa, where he remained until his call to a well merited reward. Father Howe's six years residence in Ottawa needs no encomium here. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his sacred calling, he made the sick-room and the house of affliction, the chief objects of his solicitude. His life amongst us was a series of good deeds and kind acts that are written indelibly upon the hearts of his Oblate brethren, of the University students and of the citizens at large.

During the night of Friday, February 8th last, Father Howe took ill, and was confined to his room next day. Nobody thought, however, that anything serious was the matter. On Sunday, his condition had become somewhat worse, so it was deemed expedient to have him removed to the Sisters' hospital, Water street. Monday's morning papers announced that Father Howe was at the Hospital suffering from inflammation of the lungs, but a fatal

termination of the malady was not dreaded nor even thought of, by any of his friends. Acute pneumonia, however, soon placed the patient in a very critical condition ; so, on Tuesday the 13th, at noon, the news came to us like an electric shock : "Father Howe is unconscious with hardly any hope of recovery." The sad tidings soon spread through the University and cast a shadow of gloom upon every countenance. During the afternoon and evening, it was impossible to pass through the corridors without being asked again and again for the latest report from the sick room. Professors and students vied with one another in imploring heaven for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their dying brother and friend. Even nature itself, that afternoon, seemed completely sympathetic. An unusual thing on a Canadian winter day, the rain fell in torrents, and a strong wind moaned lonesomely through the naked branches. It was just the kind of day most suitable for sad and melancholy thoughts.

Towards evening the patient became conscious, and remained so for at least a couple of hours. During that time he bade farewell to some of his dearest friends, and made a final preparation to meet his Judge, for well he knew that death was near at hand. About eight o'clock p.m. he relapsed into unconsciousness, and then the watching priests, Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., Rev. Father Paillier, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Poli, O.M.I., who had been constantly in attendance at his bedside, knew that the end could not be far off. About eleven p.m. as the prayers for a departing soul were being recited, the end came without a struggle,—Father Howe was dead. The heavy rain had ceased, but the winter wind continued to sigh mournfully among the leafless trees, a touching forerunner of that great sigh of grief which early next day, was destined to rise from many a home in Ottawa.

The tolling of St. Joseph's bell in the early morning of the 14th conveyed the sad tidings of Father Howe's death to the comparatively few that had become aware of his critical condition the evening before. Very many there were however that knew not of his illness until they received the sorrowful message that he was no more. To them especially the news was so stunning that it seemed incredible. The University students were so touched with the sudden grief that, during recreation, the

accustomed pastimes were completely abandoned, and hardly a sound disturbed the heavy silence.

At ten o'clock a.m. the whole student body, fully five hundred in number, marched in procession to the hospital, and escorted the body back to the University. It was there laid out in one of the parlors, which had been heavily draped in mourning for the occasion.

During all that afternoon and the following day, a continuous throng of citizens representing all ages, classes, creeds and nationalities, gathered around the simple coffin, eager for one last look upon a countenance that, in life, never failed to bring cheery comfort and fresh hope to the hearts of the troubled and the discouraged.

On Thursday afternoon, February 15th, the remains of Father Howe were borne from the University by six brother Oblates and placed in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church. Then the pathetic "Office of the Dead" which sounds so strangely like the sighs of suffering helplessness, was chanted by the Reverend Professors of the University assisted by many other priests.

On Friday morning at nine o'clock, the solemn funeral mass began, the officiating Prelate being the Most Reverend Joseph T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. During the service, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomède Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, occupied a throne on the epistle side of the sanctuary, and when mass was over, he pronounced the final absolution. It was the first time that His Excellency had assisted pontifically at a funeral service since his appointment as Apostolic Delegate. The Rev. P.T. Ryan of Renfrew, Ontario, delivered the funeral oration. His words were a touching tribute to the memory of Father Howe, whose name is destined to be honored by the lips of all that knew him. During the lengthy funeral service, standing room could, with difficulty, be obtained within the sacred edifice and many persons were forced to remain outside in the biting winter cold.

At length, the long funeral procession slowly wended its way to the Oblates' Scholasticate, Ottawa East, where another shorter service was held in the chapel. The coffin was then sorrowfully borne to the little secluded cemetery among the trees, where

Father Howe was gently laid to rest beside his brother Oblates that had preceded him to a home where sorrow never enters.

*
* *

Scarcely a day passes without our recalling those closing scenes of a life whose chief characteristic was humble Christian goodness ; the tears unbidden rush up to dim our sight, and memories of the past make us oblivious of the present. With striking vividness there passes before our memory's eye, three days of painful illness heroically endured, then the final good-byes, the solemn *proficiscere* of the attending priests, and then the parting sigh. We seem to see again the modest coffin, and the pale, calm lifeless form, clad in the penitential violet of the sacerdotal state, with the crucifix and beads of the Missionary Oblate clasped in the stiff white fingers. Anew, we witness, gathered around the doubly consecrated corpse, the weeping flock to whose spiritual and temporal wants the departed priest of God had so zealously attended—for whom, in fact, it may be said he gave his life.

Once more in memory's temple we take part in the solemn funeral service ; we recall the unusual throng and the tear-stained faces, and we hear again the prayerful sighs that must have pierced the heavens even to the throne of God.

And then, when the final absolution has been sung, and when we have looked upon the dead for one last time ere the lid is permanently fastened upon the coffin, we follow in spirit the mournful procession to the little cemetery beside the ice-bound Rideau. Again we seem to see the casket with its precious treasure lowered into the inhospitable-looking earth deep-frozen by the wintry winds of our northern clime. The *Benedicite* is recited, another absolution is pronounced, the familiar words of the *De Profundis* echo in our ears, the rough earth rattles upon the hollow sounding wood, and all is over. How peculiarly sad—how melancholy is that sound, the sound of the clay upon a coffin lid ! Let us turn away and forget the grief of that parting from one whom we had learned to love, in the sweet remembrance that our separation must be, at most, but of short duration.

Let us close this little tribute to the memory of Father Howe, with the following quotation from the funeral sermon :

“ In the death of the devoted priest whose funeral rites we are celebrating, you have a legitimate cause for grief. By his death the Archbishop loses a zealous laborer in the Vineyard of the Lord, the Order of Mary Immaculate, a devoted brother in religion; and the University a valuable teacher. You, my brethren, of this parish, have lost one whom you addressed as ‘Father,’ not only because he was a priest but because he was your priest, especially charged with the care of your souls. You are not to be told to dry your tears. You are not to be told that there is no room for sorrow beside the bier of a Christian. You may well grieve, for the Church grieves with you.

“ There is a vacant place in this church—in the sanctuary that hitherto during the past six years, has been vacant only when duty made it so, a place, so far as its recent occupant is concerned, will be vacant for ever. I know, brethren, it is not necessary for me to speak to you of Father Howe. Here amongst you, you have known him for six years. Tell me if I’m not speaking the truth, when I say he was ever at your service. Did you ever have one more willing, more zealous, more untiring to do everything that was in him for your needs and desires? Could I speak much higher praise for a priest of God? Could I wish anything nobler to be said of myself? He worked zealously, untiringly, unselfish’y, having only one object and purpose in view—the welfare of his people, among whom he was pleased to interest himself for the care of their souls. I am not surprised that the news of his death came upon you as a shock. It was no greater shock to you than it was to us, who saw him go out from our midst hoping to have him back in a day or two.”

KIND WORDS OF REGRET AND SYMPATHY.

Here is a touching letter in reference to the death of Reverend Father Howe. It is from the pen of the Honorable Alfred Evan-turel, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature :

TORONTO, 16th Feb. 1900.

Dr. Stuart Albin,
Ottawa University,

DEAR SIR,—I was much grieved at the reception of your letter conveying to me the sad intelligence of the premature death

of my good and intimate friend, Rev. Father Howe, O.M.I.

If it was indeed shocking news to me, and to his numerous body friends in Canada, how painful it must be for the University and the noble Order of which he was an ornament.

Father Howe made friends for the institution every time he travelled ; and his genial qualities mingled so well with his virtues, that I am one of those he left a lasting impression upon, and I deplore his loss with the Rev. Fathers at Ottawa to whom please to offer my heartfelt condolence in their great grief and bereavement.

Devotedly yours,

ALFRED EVANTUREL,

Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

THE STUDENTS' TRIBUTE.

The Ottawa University students at a special meeting, drew up the following resolutions of condolence :

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to Himself one upon whom He had impressed the sacerdotal character in the person of Rev. William Howe, Oblate of Mary Immaculate and

WHEREAS, Rev. Father Howe, had been for six years a devoted professor of Ottawa University, and had, in his daily intercourse with the students, become greatly endeared to them all by his nobility and tenderness of character, and

WHEREAS, we, the students of Ottawa University, realizing the severe loss which has been sustained by both the professorial staff of the University and ourselves, in the death of our beloved friend, philosopher and guide, do

RESOLVE, that our heartfelt sympathy and condolence be tendered to the Very Reverend Rector of the University and through him to the members of Reverend Father Howe's family in this sad hour of their affliction.

Signed on behalf of the students by their Committee.

J. E. MCGLADE, *Chairman*

J. F. BREEN,

W. A. MARTIN,

J. B. COUGHLIN,

M. A. FOLEY, *Sec.*

Reverend Joseph C. Laporte, O.M.I.

DIED, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1900.

By the death of the Reverend Father Laporte, until recently Superior of the Oblates' House at Maniwaki, both the professors and students of Ottawa University have lost one of their truest friends. During the past seven years, Father Laporte was known to us chiefly on account of his ever ready hospitality.

Maniwaki, a neat village on the Gatineau, some ninety miles north of Ottawa, has long furnished, during the hot vacation days, a pleasant summer resort for the Reverend Fathers and Brothers of the University. Occasionally, even students whom extraordinary circumstances prevented from spending the holidays at their native place, have passed a few weeks right pleasantly at Maniwaki. Father Laporte ever generously extended to all without exception, the kind hand of welcome and hospitality. The spacious house over which he had charge, as well as everything to be found therein, was placed unreservedly at their disposal. In a word, everything was done for the greater comfort and entertainment of anyone that could say "I belong to Ottawa University." One summer, most of the professors, for the sake of a change, chose Mattawa in preference to Maniwaki, for their vacation outing. Father Laporte was grieved, and anxiously inquired what he had done to offend the University people.

The Reverend Joseph Camille Laporte, O.M.I., was born at St. Paul de Joliette, diocese of Montreal, on July 17th 1856. Hence he was just two years older than the lamented Father Howe. His father's name was Toussaint Laporte and his mother's maiden name was Clémentine Caisse.

Young Camille made his classical course at Assumption College, and, upon its completion, entered the Canadian Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Lachine, on November 10th, 1878. Having finished his year's novitiate, he came to Ottawa in order to pursue his theological studies. On November 12th, 1880, he pronounced his perpetual vows, and on May 23rd, 1883, he was made a priest forever by His Grace, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel.

Father Laporte was first sent to Quebec where he remained one year, after which he was removed to Montreal. His stay of four years in the Canadian Metropolis was prolific in good works, amongst which, the most notable was the erection of a splendid school. During the scholastic year '88-'89, Father Loporte was Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department of Ottawa University, and then he was sent to Lake St. John where he remained three years. The chief marks of Father Laporte's zeal and energy at that lovely summer resort, are the Oblate's house and church which he caused to be erected.

In the year 1892, Father Laporte's ability was openly recognized, for he was appointed Superior of the Oblate house at Maniwaki and Pastor of an extensive parish, which position he held until last year, when failing health forced him to abandon active work.

Father Laporte is now gone, but he has left behind him at Maniwaki, monuments of extraordinary courage and unflagging energy, which will surely carry his name down through a long series of succeeding generations. The extensive church grounds, once an unsightly mass of solid rock, have been levelled, and laid out with an artistic beauty equalled nowhere north of Ottawa. The stately new convent and school, finished last year,—a building that would bring honor to any city,—is the noble result of Father Laporte's latest and most self-sacrificing efforts.

Another substantial and highly beneficial piece of workmanship, due in great measure, if not entirely, to Father Laporte's exertions, is the handsome new steel bridge across the Gatineau at Maniwaki. This bridge is a veritable blessing to the numerous settlers on both sides of the river.

Last year, when his new convent and school was about completed, Father Laporte was ill. No constitution, were it ever so strong, could withstand very long, such a constant heavy strain. Every day, save Sunday, from morning till night, he had watched over the erection and finishing of the new building ; for he made it his business to oversee personally the placing of every brick and plank and nail. But this work, added to others of a like nature that preceded it, had cost him his life. The ever active brain, so prolific in great designs and useful inventions, at length suc-

cumbed to overwork. A complete rest became necessary, so the patient was removed to the Hotel Dieu, Montreal. He lingered on, however, until February 21st last, when his self-sacrificing spirit passed away to a kinder world.

R. A. O'Meara, '99.

The sad news of the death of Mr. R. A. O'Meara '99, at London, on Friday, the 16th instant, was received with deep regret and sorrow by the students and professors. Mr. O'Meara made the last three years of his classical course at Ottawa University and, during that time, earned the respect and esteem of the student body and of those of the Faculty with whom he came in contact. For two years he was a professor of English and Mathematics in the Commercial Course, but on account of failing health he gave up his position as professor and, during his last year, devoted himself altogether to class work. He was also, for two years, associate editor of THE REVIEW, and those of us who served with him feel deeply his early demise. In Athletics "R. A.," as we knew him familiarly, took an active interest, being himself one of the most expert Association footballers of Ontario. During '98-'99 he served as President of the University Athletic Association, filling the position most acceptably. Just before the final examination last June, he was afflicted with the dread disease, but recovered sufficiently to take his degree. Consumption, however, had taken a last hold, and though he never really rallied, he bore up with patient suffering till the last. To the sorrowing relatives of dear R. A. we extend our most sincere sympathy and pray that God may comfort them and grant eternal rest to the departed.



A CUP OF COLD WATER.



traveller on the thirsty sand,
Where beats the hot simoon,
Would bless with grateful heart, the hand
Giving a draught's rare boon ;

But should the false mirage betray,
How bitter were his fate,
How cruel that illusive ray,
Mocking his piteous state.

A pilgrim on the way of life,
Heart-famished, soul-oppressed,
Weary and wounded in the strife,
A kindness would have blessed ;

But should a traitor in the camp
Deceive with seeming good,
How sharper than a serpent's fang,
His base ingratitude.

And surely Christ, who promiseth
Reward for charity
Even of a cup of water, hath
Reward for such as he.

CAMEO.

HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE was truly a many-sided genius. That is a time-worn truism. Year after year we are told it, and still repetition never appears to make us too familiar with it. His name is universally known, and is universally looked upon as "the greatest in all literature." Such is the verdict of mature judgment, but minds in all stages of development are not less sparing of praise. A certain writer has said : " In youth, the spirit and action of his scenes excite the attention and the imagination ; in maturer years, the wonderful variety and truthful delineation of the characters, and the exquisite beauty of the images that enrich almost every page, are more sensibly appreciated ; and when many ordinary enjoyments of life are diminished by still advancing time, the reader recurs to Shakespeare, and finds the charm still unbroken, and that there is superadded an almost reverential sense of the profound philosophy so often conveyed in words not harsh and crabbed, but charming and musical as Apollo's lute.' " From this view none will dissent. The boy who has just entered on his teens can always glean sufficient from the pages of Shakespeare to delight him intensely ; the populous world he has created in which stalk characters of most strange complexity, and of commonplace every-day life, is replete with interest for the student ; and the immense grasp he had of knowledge of various kinds, his ability to couch his wit in language the most pointed, to give so cutting an edge to his sarcasm, and to present his sublimest thoughts in garb the most becoming, these will probably never cease to claim the attention of all.

The general mode of procedure in criticism is to exhibit the excellences of a writer and then attack his defects, or to perform the two conjointly. Now, is this method to be adopted in treating of any of Shakespeare's works ? Scarcely can it be said that it should. For a writer who is so well nigh perfect as all admit him to be under so many various aspects, would hardly find it possible to crowd in many faults. Then again it were a useless occupation

to pry into his defects, for their evil influence would be amply counteracted and almost entirely overshadowed by his numerous excellences. Still, defects he had, and in the consideration of the subject proposed in this essay it may be said that we are confronted with one of them. He is often "so subtle as to become unintelligible," one writer has said. Indeed many disputed points have been raised concerning his works which the lapse of time has failed to settle. Shakespeare undoubtedly saw the solution of all those enigmas of life that he presents us with. Concerning many of these he most probably failed to perceive that any misconception could possibly arise, but we often feel that in penning some of his scenes he secretly exulted in the difficulty his readers would experience in unravelling his mysteries.

From the play we learn that Hamlet was possessed of many amiable qualities. He was

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers ;

and, at the close of the last act, Fortinbras, just returned from the Polack wars, says, in ordering the removal of Hamlet's body from the scene of carnage,

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.

We might with interest and profit consider all these and other aspects of his character. But the question of his sanity overshadows all such considerations. There is a wide realm between a sane condition of mind and an advanced stage of madness ; yet many contend that Hamlet occupies one of these extremes, while quite as large a number allot him a station at the other. Must we not, therefore, conclude even before any examination that he was peculiarly constituted ? Shakespeare placed him in very strange circumstances. Now the question that puzzles is whether Shakespeare wished to portray a character who cloaked his designs under the veil of assumed madness, or one whose faculties were impaired by a real affliction. In either case the skill of a master is displayed. "How consummate must be the poet's art," says Cardinal Wiseman, "who can have so skilfully

described to the minutest symptoms, the mental malady of a great mind, as to leave it uncertain to the present day, even among learned physicians versed in such maladies, whether Hamlet's madness was real or assumed."

Hamlet's early years were passed as those of many a youth placed in favorable circumstances. His surroundings were most congenial to his nature. Some years had been devoted to studies in a university. But he had still experienced only the bright side of life, and no obstacle had presented itself to disturb the even tenor of his way. He was a student untried by tribulation, who probably never had occasion to meditate on the many phases of human misery. Instead of those truths which are taught properly only by actual experience, he had treasured up in his mind many "saws of books" copied there by youth and observation.

Such is Hamlet before we meet him. But our first acquaintance with him reveals a being entirely different. He is morose and sullen, giving way to his grief and sense of disgrace, and meditating self-slaughter. "Oh God! Oh God!" he exclaims,

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world.

His hitherto quiet life had been broken in upon. The death of his father, followed closely by the marriage of his mother with his uncle, plunged him into sadness, and from thence he quickly descended into despair. His despair assumes a maddened form when he learns of the murder of his father, and when the responsibility devolves upon him of ridding the throne of the monster who has usurped it, and who has steeped his soul in a most unnatural murder. He is unequal to the task which has fallen to his lot; he loathes his work. Throughout the play he takes resolutions innumerable of carrying out his father's injunction, but they are repeatedly broken. The murder of the king is ultimately accomplished, but Hamlet commits the deed only on sudden impulse, just as, some time previously, he stabbed Polonius, chamberlain to the king.

Very few instances can be given in support of the claim that Hamlet was only feigning insanity, and these, when closely examined, are only apparent proofs of the assumption of madness. Let us examine the scenes in which they are found. When first told

of the appearance of his father's ghost, Hamlet asks his friends Horatio and Marcellus not to mention anything concerning it. What purpose can he have had in view in enjoining secrecy on them? To answer this question we have but to refer to the preceding portion of the play. Hamlet is aware that he has acted strangely for some time past. The king and queen have noticed his peculiar behavior, and have questioned him about it. "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" asked the king of him. Now when it is a question of his "father's spirit in arms," it would naturally occur to Hamlet that the King would couple his sullenness with the apparition. Hamlet's imagination would not work long before conjuring up a situation that would be far from being a desirable one. He certainly feared mischief at the King's hands. This view is supported by the conversation that takes place between Hamlet and his friends after the disappearance of the ghost. Hamlet not only enjoins secrecy on them by a solemn promise, but he obliges them to swear never to make known aught of what they had heard or seen. This extra caution must certainly have been the result of information imparted during the interview with the ghost. That information, as readers of the play know, related to the murder of Hamlet's father, to the guilt of the then occupant of the throne. We must therefore conclude that it was fear of the King that prompted him to act as he did.

It is from this scene that those who hold that Hamlet's madness was only assumed, cull a passage in support of their opinion. Horatio expresses surprise at the strange things that had happened, and Hamlet replies in words that seem unmistakable in their purport.

Hor.—O day and night but this is wondrous strange!

Ham.—And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, "Well, well, we know ;" — or, "We could, an if we would ;"
 Or, "If we list to speak ;"—or "There be an if they might ;"
 Or such ambiguous giving out to note
 That you know aught of me :—this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear.

Now, instead of this being taken as a positive proof of the assumption of madness, might it not be interpreted as follows. Hamlet is aware that he has put on what he is pleased to call "an antic disposition." He knows that he has acted in a very strange way, but he does not feel inclined to admit that such conduct was the consequence of his gloomy reflection. He, therefore, in the presence of his friends, terms it "an antic disposition." He is conscious, too, that his strangeness of manner will continue to make itself more pronounced, now that he has fresh cause for grief. He likewise feels that the King will search the more diligently for that cause, and will, as has been said, meditate mischief against him. He, therefore, sees safety only in barring up all avenues to the possession of the secret. That Hamlet was right in judging that the King would conspire against his life once he became convinced that the murder of his predecessor was no longer unknown, subsequent events sufficiently prove.

There is only one other passage that is apparently a strong proof in favor of the assumption of madness. It occurs in the second scene of Act II. Hamlet enters reading. The King and Queen are present, together with old Polonius, the "wretched, rash, intruding fool." The Queen remarks his approach and says :

But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading ;
 to which Polonius answers,

Away, I do beseech you, both away :
 I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave,

He accosts Hamlet with the intent of ferreting out his secret, or rather of obtaining more conclusive proof that he was "mad for love." He is not very successful in the attempt, and at last leaves him just as the two courtiers Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter. They have likewise been despatched by the King to sound Hamlet,

They engage in conversation with him, and endeavor to draw him out. Hamlet suspects their motives; he even openly charges them with acting as spies, to which they finally plead guilty. "My lord," says Guildenstern, "we were sent for." Hamlet replies.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises.

.....
This interview closes as follows.

Ham.—Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.

Your hands,—come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, (which I tell you, must show fairly outward,) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guild.—In what, my dear lord?

Ham.—I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

But this passage tends no more than the previous one to prove that Hamlet was not insane. If Hamlet were really feigning insanity, he surely would not be so rash as to make a confession to the very ones from whom he would wish to conceal the knowledge of that fact. We know that he is aware of the purpose of the visit of the two courtiers. They told him that the King had sent them to him, and he, as is seen in one of the preceding quotations, explains to them what the King had in view in so doing. But if his strange conduct were only assumed, it surely was assumed for some purpose. Now up to this point that purpose has been unaccomplished, and he certainly could not have failed to remark that in his conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he had betrayed that purpose. He placed no confidence in these men. In one of his later speeches he refers to them as

my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd.

In such friends he would hardly confide. Hence this scene has to be interpreted otherwise than as a proof of the assumption of madness.

Thus far we have not touched upon what might be called

positive evidences of the reality of Hamlet's madness. They are numerous and the passages in which they occur would constitute reading matter enough for one sitting. Many eminent physicians have examined the question of Hamlet's insanity, and have detected in his character not a few of the various symptoms of disordered minds. While it will be impossible for us to appreciate fully the value of this passage or that as tending to establish his insanity, or to pronounce authoritatively on its meaning, still we can glean much from the play that will convince us that all was not right with Hamlet.

The arguments in support of the claim that Hamlet was insane may be taken from four different sources. The first of these we shall examine is the opinion regarding his condition held by those who had to deal with him. None of them entertained the belief that he was only simulating madness. But here it might be said that such an argument would only tend to prove that the simulation was perfect. That objection would have some value if this were the only argument to support the opinion, but when taken in connection with the other three it serves as a confirmation of them. No word escapes any of the characters that could be contrived into a proof of the assumption of "an antic disposition." The King speaks of "Hamlet's transformation." "So call I it," he says,

Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was.

He then commissions Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

The Queen, his mother, noting his approach on a certain occasion, when he is in one of his gloomy moods, says.

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Some time after, to the King's question, "How does Hamlet?" she replies,

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier.

Polonius thinks he is "mad for love." He sets himself the

task of demonstrating this. He finds his efforts baffled by Hamlet's craftiness ; still he is convinced that Hamlet is mad, for he says,

Though this be madness yet there is method in it.

If we now turn to Hamlet himself we find more conclusive proof that he was afflicted with a sore distraction. His wild actions and words can be accounted for only by the fact that he was unsound in mind. The transition from an apparently calm reasoning mood to a violent frenzy is with Hamlet occasionally very sudden. But such an occurrence, physicians state, is frequently met with in all stages of insanity. Hamlet's whole course displays weakness. He is capable of acting only on sudden impulse. The most urgent demands were powerless to move him to action, whereas circumstances the most trivial were sufficient to put him into a frenzy that deprived him for the time being of reason. His misfortunes were not such as would disturb the equilibrium of a well-balanced mind, and yet his gloomy reflections so magnified them, or rather so incapacitated him for meeting them, that on one occasion, in referring to the duty that had devolved upon him, he exclaimed,

O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right.

The reasoning he proposes to himself at times to justify his indecision betrays also a weak mind. When he finds the King at prayer he recognizes the favorable opportunity therein presented of accomplishing his father's will ; but he defers action, alleging excuses, which, if we do not believe him somewhat deranged, must be termed diabolical. Again, possessed of many evident proofs of the King's hostility, and of the hourly danger in which he stands, he still shrinks from duty, and seriously meditates "shuffling off this mortal coil." He does not commit suicide, it is true, but his refraining from that cowardly act little changes our opinion of his strength of will or steadfastness of purpose. For, among the many reasons he brings forward to deter him from it, no mention is made of a father's injunction unfulfilled, of a foul and unnatural deed unavenged. Most men placed in the same circumstances would make such the sole aim of existence ; but Hamlet, in decid-

ing the great question of "to be or not to be," fails to take them into account.

We have already noted the opinions of some of the characters in the play regarding Hamlet's condition. Hamlet himself also on several occasions refers to the distracted state of his mind. We shall content ourselves with one reference. The King, with evil intent, had arranged a duel between Laertes, the son of Polonius, and Hamlet, the slayer of Polonius. Before they engaged, the combatants shook hands, and Hamlet said to Laertes :

Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;
 But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
 This presence knows,
 And you must needs have heard,
 How I am punish'd with sore distraction.
 What I have done,
 That might your nature, honor, and exception,
 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
 Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never Hamlet.
 If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not ; Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it, then ? His madness : if't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

One further argument remains to be examined. It has been touched upon somewhat in the early part of the essay, and hence it may here be briefly dismissed. Throughout the play we can discover no particular motive that would justify the assumption of madness. If Hamlet did assume "an antic disposition" for the better carrying out of some design, he failed to make it serve his purposes. He, moreover, as we have seen, betrayed the secret at times, when, did he knowingly simulate madness, he would certainly have been most careful to keep all persons in the dark regarding his intentions.

The character of Hamlet is not such as would command admiration. We see none of the unselfishness of Kent, none of the forbearance of Prospero, none of the devotedness of Antonio, and yet we regard him as being above the mediocre type. We look upon him as a kind of hero, but not because he accomplished anything out of the ordinary. Rather it might be said that such was

owing to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. It is of common occurrence that men who are in a way little entitled to the esteem of their fellows, receive, nevertheless, a certain share of it from the fact that their career has been marked by some unusual feature. The combatant who has been defeated remains still the combatant who has struggled; the sole survivor of a wreck attracts the eyes of the curious wherever he moves; and, to weak, faltering Hamlet, we pay a certain homage, not as to one whom we admire, but as to one, who, though he played his part badly, yet was called upon to assume a rôle that was more than ordinarily difficult.

P. GALVIN, '00.



It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or in the sea,
By limpid brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or nought to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.

Sacred Heart Review.



WAR PICTURES AND A PRAYER,

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

Dead, on the field of battle, cold and white,
Besmeared with what was once the sap of life,
Distorted, ugly, grim, shocking God's light,—
Behold a youth late stricken in the strife !
The heart made warm for love and friendship fair,
The arms framed strong some useful end to serve,
The heavenly brain designed high thought to bear—
Now Death seals darkened eye and unstrung nerve.

Far-off, around a hearth fire burning low,
Circles a group of silent figures dim
In evening's dusk ; unspoke their thoughts outflow
To their lost boy ; a mother's heart for him
Hungers ; hot tears a sister's love sets free ;
An aged father rues the void e'er felt
By one whose loss is great—ah, could they see
Their broken hero on the blood-stained velt !

God of the Social Home ! pluck from men's hearts
Hell's hatreds, and unholy lust of blood,
And all that leads thereto ; feuds of the marts ;
Unhallowed greed ; the seething, rancid flood
Of foul desire for power and pelf ; erase
With Thy chastising Hand the pomp and pride
Of potentates, till smiling face to face,
Peaceful in neighborhood nations abide.

C.

Jan. 12, 1900.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY W.A. MARTIN, '02.

(Continued from last Month.)

To resume what has been said in the preceding pages, it seems evident,

That the "struggle for existence" does not harmonize with the wisdom and order of a designing Creator ;

That the "struggle for existence" is calculated to develop organs of combat but not the noble faculties of man ;

That no generative force can develop a higher from a lower being, since no creature can transmit more than it possesses ;

That the geological record reveals no traces of gradual transformations, and conclusively shows that in the past ages species were as constant as they are to-day. *

But in addition to these, there are yet stronger proofs of the untenability of the evolutionary theory. When Darwin wished to establish his hypothesis, he naturally looked for similarity between the human and simian features ; and from the small degree of anatomical resemblance between them, he immediately concluded that they were of common descent. But is the structural conformity between the ape and man so close that we may assume a brotherhood ?

Consider the general appearance of man. How immeasurably he surpasses the ape ! His transcendent nature is revealed in his very material structure. Observe how erectly he stands, his whole body placed under his brain to which it is subordinate. His hands are not made for locomotion, but are fashioned that they may not only attend to his bodily needs but also act as instruments of the soul. His arms are not adapted for strength alone, for in this respect, he is excelled by many beasts. His feet are not grasping or prehensile organs that would enable him to pursue arboreal habits, but are constructed simply for support and locomotion.

But let us examine a few details of man's physical structure. Huxley himself admits that between the human and simian skulls

there is an immense difference. This difference is partly attested by the cranio-facial angle. According to Camper's system, this angle in the baboon nearest approaching man, measures 58° and less, whereas in the European skull the angle increases to 80° and over. The prominence of the chin is another feature that is noticeably absent as a characteristic of all apes. But, however, it is the brain above all that draws the line of separation between man and the lower terms of the zoological series, and shows that although he may be the ape's cousin, he can never be considered as its brother or descendant. Anthropologists almost concur in declaring that the human brain could never have been derived from that of a baboon and they deny most emphatically that man's brain is simply the ape's arrested in its progress. Gratiolet, for one, tells us that the human and simian brains are not only different in form but also in structure. Notwithstanding the asseveration of evolutionists, we are utterly unable to conceive how the monkey's brain could have increased to almost twice its original volume by any process of natural selection. In passing, we might remark that even the lowest savages have brains of the same weight and dimensions as those of our most intellectual men, while the needs of the savage would be satisfied with a brain slightly larger than the ape's. Now, the very essence of the evolutionary hypothesis is that development is advanced in proportion to the wants of the creature. But the savage has a brain immensely superior to his needs. Hence, Wallace has been forced to admit that the development of the brain could not have been effected by Natural Selection alone.

Man is the only creature that uses his feet exclusively as means of support and locomotion. Between the human foot and the hinder extremity of the ape, there is no similarity whatever, for the anterior limb of the ape is more like a hand. And indeed, it is for this very reason that the ape is called a quadruped. Is it possible for us to understand how the ape's foot could have acquired the peculiar form of a man's? The prehensile foot of the monkey was capable of terrestrial locomotion; why should it have been changed? Again, the hand offers an illustration of the wide physical dissimilarity between man and his supposed precursor. In the former, it is simply an organ of prehension, in the

latter it is both prehensive and locomotive. Wallace remarks that the human hand has many latent powers that are not utilized by the savage. Here again we have a discrepancy between fact and the assumption of the Natural Selection hypothesis that the development of organs is advanced in proportion to the needs of the creature.

Wallace says that it is absolutely impossible that the human larynx could have acquired its power and sweetness by any process of Natural Selection. The delicacy of the human ear to appreciate music affords still another example of the fallacy of the Darwinian principle that nothing is acquired but what would be of advantage in the struggle for existence. But how in the world could the appreciation of musical harmony have been productive of success in the creature's struggle for existence? In truth, the origin of the musical faculty and the sensibility of the ear to harmony is utterly inexplicable by Natural Selection.

Man's bodily development is entirely unlike that of the ape. The latter has a short life and develops rapidly. In fact, monkeys are born in a condition of mental and physical maturity. In a few years they have reached the highest stage of development and almost immediately afterwards death claims them. With man it is far otherwise. He is born neither physically nor mentally matured, and it takes many years before he has attained the fulness of his powers.

There is another characteristic which man possesses and which we look for in vain among the rest of the animal kingdom, the faculty of existing under all climatic conditions. Man is not confined to any particular land or clime but ranges over the wide world. Again, man can subsist on all kinds of food, whereas among beasts some are herbivorous others carnivorous.

It would be to no purpose to present particulars relative to the divergence between man and the ape in the muscular system, the circulation, the viscera, etc. as there is no intention of dealing with minutiae but merely of offering a brief and somewhat general view of the distinguishing characteristics of the two bodies.

If there is a vast dissimilarity between man and the ape in corporal structure, then truly the divergence in psychical qualities

approaches infinity. For, indeed, it is in the soul that the true distinction between man and all the other creatures of the universe resides. Let us hear what Mivart says on this topic: "In spite of the closeness of bodily resemblance, the psychical gulf between him (man) and them (the apes) constitutes a profound difference not merely of degree, but an absolute distinction of kind—*one involving a difference as to origin*. No mere power of evolutionary natural selection, no cosmic process, could ever have produced from irrational nature a being 'looking before and after'—a being who could say either 'this must be absolute truth,' or 'such is my duty and I will, or will not do it.'"

The insurmountable barrier between man and the animal is raised by two faculties, reason and intelligence. The power of abstracting, inventing and generalizing is always and essentially absent in the brutes. We often speak of the intelligence of animals but in doing so we simply mean the sensible knowledge they possess. It is universally admitted that the nature of the phenomenon infallibly reveals the nature of the force that produces it, for every phenomenon requires a proportionate cause. Starting from this principle we may easily establish the difference between man's and the brute's intelligence by studying the actions of both. Animal intelligence is properly called instinct. And what is instinct? Is it not simply a propensity to follow a certain mode of action or rather an aptitude that guides this propensity? Instinct continually revolves within a fixed compass beyond which it cannot penetrate. The power of ratiocination, of deducing, comparing, predicting, of perceiving the relation between means and end, is absolutely wanting in the brute, for does not the horse of to-day live in the very same manner as did the horse of ancient Egypt? and do not the cows and sheep browse in the self-same manner to-day as they did 6000 years ago in the fields of Asia? If animals had the principle of intellectual knowledge, if they were endowed with inventive genius, would they not have improved on their mode of living? Why would they not reflect like men and endeavor to reform the manner of acting which their ancestors followed for centuries? And again, if animals had intellect, they would necessarily have moral notions of right and wrong, and should be responsible for their acts. But who is so foolhardy as

to attribute morality and responsibility to brutes ?

In conjunction with reason there is another faculty of the human soul that deepens the abyss between man and the brute, liberty, the power to choose and consider whatever it may please, to obtain and use whatever it may desire. Man alone is free either to yield to the cravings of the flesh or to subject them to reason and conscience ; he alone may choose what he pleases, reject what he pleases.

These characters of the human soul, reason and liberty, are revealed by many phenomena pre-eminent among which is the faculty of speech.

Language, as we all know, is an essential requisite of man since he is a social being. And when God wished to distinguish man from the brute animals, speech was the principal means he employed. Even Huxley says that it is the power of speech "that constitutes and makes man what he is," "that distinguishes man from the rest of the brute world," And he also declares that the difference which speech establishes between man and the brute animal is "vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences."

Speaking of the mental difference that language constitutes between man and the lower animals, Max Muller says : "Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, as far as I know, has ever contradicted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature ; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts showing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from initiative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in

the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animals, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I showed that the roots were with men, the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realised general concepts was by means of these roots, and words derived from roots."

Enough for the phenomena that reveal the transcendent nature of man's spiritual being. Let us consider the possibility of deriving man's soul from that of the brute. Since the human soul, which is wholly independent of matter, could never have been evolved from a non-spiritual principle, therefore, man's soul could never have been produced from the substantial soul of the brute, and its origin must have been a supernatural event. And again, since each individual soul requires the special creative act of God, for a greater reason then, must the soul of the first man have been created directly by God, and not have been evolved by material modifications. Thus the origin of man's soul is in God. But what is the origin of man? The soul is not man, neither is the body man; but man is of a dual nature, consisting of both body and soul. As I have endeavored to show in the first pages of this paper, there have not as yet been produced any facts that would force us to deviate from the literal words of scripture: "God formed man of the slime of the earth." And his soul we have seen comes directly from God: "The Lord God breathed into his face the breath of life and man became a living soul." Hence we see, man being of a two-fold nature had a double origin, his body directly from the slime of the earth, his soul immediately from God. But with St. Ambrose we may say. "*Nos animæ sumus, corpora vestimenta sunt,*" for indeed our true nature resides within. And this inner nature is the immortal man the image of God, the immortal man whom Lactantius calls "Pulcher hymnus Dei," the immortal man who shall survive the ruin of the universe.

Before concluding, it might be well to consider a few of the baneful effects of the evolutionary theory. One may say, perhaps, that there are no great dangers in adhering to the hypo-



ROSARY BEADS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

They are made of rough gold nuggets and are valued at \$500.

Presented by the Catholics of Dawson City to their zealous pastor, Rev. Father
Gendreau, O.M.I., October 1899.

thesis of Darwin, since he admits a Creator for the first species. But as Bronn remarks: "When Darwin attacks creation in general, then, according to our conviction, he must renounce creation for the first alga."

Father Zahm has denied that evolution is agnostic and atheistic in its tendencies. But in contradiction to his statement, we may cite that most eminent of evolutionists, Herbert Spencer, who proves that the theory "carried out to its legitimate consequences, excludes the knowledge of a Creator and the possibility of His work." In addition to this, we have the actual instances of many of Darwin's advanced followers, who have become confirmed atheists and agnostics. Indeed, we have but to point to Darwin himself, who, in his later days, wrote to Dr. Asa Gray and, although saying that it was impossible to conceive this wonderful universe as being the result of chance or necessity, and hence that we must look to an intelligent First Cause, still he asks, "Can the mind of man which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?. . . . The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us, and I for one must be content *to remain an agnostic.*"

To conclude, what advantages are offered by the evolutionary theory? Is it not a degradation of man, making him a descendant of brutes, a simple term in an indefinite series? Does it not simply cater to his lower appetites and propensities, making their gratification his single aim in life? Whither does it relegate his higher sentiments, the holy aspirations of his soul? The very essence of the evolutionary hypothesis is utilitarianism. Where shall we seek reward for virtue? The struggle for existence favors the malefactor and crushes the virtuous man. Of what value are we to consider Christian self-denial, large-hearted philanthropy, generous self-sacrifice, noble heroism, ardent patriotism, the pursuit of truth and beauty and the love of justice? What are we to think of the sufferings of the saints and the constancy of the martyrs? Are not all these a wilful loss in that gladiatorial struggle where each individual asserts itself, treading down and disabling its competitors, annihilating the weaker that it may itself become the fittest (or in the christian eye, the unfittest) to survive. We

who accept and worship an all-wise, merciful and just God, banish from our minds the idea of such an unholy struggle, and repudiate such a lowly origin. Since we are brothers of Jesus Christ, may we not claim the same descent as is ascribed to him in the Gospel when it says : "He was the son of Adam, who was of God."



If I should see
 A brother languishing in sore distress,
 And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
 A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

Sacred Heart Review.



THE ARM CHAIR STRATEGIST.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

He spoke before his glowing grate,
While tilting back his chair :
“Our arms meet only adverse fate,
Ah, if I were but there
The Boers I would with vim assail
And nip their budding hope ;
Then, bet your boots ! no move would fail,
By pont or drift or slope.

“The thing that’s needed most of all,
(He tilted more his chair.)
Is straight upon the foe to fall
And through them slash and tear :
It makes me tired to read about
The slaughter of our men,
Were *I* but there”—he loud did shout—
“Joubert I soon would pin.

“Old Kruger, too, would have to flee.
(He tilted more his chair.)
“It is a mystery to me,
We cannot reach his lair.
If left to *me*, a change you’d see,
In all this blooming row,
Then soon ’twould be a victory
For I could show them how.

“The generals lack brains, *I* know,
(He tilted more his chair.)
And balance”—back the seat did go,
His heels shot high in air :
But while he sprawled his language plain
Would grieve me much to say ;
And talk of war makes him feel pain,
Since that eventful day.

M.

“VIRTUE CANNOT LIVE OUT OF THE TEETH OF EMULATION.”

—*Julius Caesar.*

However well the principle contained in the words, “Virtue cannot live out of the teeth of Emulation” may be portrayed in “Julius Cæsar” by the action of Cæsar and the conspirators, and however apt that such words should occupy a place in this drama, yet, to my mind, this same principle receives an even better illustration in another of Shakespear’s plays—the one entitled, “King Lear.” A consideration of this subject may prove not uninteresting.

The wording of our theme does not permit “emulation” to be taken in a favorable sense. We may emulate a good and virtuous person in a friendly way; that is, we may have no envy of his goodness, we may be actuated only by a desire to be like him or even to surpass him in virtuous practices. Such emulation is commendable. But this is evidently not the meaning of “emulation” in the passage quoted above. If the sentence ran thus “Virtue cannot live without exciting emulation,” the meaning might be taken in this way, but the presence of the word “teeth,” shows that here is meant a biting emulation, a factious and envious rivalry. Shakespeare wishes us to understand that there is no man so just, whose character and springs of action are not misrepresented and maligned by malevolent individuals, who, because they are too depraved to be of like good morals, must vent their spleen by acts of vengeance and hatred. It is just this that happens in “King Lear.” The noble and magnanimous Cordelia, with a woman’s might, is subject to the persecution of her unprincipled and selfseeking sisters, Goneril and Regan.

We could scarcely have a higher ideal of womanly virtue, purity and disinterestedness than is exhibited in the person of Cordelia. Her exterior beauty and modest behavior are but a counterpart of the exquisite qualities that adorn her mind. She is unselfish almost to a fault. She loves her father, the old King, with a constancy, fidelity and tenderness that touches the heart.

She feels no resentment against him even when he sends her forth,

Unfriended, new-adopted to his hate
Dower'd with his curse, and stranger'd with his oath—
.....a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

And yet Cordelia is ready to submit to every injury rather than stoop to base flattery or sacrifice one particle of truth. Perhaps nothing speaks so well for the generosity, sweetness and firmness of her character as the fact that she is greatly beloved and respected by Kent, by the Fool and by the other attendants about her.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid
is the last pious wish of the faithful Kent when he goes into banishment for her sake. And later in the play one of the knights tells the King that

Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the Fool
hath much pined away.

Such is Cordelia, beloved by all who know her, by all save her two sisters Goneril and Regan.

And these are certainly not models of virtue. That they show themselves monsters of ingratitude and crime is the only thing we can say of them. After they have, by the most barefaced hypocrisy and fawning adulation, obtained possession of their demented father's kingdom, they strip the poor old man of all dignity and honor and render him subject to the insult and disrespect of even the lowest menial. Nay, deaf to his recollection of former benefits, to his appeals to their filial affection, to his entreaties on bended knees, they at length thrust him forth to the cruel mercy of a stormy night. Sad indeed is the condition to which they reduce him. The poor, abandoned King,

Contending with the fretful elements,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease ; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury and make nothing of ;
Strives in his little world of man t' outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain
This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonnetted he runs
 And bids what will take all.

Not less revolting than this filial ingratitude is the action of these profligate women, when, after the death of Cornwall, Regan's husband, but Goneril's husband still living, they become rivals for the affections of Edmund. We could scarcely have a worse picture of human depravity than is represented in their persons. It would be difficult for the virtue of Cordelia to avoid the envenomed teeth of their emulation.

A deep and long-standing rivalry in regard to their father's love and favor must have existed between Cordelia and her sister. Lear himself is forced to admit,

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.

And for this reason Cordelia must have had many previous proofs of their envy, but, as she has still the upper hand, her two rivals are under the necessity of practising a semblance of virtue until such a time as they can, without disparagement to their future prospects, display their real nature. Their opportunity comes when they obtain possession of the whole kingdom to the detriment of their sister. They can now act their part with perfect safety. Understanding their falseness from the first, Cordelia addresses them accordingly.

Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
 And like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Love well your father :
 To your professed bosoms I commit him ;
 But yet, alas stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So, farewell to you both.

Goneril immediately snaps out,

Prescribe not to us our duties.

And Regan adds,

Let your study
 Be to content your lord, who hath received you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scouted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

They plainly tell her, " mind your own business. You are

only a beggar without a single penny. You have disobeyed your father, and you have obtained what you deserve."

But as yet Goneril and Regan can make their sister feel their hatred only by words. They soon discover other means. No doubt one of the principle motives that led them to treat their aged father in the savage and unnatural manner that they did was to give pain to the sensitive heart of Cordelia. And surely they could not have struck upon a line of action better calculated to effect their purpose. Cordelia can bear with calmness and fortitude any amount of wrongs heaped upon herself, but to see one whom cherishes such a filial love, subjected to injury and outrage pierces her very soul. And the fact that her father is absent from what consolation she herself might give, serves to increase her grief. The following passage in which a Gentleman is speaking with Kent will give some idea of her distress on receiving the news of her father's misfortunes.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like
Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.....

.....Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of father
Panting forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What is the storm? is the night?
Let pity not be believed."

Thus well have the two pitiless sisters made their enemy feel the weight of their resentment. Their malice, however, does not end here. For when the news reaches them that Cordelia is on the way to rescue her poor parent from misery and madness, they are beside themselves with fury. They fly at the throats of all who would lend her any assistance in her heroic enterprise. Lord Gloster has been doing good offices to his ancient King and Master and he pays the penalty for his crime.

Cornwall.— * * Seek out the traitor Gloster.

Regan.—Hang him instantly.

Goneril.—Pluck out his eyes.

What a burden of fierceness and malignity is contained in these two short sentences ! And what a savage spirit does Regan and her husband Cornwall afterwards display when they carry their cruel threat into execution !

Regan.—Ingrateful fox ! tis he.

Corn.—Bind fast his corky arms.

Glos.—What means your Graces ? Good my friends, consider,

You are my guests : do me no foul play friends.

Corn.—Bind him, I say. (*Servants bind him.*)

Regan.— Hard, hard—O filthy traitor !

Glos.—Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn.—To this chair bind him.—Villain thou shalt find—

(*Regan plucks his beard.*)

Glos.—By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,

To pluck my beard.

Regan.—So white and such a traitor !

.....

Corn.—Where hast thou sent the King ?

Glos.—To Dover.

Regan—Wherefore to Dover ?....

.....

Corn.—Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glos.—We that will think to live till he be old.

Give me some help ! O cruel ! O you gods.

Regan. —One side will mock another ; th' other too.....

It is needless to quote any more of the tragic scene where Gloster loses his eyes. Regan and her husband know right well why the King was sent to Dover—because Cordelia was there—but they wish to taunt the helpless victim and prolong his agony and punishment.

It is quite evident that the mainspring of the actions of Goneril and Regan, continues to be the hatred of Cordelia and her adherents. The hatred grows deeper and the desire of vengeance becomes more insatiable according as the passions are less restrained.

The final act of this tragedy is yet to be played. Cordelia, it is true, succeeds in rescuing her father, but she restores him to an hour's love and happiness, only to break his heart by the great calamity that later befalls her. Both she and her father fall into the remorseless clutches of their enemies. Edmund who is the mutual lover and confidant of both Goneril and Regan whose wishes he undoubtedly accomplishes, sends an order for Cordelia's

execution. Before ending their own worthless lives by poison and suicide, Goneril and Regan have the satisfaction of knowing that Cordelia will die with the bitter thought that her poor father will again be left alone in the world without a child or a friend. The lamentations of Lear over the dead body of his beloved daughter form one of the most tragic scenes in the play,

Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of stone !
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever !
 I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
 She's dead as earth
Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never !.....

Alas ! his grief at Cordelia's death is too great for his aged frame to bear and the bonds of life are dissolved. "Lear passes away from our sight in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he has found to lose forever.

Thus is the maxim, "Virtue cannot live out of the teeth of emulation" verified in the play of "King Lear." The principle is far more strikingly and tragically illustrated here than in "Julius Cæsar". Cordelia presents a nobler example of suffering virtue than does Cæsar, and the two wicked sisters, Goneril and Regan, are creatures of greater depravity and stronger characters for evil than Cassius and his associates.

STEPHEN MURPHY '02.



TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O spirit guardian of my life,
Protector through this world of strife,
I thank thee for thy daily care
And to petition thee I dare.

Guide me through this vale of tears ;
Direct me in the coming years,
That I may ever seek the right,
And never, never duty slight.

Protect me from the devil's snares,
And lead me far from worldly cares ;
My faithful guardian, loving sage,
Be thou in youth, manhood and age.

Yes, make me ever seek thine aid
'Till in the grave I'm lowly laid ;
And when I rest beneath the sod
Bear thou my soul unto its God.

W. F. CAVANAGH,
Second Form.

MACBETH'S UNMANLINESS.

"I dare do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none."

—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII.*

IN reply to the taunts of his lady, Macbeth lays down a standard of Manliness in presence of which he himself must stand condemned as most unmanly. "I dare do all," he says, "that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

But it becomes a man to reject evil as soon as perceived as evil; it becomes a man not to harbor even for an instant, the thought of crime and sin, not to dally with the temptation. For, as a writer has well said, "a man is one who never acts unless he first feels that he is right, but, once certain of being right, pursues unhesitatingly and undeviatingly the course marked out by his conscience. He never, even in most critical moments, compromises with evil or evil-doers." It becomes a man to be morally brave, to remain therefore calm and unexcited during temptation, and to pray for the assistance of heaven.

Did Macbeth "act according to the dictates of his conscience?" Certainly not. He did not obey the command of the Master: "Thou shalt not kill"; but murdered until he was "in blood stepped in so far, that returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Was he calm, unexcited during temptation? Did he ask for the help of God? He is not calm, since he says:

"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor:
If good why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

He is excited, because, according to Lady Macbeth, he lacked

"the season of all natures, sleep;" and he thus nervously and irresolutely soliloquizes :

" If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor : this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First as I am his kinsman and his subject
Strong both against the deed ; then as his host
Who should against the murderer shut the door
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

And again just previous to the awful moment when at length he " bends up each corporal agent to this terrible feat" :

" Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?
I see the yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still :
* * * * * There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes."

He did not pray in the time of temptation. We do not find that even once he echoed the fervent prayer of good, manly Banquo :

" Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose"

No, he never prays ; and so when he had most need of blessing, he could not even say *Amen*, when the grooms did say *God bless us*. Thus it came to pass that the sides of his intent were all too deeply pierced by the spur of "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on th' other side."

Did he, in a word "do all that may become a man"? Unfortunately for himself and others, he did less and he did more. He did less, because he was too weak to reject at once his great temptation. He was too weak to resist the allurements of future greatness and the urgings of his lady. He did more : he murdered here and there until he filled the whole land with desolation and lamentation :—

" Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour."

So far, indeed, did he exceed the bounds of manliness that MacDuff is justified in saying,

" Not in the legions
Of horrid Hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth."

In short, Macbeth on one side did *not* "dare do all that may become a man" and on the other, he dared do more. Judged therefore by his own standard, he was no man.

J. B. JACQUES,
Third Form.



A COMMON LOT.

Well, 'tis nearly over, the fever and strife,
The constant fret, and the struggling race
To win for a moment a foremost place,
All—and the living that men call life.

Oh ! years of my springtime ! when my voice
Was gay as the lark's in the morning sky,
When we were young, my heart and I,
And could in the world and its joys rejoice.

Those years when I strove for a purpose high,
Only to fail at the bitter last,
And to find that humbler bliss had passed
Close to my side, and was now gone by.

When I staked my all, and lost, ah, me !
The coveted prize and the lowlier good,
And stood alone in my womanhood,
Viewing the dead past mournfully.

But a whisper falls, ever sweet and clear,
As a crystal brook's by a flowery sod,
"You have tried and failed ; leave the rest to God—
Make His way thine and have no fear."

MAGDALEN ROCK.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

We read the following in the Italian Review, *Palestra del Clero*, published in Rome under date, January 25th, 1900.

"We have just received a small pamphlet, *in octavo*, of elegant and polished design. It recounts in detail the cordial welcome extended to His Excellency, Mgr Diomède Falconio, titular Archbishop of Larissa, and Apostolic Delegate to Canada, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of November, 1899, by His Lordship, Bishop Moreau, the venerable Prelate of St. Hyacinth, as well as by the clergy and laity of that diocese.

In St Hyacinth, as in all other parts of that prosperous country, Canada, the representative of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, was received with a spirit of faith, love and profound joy characteristic of that Catholic nation. The pamphlet, moreover, contains a biographical sketch of Mgr. Falconio.

"His Excellency was born at Pesco Costanzo, diocese of Mount Casino, on September 20th, 1842. On September 2nd, 1860, he joined the Order of St Francis, of which, later on, he was named Procurator General. He was afterwards appointed Bishop of Lacedonia, but, in a short time, was transferred to the united archiepiscopal sees of Acerenza and Matera.

There, in the midst of his pastoral labors, the Sovereign Pontiff sought him out, and named him Apostolic Delegate to Canada;—a mission as honorable as it is important;—a mission in the fulfilment of which, the eminent Prelate, the pride of the Seraphic Order, is manifesting his splendid talents."

The little pamphlet then gives a detailed account of the brief sojourn of His Excellency at St. Hyacinth; it relates the many celebrations that were held in his honor, such as his arrival, his reception at the episcopal palace and at the Cathedral, and finally his departure thence.

It is to be regretted that want of space prevents our publishing complete details of the celebration. However, let it be said in conclusion that the few pages of this pamphlet, show how great and vivid is the Canadian people's devotedness to the Holy Father. They also show how useful and profitable it is to Catholic interests in those far-off countries, to have amongst them a Prelate both learned and zealous; a Prelate truly worthy to represent the august and immortal Leo XIII."

ROSARY BEADS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Recently we had the pleasure of seeing and handling perhaps the most unique pair of rosary beads in the world. They are composed of real Klondike nuggets, united by a solid gold chain, and having a gold cross attached. The entire weight of the beads is about twenty-five ounces, and their value is estimated at \$500.00. The accompanying engraving will give an idea of what the beads are like. The nuggets are very uneven, rough in fact, and there is imbedded in the gold, little pieces of rock that are hardly noticeable in the engraving.

The beads are a present from the Catholics of Dawson City, to their highly esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Gendreau. O. M. I. Father Gendreau is well known in Ottawa, as he was formerly bursar of the University, and afterwards Superior of the Oblate house in Mattawa. On their way to the Paris Exhibition, the beads were allowed to remain with us two or three days at the University, where they were examined and admired by all the students.

The following reference to these marvellous beads is taken from the *Klondike Nugget*, of December 9th, last :

FATHER GENDREAU'S ROSARY.

"The beautiful nugget rosary which the congregation of St. Mary's Church recently presented to Father Gendreau, will be started on its journey to the Paris Exposition in a few days. It will be sent first to Winnipeg, Ottawa and Montreal, where it will be placed upon exhibition before being forwarded to its final destination.

The rosary is one of the most beautiful and elaborate pieces of nugget work yet produced in Dawson. It consists of 53 small nuggets of various shapes and sizes and six large ones. Its value, including the work involved in its manufacture, is close upon five hundred dollars.

"A beautiful silk-lined casket has been prepared for the rosary. As the cover is lifted, the following inscription, printed in gold letters upon the silk is seen :

Presented to
REV. F. P. E. GENDREAU,
O. M. I., V.G.,
Pastor of St. Mary's Church
By the
Catholics of Dawson, Yukon Territory.
Feast of the Holy Rosary.
1899.

Mrs. Cahill, who personally secured the contributions towards the rosary, is to be congratulated upon her success. Through her untiring efforts, sufficient subscriptions were raised to make the rosary a most elegant affair. Father Gendreau feels extremely proud of this token of the congregation's esteem."



Why scowl and growl at all you find,
Nor heed hope's sweet beguiling ?
Each frown will leave its mark behind,
A ragged scar upon the mind—
Try smiling.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 6

FEBRUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 6

CARD OF THANKS.

The Very Reverend Rector and members of the Faculty extend their sincere thanks to the students that contributed so generously towards the fund for Masses to be said in behalf of the soul of the late lamented Reverend Father Howe, O.M.I.

H. A. CONSTANTINEAU, O.M.I.,

Rector.

DEATH OF FATHER HOWE.

In the little Oblate cemetery, Ottawa East, there is a newly-made grave marked by a simple wooden cross, on which we read the words : " Rev. Father Howe, O.M.I. 1900." Pausing beside that snow-clad mound, we meditate upon the dread instability of life, and, having breathed a fervent prayer for the happy repose of him who there sleeps in waiting for the glorious resurrection, we drop a silent tear of sorrow. Most becoming indeed, on our part, is that token of grief, for was not Father Howe a friend to all of us ?

The sorrow for Father Howe's early and almost sudden death has been as general as it has been intense, but nowhere has it been so keenly felt as at Ottawa University. By Father Howe's demise, the professors have lost a highly esteemed brother and a faithful companion of their daily labors, the students have lost the most sympathetic of friends, and THE REVIEW has lost the most enthusiastic of encouragers.

Although Father Howe's natural inclinations made the professorial chair less agreeable to him than was active missionary work, still, at the call of obedience, he devoted himself zealously for fully nine years to the work of teaching. Ever pleasant and ready to do one a favor, he was just the kind of man to succeed eminently in the community life of a religious order. He possessed in a striking degree, those peculiar qualities that endear one to everybody, irrespective of creed, class or nationality. Every person in the University, from the Very Reverend Rector, down to the last of the servants, has been thrown into profound grief by the sudden death of one whom all had learned to love.

A touching and, at the same time, a truly Christian proof of the high esteem in which Father Howe was held among our young men and boys, is furnished by the really magnificent offering the students have made towards defraying the expenses of masses to be said for the repose of his soul.

Two solemn requiem services have already been sung—one in the University Chapel, and the other in St. Joseph's

Church. Besides these, the student's tribute comprises thirty low masses. THE REVIEW unites with the Very Reverend Rector and Faculty in thanking the boys for this splendid example of eminently Catholic piety.



IS OTTAWA UNIVERSITY A NON-ENTITY?

In its account of the reception tendered to the Honorable Frank R. Latchford, M. P. P., Commissioner of Public Works, by the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in St. George's Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, February 8th, last, the secular press allowed itself, unwittingly, we hope, to fall into a rather peculiar error. It reported Mr. Latchford's words as containing the statement that the higher education of Catholics was unprovided for in the Province of Ontario.

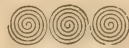
Mr. Latchford's words, however, give us an entirely different view of the matter. The honorable speaker does not call attention to any lack of Catholic primary, or any lack of Catholic higher education, both of which, he claims, are well provided for in this province; but what he does regret and bring under our notice, is the want of an *intermediate* education, that is to say a joining link between the education furnished by the Separate Schools, and the University course.

The Honorable Mr. Latchford is himself a graduate of Ottawa University, to which, in the course of his address, he paid a noble tribute; but we suppose, in the estimation of the secular, (i. e. Protestant) press, Ottawa University is an unknown quantity, since said press undertook, on its own authority, to correct the honorable speaker's remarks. Here are Mr. Latchford's own words in reference to the matter in question, as reported by *The Canadian Freeman*, of February 14th:

"The public school system of the province, as a system, was perfect. From the entrance of the child into the kindergarten, to the graduation of the man from the university, there was no step in the course which might not be easily taken. Catholic education, on the other hand, had little system about

it except in the primary schools. HIS OLD UNIVERSITY HAD DONE AND WAS DOING WORK OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, but between the separate schools and that university there was a gulf in Catholic education which was not easily passed. He hoped more attention would be given to intermediate education so that the almost unanimous desire of Catholics for a complete Catholic education should be gratified, and a system established as well worked out in all its details, and as satisfactory in its operation as that which obtained in the public schools, high schools and provincial university."

The Honorable Mr. Latchford has written to the Very Reverend Rector of Ottawa University expressing profound regret for the flagrant misrepresentation of his words, contained in the secular press report.



LYING AND TRUTH-SPEAKING.



WE took exception to an article entitled "Truth-Speaking" that appeared some months ago in the *McMaster University Monthly*. Whether it was the prestige of the publication in whose columns we found it, or the fame of the writer from whose pen it came, that first drew our attention to it, is of little importance; but we found fault with it because we believed it misrepresented the teachings of the Catholic Church, and was written by a person who was totally ignorant of the doctrines he attempted to expound. Great was our surprise, therefore, when, through the columns of the same periodical, we were informed, by the very writer of the article, that the charge of lack of information on the subject of which he treated was an unjust one. The writer, we are told,

"is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions. Besides the great Patrology of Migne, he has access to Roman Catholic editions of the works of Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Occam, Nicolas de Clemangis, Bellarmin, Gerson, Liguori, Perrone; to the great work on Moral Theology by De Cardenas, Raynaudus, De Murcia, Becanus, Bucellus Venetianus, Tamburinus, and many others. The writer of our article has in his possession a set of early Jesuit works that in all probability could not be duplicated in Canada or in America, comprising "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1583); "Rules of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1616); etc., etc."

The writer terminates the article with the following startling conclusion.

"The writer of our article, though he has faults enough and to spare, has never before been accused of lack of information on the subjects on which he writes or of contenting himself with mere cheap, second-hand information.

The writer begs leave to submit the following proposition to the editors of *The University of Ottawa Review*: If the editors of the *Review* will agree to publish a certain number of pages (the more the better) of authentic extracts from Roman Catholic literature bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the writer undertakes to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations.

There are many other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Roman Catholic writers fall very far short of the Protestant standard, and which modern Catholics and Protestants alike would do well to inform themselves about more accurately. The materials are at hand in great abundance for the exposition of every phase of the subject of Moral Theology. The writer would be delighted at any time to exhibit his Roman Catholic literary treasures to any intelligent Roman Catholic that may be interested in such works. A. H. N."

Before we examine what is here said, we might remark that A. H. N. has forgotten to inform us whence he derived the knowledge that led him to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon countries and Protestant Canada possess the virtue of truthfulness in a more marked degree than other nations. The morality of peoples is not available in very tangible form; hence the extreme difficulty of comparison in this respect. However, the sources of information that A. H. N. has at his command may be such as to warrant the conclusion he has drawn. We should be pleased to examine them, and we therefore ask the writer to let us know where they may be procured.

We are sorry to see A. H. N. add libel to libel. But before he treats of "the other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Catholics fall very far short of the Protestant standard," we would like him to justify the claim that Catholics are drilled in the art of lying. The absurdity of the statement appeals to the Catholic laity in a special manner. For did this elaborate system of casuistry exist in Catholic theology, it is strange that from the pulpits its mysteries have never been promulgated to the faithful. Catholics know, they have always been taught, both by confessors and preachers, that lying is absolutely con-

demned. They do not always live up to this teaching, it may be said; but Catholics themselves will not deny that. Human frailty does not admit of exact correspondence with all graces of religion.

Now concerning the proposition submitted to us by the writer in *McMaster University Monthly*, what shall we say? That writer most probably exulted in the confusion he would cause us by his ultimatum, and in the unfavorable light in which we would be placed before the eyes of readers, did we refuse to accept. But remark how we stand. A. H. N. informed us that the Catholic Church has developed a system of casuistry in which prevarication and even downright lying are justified. We dared in return to assert that such a statement was the utterance of a man who was absolutely incompetent to pass sentence on Catholic doctrines. Our opponent has retorted by telling us "that he is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions." He then submits a proposition inviting us to publish a number of pages of extracts from Roman Catholic writers bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth. Should we agree to this he will undertake "to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations." Now this is an ambiguous proposition. What extracts does he consent to furnish? From the proposition, we cannot make out his meaning. But perhaps ambiguity is one of the faults the writer has "to spare."

Still we would like our opponent to remember that, according to the etiquette of warfare, ours is the privilege of submitting propositions. A statement of his has been challenged, and no attempt has been made on his part to substantiate it. He tells us, it is true, that he has in his possession Catholic theological works in large numbers, and that he has access to many others. But that argues little. A person might possess all the works of Confucius, and yet be unable to expound his peculiar code of morality; the same person might have access to the complete works of Plato, and still be nowise qualified for the exposition of his theory of universal notions.

We do not like the attitude of A. H. N. in this matter. He should not shirk the responsibility which has fallen to his lot, of substantiating his assertions. We claim that, from the works he

has in his possession or to which he has access, he is unable to prove that the "Catholic Church has developed an elaborate system of causty in which prevarication and even downright lying are justified." We suggest that he undertake the task. And since, in the list of authors whose works he has consulted, the name of St. Thomas Aquinas appears first, we would ask him to commence with the writings of that doctor.



"ROMAN CATHOLIC AGGRESSIVENESS."

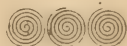
In the February number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*, appears a short article from the pen of Rev. Calvin E. Amaron, D. D., entitled "Roman Catholic Aggressiveness." The article was called forth by the mission to Protestants conducted by the Rev. Father Youman, in St. Patrick's church, Montreal, last month, and contains much with which we may readily agree, but, also, some statements to which exception must be taken. To assert that the Roman Catholic Church ever compelled men to enter her fold through persecution is to repeat one of the many calumnies that the church has had to contend with for centuries. It is true that the Catholic Church, when circumstances seemed to warrant it, punished heretics ; but it is false, and basely false, to state that she ever compelled men to embrace her doctrines.

Father Youman, Dr. Amaron says, "was cautious, avoided denunciation, interwove passages of scripture in his addresses, which were of a character to attract and convince uninformed Protestants, unaccustomed to the subtleties of Roman controversy." Now from what we have always heard of Paulist missions, we are fearful that Dr. Amaron is somewhat mistaken in the preceding account of the mission in question. No doubt Father Youman may have been cautious—not a bad fault in any preacher—he may, too, have avoided denunciations, and been careful not to offend the feelings of his Protestant listeners by referring to them as "benighted followers of their beliefs," as Dr. Amaron calls the French Catholics of Canada. And then the subtleties of Roman controversy how often, oh, how often, has that fallacy pained the ears of our

Catholic brethren ! There are no subtleties in Catholic Doctrine for Catholics, and as such, they exist only in the minds of men that think as does Rev. Dr. Amaron. And the reverend writer expresses the fear that some sons and daughters of Protestant parents may, on account of Paulist missions, find their way into monasteries and convents, where, as he expresses it, they will be "buried alive," and that the true inwardness of "Romanism" will be understood. Would, indeed, that the true inwardness of the self-sacrificing priests and nuns of the Catholic church were properly understood and appreciated ; would that the spirit which prompts true Christian men and women to break the cherished ties of this earth and devote themselves to the care of God's poor and sick were better known ! Perchance then the motives which prompt Paulist missions would be better appreciated, and the command given to the priests of the Catholic Church by her Divine Founder,—"Go ye, therefore, into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—would be better understood.

If "Romanism," as Rev. Dr. Amaron says, is a dry and fruitless branch of the Church of Christ, it seems strange—passing strange—that the efforts of a humble Paulist missionary should cause such commotion in the reverend gentleman's mind. And if she is so fruitless, is it not a wonder that the sun never sets on the cross that marks the country chapel or the city cathedral, in which Catholics throughout the world, for the past nineteen centuries have been wont to gather for worship.

But enough. With whatever steps Dr. Amaron's church will take to counteract the good work of Father Youman, we are not concerned ; and if he will see that the meetings he speaks of are conducted in the same Christian manner, and with the same earnest desire of finding the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as were those of the Paulist Father, we have nothing to fear.



NOTICE.

Owing to circumstances entirely beyond our control, this issue of THE REVIEW is a month behind time. We humbly beg the kind indulgence of subscribers and exchanges.

Of Local Interest.

Preparations for the St. Patrick's Day banquet have already assumed definite form ; and all indications point to a most successful affair. It should be a matter of personal pride to each student to say that he has assisted in making the banquet a success. The best and most efficient aid that any student can offer will be the prompt payment of the prescribed fee. No student should be absent from the banquet hall on St. Patrick's Day.

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* *

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, under the directorship of Rev. Father Campeau, will have the following gentlemen as its executive staff for the present term. President, J. E. McGlade ; Vice-President, J. A. Meehan ; Treasurer, W. A. Martin ; Secretary, J. I. Warnock ; Prefects, Messrs Gookin and O'Gorman, Readers, Messrs Costello, Nolan, O'Connel and Talbot ; Sacristan, James Hanley.

*
* *

The Senior Debating Society has had several interesting discussions on various topics since our last issue. For some reason or other, the attendance has recently been very poor. The gentlemen that absent themselves do an injustice, not only to themselves, but also to the debaters. An improvement is to be expected as regards this matter.

On Jan. 27, the question discussed was the relative merits of boarding and of non-residence schools and colleges. Messrs Meehan and McCormac argued very ably for the boarding schools, while Messrs Breen and Hardiman defended the non-residence institutions. The decision of the judges was in favor of boarding schools.

Trusts and Monopolies, the question of the hour, were attacked and defended very ably and skillfully by Messrs Donnelly and Dowd, Galvin and Collins respectively. The debate was one of unusual interest, it is considered by many as the best debate of the season.

The English and Boer war formed the subject of the debate

on Sunday, February 18. T. S. Albin and Jos. Kearney presented the English cause most forcibly and clearly. The same may also be said of arguments brought forward by Messrs. Herwig and Golden for the Boers. A large number of speakers from the house showed very plainly the keen interest taken in the war. The decision of the judges favored the Boers.

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* *

On February 10th a mock trial was held instead of the regular debate. Much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a prisoner, but finally a certain student was apprehended by Sheriff Devlin and Constables Cox and Cavanagh, and brought into court. His Lordship, Dr. Albin assigned counsel, and the case opened. A jury composed of the following good and true men was selected : Golden, McDonald, Maher, Morin, Harpell and Tierney. The learned attorneys for the defence were J. A. Meehan and H. Herwig ; for the prosecution M. A. Foley and J. R. O'Gorman. Among the witnesses were " King " Costello and another gentleman whose name could not be obtained. It is believed, however, that he was J. Gookin, disguised. The prisoner was found guilty, but the jury recommended mercy on account of his " youth and imbecility." His Lordship then pronounced the sentence, which consigned the malefactor to forty weeks in Castle Mark.

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* *

The Scientific Society has held but one meeting during the present month. The subject was " Short Methods in Mathematics." Mr. Aurelian Belanger, B.A., '97, was the lecturer, but owing to illness he was unable to complete the lecture. The students were all very much grieved to hear of Mr. Belanger's illness, and hope it will be but temporary.

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* *

The Scientific Society begins this term under a new management, for on the 9th instant the semi-annual elections were held and the following were selected to conduct its affairs : Director, R. F. Lajeunesse, O.M.I. ; President, M. E. Conway ; Vice-President, J. F. Breen ; Secretary, W. A. Martin ; Treasurer, M. A. Foley ; Reporter, D. McTighe ; Councillors, T. S. Albin, J. Warnock, G. Poupore, J. King.

At present the society is very prosperous, and the retiring committee are to be congratulated; but still the treasurer has complaints to make, and it would be well if every member would endeavour to be a paid-up member, as he will not only thus derive many personal advantages, but he will also encourage the Hon. Treasurer who is making untiring efforts to increase the funds in hand through the medium of "small loans."

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Our Orchestra has already won a great deal of praise from persons outside the University. For instance, the members were invited to play both, in Hull and Ottawa, at dramatic performances. We congratulate the Orchestra upon its success and feel very proud of our musicians.

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* *

The French Debating Society has not been at all idle during the last month, but owing to lack of space, we have been unable to present a record of their work until this issue.

The first debate of the season was most interesting in itself, and moreover it was very well argued. The respective claims of Charlemagne and Napoleon upon the gratitude of the French people were presented by Messrs Langlois and Campeau, Valiquette and Richard. The house decided that Mr. Langlois and his colleague had carried the day.

"Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword" was next presented for discussion. Mr. Talbot presented the cause of the pen, while Mr. Legault argued the power of the sword. The pen was again victorious.

Another historical question furnished the topic for the third debate. Charles V and Francis I of France were compared. Messrs F. Coupal and Raoul Lapointe upheld the reign of Charles V, and Messrs G. Garand and N. Farribault performed a like office for Francis I. The majority favored Messrs Coupal and Lapointe.

Immigration into Canada, with its attendant advantages or disadvantages, was debated warmly on Feb. 10. Messrs Filliault and Cloutier showed the beneficial effects arising from immigration and were opposed by Messrs Pothier and Verrault. The voting resulted in favor of the negative.

We are pleased to welcome back to our midst both Rev. Fathers David and Cornell after their short respites from teaching. We regret to state however that neither of the Rev. Fathers has fully regained good health. We shall continue to hope for the best.



In the Library.

"The Best Foot Forward and Other Stories." By Francis J. Finn, S.J.
New York: Benziger Bros. Price 85c.

Following in the wake of his past successful works, comes another delightful story from Father Finn, which adds one more laurel to the distinction already achieved by this talented author. In his self-imposed mission, the writer aims simply to provide a literature adequate to the real wants of our boys and girls, and to contribute his share to a movement which will effectively counteract the evil of the cheap, offensive and nasty publications about us. Were we to question his ability for this duty, or his success, we have only to consider the eagerness and avidity with which each of his books have been received by all our young folks. There is in the "Best Foot Forward" a healthy moral tone, enthusiasm and vivacity so delightful to all readers, accurate knowledge of boy character and a formation of character in accordance with this knowledge. Here are portrayed a number of happy scenes, periods of joyous innocence both in college and in the outside bitter world, in which we find that the actors are boys of a class whom we may meet with every day of our lives. The boy hero is brought out clearly and fully, and without any intention of perpetrating a pious fraud upon the reading public by making him out of our reach, unexcelled and something over and above the accustomed "creatures of a non-descript nature that are subsequently to develop into men. In this novel, the inherent element of goodness ultimately triumphs over the accident of evil. The moral truth of the story is tersely crystallized in the title.

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Chronicles of "The Little Sisters" by Mary E. Mannix. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

Under the above title, Mrs. Mannix gives to the public a

delightful volume of short tales founded on incidents related to the author while visiting the Catholic Home for the aged. For obvious reasons the name of the place is withheld and the identities of the original characters are concealed by assumed names. Truth is evident in these narratives, yet the reader will discern that the facts related by garrulous inmates are taken as the bases around which were woven interesting tales, but the author does not impose on our credulity by asking us to accept each completed story as a Gospel verity. Mrs. Mannix has made an excellent use of incident, and her tender sympathy with God's poor has not misled her judgement in her various character studies. In a clear, terse style glistening here and there with a touch of tender pathos or a dash of Irish humor, the author relates tales of wrongs long-suffered, of sufferings mental and bodily, of sorrow and of noble generosity so often unrequited. Throughout the work there are many excellent tributes to the self-sacrificing work of the good Sisters of the Poor, whose devotion and charity in their ministrations cannot be better learned than by a perusal of this interesting volume. The price of the book is \$1.25, retail.



Among the Magazines.

The pantheistic tendency and its effects, which pervade much of our modern literature as exemplified in the works of Emerson, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold and others, receive a serious consideration by Rev. J. McSorley in the opening pages of the February *Catholic World*. The student thrilled with the poetic fervor, richness and matchless rhythm of a poet like Emerson, certainly has a high concept of nature, but his highest aspirations would remain unsatisfied, and disappointment would ever fill him when there is no recognition of a transcendent Divinity. Charming as this pantheistic poetry may be, it is particularly dangerous to minds unguided by Catholic philosophy. Rev. A. D. Malley, in his critical study of Walter Pater, which appears in this issue, tells us that the exquisite art of this great prose writer consists in his delicate selection of words. In excess, this intense devotion was an evil

for it made him the exponent of a philosophy which casts aside all morality and thus beauty or pleasure becomes the only criterion of action. The review of Pater's masterpiece "Marius the Epicurean" brings to light a wonderful welding together of Christian training, modern psychology and the ancient love of beauty. The Divorce question receives some careful consideration in this number. In an article on this important matter, Dr. Enright first traces the position and influence of the Catholic Church on the question of divorce; then he passes to its consideration by the American law courts, and by clever illustration shows the peculiar complications which arise by conflict of laws in the various states of the Union. Most spiritual and inspiring are the reflections of the Rev. H. E. O'Keeffe in his luminous article entitled "The Glory of the Human Body." Dr. Seton in "Divine Action in Natural Selection" shows that Natural Selection is not opposed to the idea of God's creative act but on the contrary, His wisdom is manifested in it. First he supports it from a purely scientific point of view and then lucidly explains what is meant by the struggle for existence. His statements on this matter may be accepted, yet the reader must guard himself against some tendencies which this article shows.

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The leading contribution to *Donahoes* for February is a comprehensive sketch of the most important events of the Pontificate of Leo XIII, which appears under the title of "Milestones in Pope Leo's Ninety Years." Particular attention is given to the ceremonies in St. Peter's during the last two years. In view of the recent rejection of Brigham H. Roberts from Congress, the article on "Salt Lake City and Its People," by Dr. O'Hagan is timely and doubtless will be interesting to all readers. This description includes an account of the founding of the city, its progress and the origin and character of the Mormons' belief. Andrew McAleavy contributes a most pleasing paper entitled "Doneraile, the Home of Rev. P. A. Sheehan." This includes a sketch of the author of "My New Curate" and short description of the parish of Doneraile. The best fiction of this issue is represented by the concluding chapters of two excellent stories. "The Plaything of Fate" and "The Transition," and another installment of the "Hand of the Crusader." The poetry of the issue is fair.

The February number of *The Gael* has an interesting array of illustrated articles, sketches and stories of a very high standard. The leading contribution to this issue is Charles O'Hanlon's sketch of John Philpot Curran. According to this writer, Curran's brilliant defence of the United Irishmen firmly established his fame. During that long unhappy period from 1792 to 1800, when these brave men were hounded down by British soldiers, Curran was ever the dauntless advocate standing beside the victim who had been so unfortunate as to fall within the clutches of the Castle minions, and pleaded for his people with undaunted courage and devotion. When perils beset the paths of the United Irishmen, when authority with its watchdogs of soldiers and bribed spies watched every movement, when tyranny and oppression bowed them down, these brave men found in John Philpot Curran a fearless champion and a lasting friend. This part of his life has been excellently treated. With rare tact, the writer touches upon that painful episode which resulted in the estrangement of Curran and Robert Emmet. "Celtic Psychology, if not a very profound article has at least the merits of exactness and truthfulness, and the writer's conclusions are in accordance with the accepted truths on this subject. In this issue appears a humorous story "Seamus Gow's Three Chances," which well illustrates the keen wit and humor of the Irish character.

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Through the inadvertence of some medium, *The Rosary* does not reach this office with the regularity which was formerly characteristic of its management. The January issue now at hand has an excellent table of contents. The opening pages are occupied with the latest authorized list of indulgences granted to the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. This is followed by Miss O'Hare's illustrated article entitled "At Lincoln's Home". From very simple materials, (a visit to Lincoln's old home in Springfield, Ill) the writer has woven an interesting sketch illustrative of the leading events of the public and private life of the great statesman. The concluding chapter of "The Preachers of Notre Dame" is reached in this issue. In these four contributions, are outlined the characteristics of the great preachers who have occupied the pulpit of the Paris Cathedral. What a

wealth of association clusters around the grand old basilica ! What memories of past glory achieved will revert to him who stands within its sacred portals, for there it seems are re-echoed the voice of a Lacordaire, of a De Ravignan, of a Monsabre and of a host of other champions of Catholic truth. The grandeur of the Eternal City seems to be an inexhaustible theme for our magazine writers. Here is another with the simple title "Rome," by Helen Grace Smith. The writer of this article touches on the points of historic interest in and about the city, and as the style of description is excellent, the paper deserves careful reading. The fiction offered comprises "A Question of Divorce" and "The Wizard of Siena Vale."

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Our Boys' and Girls' Own, for February has an artistic cover picture illustrative of the opening of the Holy Door at Rome. Fiction occupies the opening pages of the current issue, for here is placed the second installment of Father Finn's serial "His First and Last Appearance." This promises to be the best production that has yet come to us from the facile pen of this gifted writer. The remainder of the fiction is made up of two short stories of uncommon variety and excellence. Space is duly apportioned to instructive articles relative to "Compressed Air" "The Philippines" and "In the Transvaal." The magazine is neatly arranged, the matter, though generally of a light vein, is particularly suitable for those of tender years, yet so well chosen and garnered that it is quite acceptable to those who have long since abandoned the use of knicker-bockers.

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The leading feature of the *Sacred Heart Review* of the issue of February 10th, is the strong editorial on the Philippine Commissioner's report. Unqualified denial is given to the deftly-put statements of the clever gentlemen that compose this *honorable* body. A number of Protestant authorities are quoted to prove that in many instances, the findings of the Commissions have not even the vestige of truth and hence in view of so many mis-representations, this report should not be accepted by Congress. Rev. Mr. Starbuck contributes a scholarly criticism of the character of Melancthon. "My New Curate" is carefully reviewed by W. A.

Leahy, and doubtless the thorough analysis of this novel will be found interesting and instructive.

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The *Catholic University Bulletin* (January Quarter) contains many brilliant articles which require extended consideration. Rev. Dr. Pace occupies its opening pages with a luminous exposition of "The Concept of Immortality in the Philosophy of St. Thomas." In the same issue, Father Heneby traces the "Revival of the Gaelic Language" and writes a magnificent tribute to the late Rev. E. O'Growney whose efforts in stimulating a love for the literature of the Gael will always be gratefully remembered by Irishmen. "The Priesthood and the Social Movement," "The Poetry of Israel" and "The Works of Hippolytus" complete the table of contents of this excellent number.

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In the *Ave Maria* of the issue of February 3rd, Maurice Francis Egan, with artistic-like touch, shows out in relief the prose of Charles Warren Stoddard. We quote this as a tenor of the article: "He (Stoddard) in untrammelled prose, with lyrical cadences,—not studied, not self-conscious, and yet, musically lying in wait in sentences that ripple with the waves, mourn with the winds, or smile with a humor which is neither in the waves nor winds but only in human beings." "The Passing of John Ruskin" is one of the best, albeit brief, appreciations of the great art critic that has yet appeared in our magazines. The quality of fiction of this issue is enhanced by the appearance of "Marcelline's House," by Anna T. Sadlier. It is written with considerable delicacy of touch and depth of feeling.



Exchanges.

Williams Literary Monthly is one of our best exchanges. The February number, however, contains perhaps too much fiction. While the short story is an excellent feature of a magazine, we consider that it should not be allowed to crowd out the essay. The single essay in this issue deals with "Racial Vigour in the

Jew," and it evinces much painstaking study. Two of the stories are more remarkable for mediocrity than anything else, but "A Means to An End" fully deserves the first prize which, we are informed, it received in a Prize Competition.

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Besides an interesting sketch of the career of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, the *St. John's College Magazine* contains a well-written article on "The Theatre of the Greeks." The information afforded by this latter effort will well repay perusal, and to the student of the Greek drama, will proved especially valuable. "Only a Sentinel" is a story built on the same old lines with which we are so familiar. Unrequited love sends a man to death, in this case, death from a Boer bullet on the far-off South African veldt.

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The series of "Letters to Living Writers" is still continued in the *Purple*, and our hope for something good from this unique department is never disappointed. The January issue's letters are two in number. That addressed to Henry Austin Adams joins in the praise which the well-known editor's lecture on Cardinal Newman has met at all hands. "Certain Young Writers of Fiction" are good-humoredly advised to do their work by rules, and to this end, reduce all kinds of novels to general formulas, which would prove a great advantage to the beginner. The writer of this clever skit takes the tone of a veteran author. "The Americanism of James Russell Lowell" is also a paper of considerable merit. But those "Ghost Stories"! How did they escape the waste-basket?

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Our expectations were hardly realized in the February number of the *Georgetown College Journal*. True, the two life-sketches—of Father Marquette and of the late Lieut. Ord, U.S.A.—are good, but outside these two brief articles it contains little of general interest. "A Daylight Episode" is as insipid a bit of fiction as we ever met with. It was also a source of considerable surprise to us that so little space should be devoted to literary matter, that is, in the nature of articles, almost two-thirds of the *Journal* being taken up with the editorial and other departments. In our

opinion such proportion of the contents of a college paper makes it local, and consequently uninteresting beyond the very narrow sphere of its immediate vicinity.

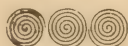
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The Stylus for January is decidedly attractive. From notes of a lecture on Cardinal Newman by Dr. Spaulding an instructive article on the literary labors of the great Oratorian has been compiled. The career of that wonderful and many-sided genius as a litterateur, perhaps the greatest of the century, is carefully and intelligently portrayed. The writer of "Winter and the Poets" shows by numerous quotations how different have been the impressions of the snowy seasons upon many of our greatest singers. Some it inspires with gloomy and mournful thoughts, while in others kindling feelings of joy and gladness. A volume of poems by Father Johnstone, an alumnus of Boston College, is brought to our notice in a thoughtful criticism.

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Ever welcome to our sanctum is the *Viatorian*. It contains this month two carefully prepared papers on "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Imaginative Power of Dante." But the pleasure we derived from the first pages was changed to a feeling of surprise, not unmingled with amusement, when we turned to the exchange column. The ex-man takes exception to the use of the term "praise-mongers" in an article in our December issue. He thinks it inaccurate, and gives us Webster's definition of "praise," further remarking that "the writer evidently means flattery or adulation, which are something very different." But why does not the author of this notice give us the definition of the whole term, and not merely of the first part of the compound? Did he look up the word "monger"? If he did, wherein did he find the least particle of difference in the meanings of "praise-monger" and "flatterer"? Both terms are applied to one who traffics in praise. Where, then, is the inaccuracy of which he speaks? Surely our friend must have been in an unusually hyper-critical mood when he undertook to distinguish two synonymous words. We are at a loss to account for his "unprovoked fit of passion" if based merely on such a flimsy pretext. In the same issue he sees fit to administer a stinging rebuke to another ex-

change which finds fault with the *Viatorian*, and he takes the opportunity to extoll the advantages of "honest, sensible criticism." We cordially agree with all said by the gentleman in this connection, and take especial pleasure in re-echoing his own words: "We are not quite prepared to accept the *ipse dixit* of every tyro whose boundless self-conceit leads him to believe that his taste is the ultimate criterion of literary worth." A word to the wise is sufficient.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rt. Rev. A. Dontenwill, O.M.I. '81, Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., was a guest at the University for a few days during the week. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was a Professor in Varsity after his graduation, so that his visits are always a renewal of old acquaintances. His Lordship is on his way to the Eternal City, for his visit 'ad limina.' We wish him a safe, happy and prosperous voyage.



Mr. Charles Leamy, of New Westminster, is one of the old boys who is imbued with patriotism, for he has gone to South Africa with one of the Canadian Contingents. May Charlie win fame and glory on the far-off battlefields, is the wish of his College friends.



Messrs. D'Arcy McGee, '97, and E. Gleason, '98, have successfully passed their second examinations in law. THE REVIEW extends its congratulations and wishes them continued success.



Rev. Father Sexton of Boston, formerly professor of English Literature, was in the city last week.



Mr. L. Tremblay, M. D., of Manchester, N.H., is in the city. The doctor was a student here in the 80's, and now enjoys a lucrative practice in his chosen profession. Success doctor, is the wish of your Alma Mater.

Mr. John Cunningham, commercial graduate of '91, called at the University recently to see his former professors and friends. John is now in the lumbering business and succeeding well. THE REVIEW wishes him succes.

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The many friends of Mr. Marsh English, of New Westminster, will be pleased to hear of his appointment to a responsible position in his father's large canning factory. This is a profitable industry in the salmon district of the Coast, so the appointment is an enviable one, and we congratulate Marsh, hoping that he will make his mark in the mercantile world.

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The many friends of Mr. H. St. Denis, of Pointe Claire, P.Q., will be pleased to hear of his two successes lately achieved—the one in carrying off the first prize in an architectural contest in Montreal, and the other in leading to the altar the lady of his choice. THE REVIEW joins with his many friends in wishing him and his wife happiness and a brilliant future.

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From the Philippine Islands comes a letter to our *Sanctum* from Charles McMahon, a former student, whose friends will be glad to learn that he is well.

Charles is fighting for Uncle Sam; he is in Co. G. 18th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Jaro, Island of Panay.

His letter bears the date of Dec. 17th, 1899, just about the time when boys think of Christmas and the home fireside.

A few extracts from the letter will prove interesting. Mr. McMahon says that the campaign still continues unabatingly, that he has been in several battles and skirmishes, and that many of his comrades in arms have been killed and wounded.

To quote his own words, the letter reads:—“*The campaign in my estimation, is not going to be of such short duration as was thought, for the rebels since being driven from their strongholds, have divided up into bands with the intention of waging guerilla warfare. At that rate we are unable to check them, so we will be obliged to roam from one town to the other like a lion seeking its prey. The marching would not be so difficult a task, were it not for the tropical heat, which prostrates many an able bodied man. It is*

hard work to carry the men to the hospital, but such is the life of the American soldier in the Philippines. On Luzon Island, after nearly a year of hard fighting, the natives think that they have had enough of it; last Sunday eight hundred of them surrendered. They are beginning to realize what the American soldier is made of. May this submission only continue, for the sooner the war is over the better."

In other parts of his letter Charlie expresses the hope that he shall be home for his next Christmas dinner, so do his many friends here and at home.

Further on in his letter he gives the contents of the *Menu*, inviting some of his friends to lunch on *baked beans* and *hard tack*. "*The moss covered bucket which hung in the well has no comparison to our army hard tack, it is something fierce at times.*" The interesting missive concludes with the old familiar and friendly wishes to all.



Athletics.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY AND CONDOLENCE.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,

OTTAWA, Feb. 27, 1900.

At a meeting of the O. U. A. A., held on Wednesday, the 21st instant, the following resolution was adopted :

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from this world Mr. Roderick A. O'Meara, '99. an esteemed ex-president of the Ottawa University Athletic Association ;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, That we, the members of this association, have learned with profound sorrow of this untimely event, and respectfully tender to the members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this their hour of sorrow and affliction ;

FURTHER RESOLVED, That this resolution be inserted in the minutes of the association and that copies be sent to the bereaved family, and to THE REVIEW for publication.

T. G. MORIN, '01,
President O. U. A. A.

W. P. EGLESON, '00,
Secretary O. U. A. A.

Junior Department.

The Junior Editor and all his young companions share in the gloomy sadness that has lately spread its darksome pall over the community. A devoted priest and professor has left our midst to receive his reward "in realms beyond." Feeling deeply the loss we have sustained by the death of kind Father Howe, we extend our warmest sympathies to the Faculty of the University. We assure them that we shall prove our love and esteem for the departed priest by constantly praying for his eternal rest.

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At a recent meeting of the Holy Angels Society, the following officers were elected :

Director—Rev. Father Henault, O.M.I.

President—Master George Verreault.

Vice-President—Master George Shields.

Secretary—Master Olivier Dion.

Treasurer—Master Vincent Meagher.

Readers— { Master Paul Ducharme.
 { Master George Leonard.

Sacristans— { Master James French.
 { Master H. Legault.

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The night on which the January number of THE REVIEW was distributed to the knickerbocker tribe, was remarkable for its unusual occurrences. As the Junior Editor peeped through the key-hole of the recreation-hall door, he was surprised to discover an uncommonly peaceful and noiseless spirit in Lilliput. Upon further inquiry, he was informed that, at the time of his stolen visit to the hall of sport, all the Juniors were absorbed in the pages of their own department of the college magazine. It took several minutes to incite them to take exercise.

As soon as the youngsters had finished reading the contents of their

special columns, many grinned, others frowned, whilst others tore their hair, stamped their feet in rage and, with ire-glaring eyes, looked about to annihilate somebody.

The Editor-in-Chief, who at this moment, chanced to enter upon the scene of mingled joy and passion, was seized by the infuriated mob, led to the door and very gently ordered to retire. Upon his refusal, the national spirit of Lilliput, which always works in unison, was aroused to action. The Mulligan Guards, the Sloan Artillery, the Bawltonian Infantry and the French Fusiliers were ordered to charge, and, after many assaults upon the enemy, succeeded in landing our unfortunate Editor into a neighboring corridor and thence into Gulliver's recreation hall. For reasons known to themselves, the inhabitants of this spacious room thought it best to allow Lilliput to apply its own punishment. After the affray, Denis washed his face and explained: "*O tempora! O mores!* How long, O Editors, will you tax our patience?" Denis was really indignant, for he immediately sat down and scribbled off a letter to some Indian chiefs of the north, asking their assistance after the next issue of THE REVIEW.

The following note appeared the next day on the bulletin board:—"We advice all editors to beware of Lilliput. If they are obliged to pass through our district, let them keep their eyes forward. They would, besides, do us an inestimable favor by heralding their visit, so that all may be quiet in Lilliput when they arrive."

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At a special meeting of the J. A. A., it was decided that the short-panted Irish nudgets would follow old traditions and have a sumptuous banquet on St. Patrick's Day. The meeting was a lively one, as the vast majority of members were anxious to have their names on the committee. After a hard tussle, Smith was chosen President. As Lynch fulfilled the onerous position of toastmaster at the Christmas spread, the executive elected him to the same office for a second time. Provided the other officers discharge honorably their different duties, we shall publish their names in our next. I might as well take the trouble of mentioning that J. Campbell has been given charge of the musical programme. He insists that there will be none but Irish and Scotch melodies.

It was said not long ago, that the Junior Editor is always writing complaints. He answers that he feels it his duty to reprimand whenever his young friends are at fault. He assures his mates, however, that, not having learned the big book they call Philosophy, he consults weightier authority, whenever a question of right or wrong is at stake. He therefore feels obliged to remark that it would be to the interest of some juniors (the infirmarium loungers) if they would, after supper, put on the gloves, or indulge in recreative sports, instead of taking out their books to read. He would rather see them spend this half hour after supper in healthful exercise.

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During the past month, the members of the J. A. A* have kindly remodeled the pigeon table. They have also spent a goodly sum in buying a much needed pair of boxing gloves for the pugilistic aspirants. Sharkey drew first blood with the new gloves.

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AND STILL THEY COME.

Captain Moonlight, the one-eyed heavenly squinter into secret crevices, stole softly into my departments a few nights ago and entertained me with the recital of an incident that took place recently between the Lilliputians and the Gulliver giants. With one of those bursting grins, that often make our faithful captain seem ludicrous, the silvery night wanderer began : "The scene of action was within the closed walls of the Lilliputian garrison. Gulliver, who has not as yet recovered from his last defeat, sent out a troop of armed men to attack the strongholds of Lilliput. Not satisfied with firing twenty inch balls at the citadel, the *Costellian* general attacked the very homes of the inhabitants. The invasion came like a thunderclap upon the midgets, for they had just finished a long three hours drill. No sooner had the roll call been given, announcing bed time, than reports from cannons and guns went whizzing through the air. "Lights out," voiced the private and all was darkness supreme.

"After a whispered consultation, the Lilliputian soldiers were told to steal away and return with ammunition. But the enemy had seized the magazines and arms. Lilliput's case seemed hope-

less and many a little heart trembled and many a little soul prayed as the enemy approached nearer and nearer. General Smith was absent. But the practical sense of his private, found an effective means out of the embarrassing situation. The Lilliputians at his command rushed off to the warerooms, obtained tin cans, buckets, hose and every instrument that could contain the flowing liquid of the water pipes. In an instant all had loaded their implements of war and make a charge upon the invading giants. The latter were abashed and ran off like a crowd of drowned rats; others overcome by hydrocephalelgy and hydropodalgia fell exhausted on the wayside. But one poor mortal remained in the garrison of Lilliput. Inexorable to this wasted opponents' cries of mercy, the Lilliputians seized him by the collar, tore off his coat and threw him head first into a large barrel of ice cold water. Here he received a much needed wash and a lesson that he will remember for years to come.

I know he must be wet.

For they hav'n't seen him yet."

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On Saturday, Feb. 4, came the much-talked-of and long-expected game of hockey between the Smith and Cloutier contingents. Owing to the rough exhibition which the Smith seven put up against the Bawlf seven three days previous, the whole region of Lilliput anticipated a scene similar to the one which lately occurred at Ladysmith. But the strict rulings of the referee prevented all unnecessary roughness, and the game was interesting in every respect. At 2.30 the referee's whistle blew to announce the beginning of the contest. At the same time, the admirers of both teams surrounded the rink to cheer their favorites on to victory. As usual, Smith distinguished himself by his brilliant play, and altogether played a very gentlemanly game. Pinard, of the Cloutier contingent, was the hero of the day, for after both teams had played over time for fifteen minutes, this great defence man shot the winning goal from the centre of the rink. After this phenomenal play, his friends rushed upon the ice, and having tendered him their warmest congratulations, carried him in their arms to the dressing room.

Dupuis gave the spectators a grand exhibition of puck stopping. In the goal he was a veritable stone wall.

Lack of space prevents me from making special mention of the other brilliant players who engaged in that contest.

When the whistle blew, the referee announced that Cloutier's team had won by the score of 4 to 3 goals.

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Here is the Assistant Junior Editor's account of the two games played with Hull :

"On February 7th the Juniors went to Hull and played a hockey game with the contingent from the Brothers' School. All Hull was astir, and went to the game only to see their own men defeated. The Juniors *played with* them. At the end of the game the score read—Juniors, 2; Hull, 0. After the game the boys were treated rather roughly by the mob. Nobody, however, lost his life.

The captain of the Hull hockey team proposed to play the Juniors on their own grounds. The proposition was accepted by Captain Smith, and the game was dated for February 11th. When the appointed day had arrived, the young midgets from Ottawa College were surprised to behold on the rink men ranging from twenty-one to thirty years, and from five feet to six feet in height. The small boys really trembled. But as soon as the game had started, it was learned that hockey is not for big men any more than for small men.

On February 11th, the small yard crossed sticks with the "Cuban Giants" of Hull—the men with long beards and old age stamped upon their faces. The game resulted in a victory for the small yard by the score of 24 to 0. The game was a one-sided affair in scientific play. The only way in which the Hull men distinguished themselves was in their game of dirt. We characterize these old men as the refuse of Hull street corners and back alleys. Were the rudeness of these men known to the Prefect, he certainly would not have allowed the Juniors to play with them.

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The following letter was recently found in our letter-box :

DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR,—

I am sorry to say that what you write about the small yard is

not always true. There are many times we do things and you do not put them in *THE REVIEW*. If I could catch you I would throw you down a flight of stairs, and then go and mark the spot where you fell. I would just like to catch you after supper, in the dark, around the handball alley for instance, then I would give you two beautiful dark blue ornaments to adorn the upper portion of your facial protuberance. I am not going to let you insult the small yard any longer. We poor fellows are afraid to move. Please put something in *THE REVIEW* about the big yard. You won't, because you're afraid of the big lads. I think your actions are a real insult to us. If I could catch you I would *lick* you.

Your enemy,

A. L. S. HIMMEL.

In answer to the above note, I challenge the writer of these remarks to a friendly visit to the handball alley on March 28th. Please do not bring any stones with you.—J. E.

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During the past few Sundays, we noticed that a few of the externs arrived late for High Mass. Since they do not rise at an early hour on Sunday morning, we would advise them to come directly to the University chapel and not to remain on the streets to talk to whomsoever they happen to meet.

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Generally speaking, we are edified at the manner in which the boys perform all the external rites of the Church. From close observation, however, we remark that two or three boys genuflect on the left knee, and one honorable "gentleman" has summed up enough vanity to comb his hair in the chapel.

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We would like to know who gave a certain Seguin charge of attending to the electric switch at the chapel door? He really shocks us. More than once he has left us poor mortals in the dark.

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Tremblay has been asked to act as travelling agent of the "Wild West Novel Firm." His first trip will be to the Paris Exposition. On his return we expect that he will write up a very imaginative account of his experiences abroad.

Sharkey and his dark-faced friend are not unacquainted with the advantages offered by the handball alley. After breakfast these two hinckerbockers are the first to rush to this not entirely *matchless* place of shelter and security. Now and then two little heads, encircled with a fumcusly scented atmosphere, pop out at the corner of the alley, in search of an approaching Prefect. Assured of no danger, the heads disappear and another volume of fume is blown out, until both have satisfied their craving appetites. At the word *Prefect* both indulge in a serious game of handball or begin to make congealed bullets which thy hold in reserve for a passing Gulliver guardsman.

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Choquette intends to buy a pair of knee-pads.

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Time : 6:45 a.m.—*Place* : The Little Study Hall.

A certain "bright boy" has not his book-keeping exercise ready for the morning class.

Ding, dong ; cling, clang ! goes the bell for Mass.

Down pops "his nibs" behind a desk, so as not to be seen. All out, the study-hall is locked.

SEQUEL : The youth's exercise was ready for class, but the industrious youth himself went without Mass and breakfast. At dinner time there was *double entry* into his stomach.

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Campeau came back, for he couldn't stay away. Campeau came back.

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Who is that fellow who is always running about the corridors ?

Oh he's *French* ; don't mind him.

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Denn-is always taking the best looking snow-shoes for himself. When distributing the shin-pads and hockeys, he reserves the best *pro se*.

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We congratulate our industrious young companion, Master

Willie Patrick Mulligan on his recent enrollment amongst the members of the Ontario Philatelic Society.

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M.—Say that fellow is getting weak.

J.—How is that?

M.—He has but one *arm-strong*.

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* *

Nothing like it !!!!!

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HONOR LIST, JANUARY '00.—COMMERCIAL COURSE.

1st Grade.—1st, Albert Mathieu ; 2nd, Philip Levesques ; 3rd Ludger Bourque.

2nd Grade, Division A.—1st, Emile Langlois ; 2nd, Lionel Léonard ; 3rd Emile Gagnon.

2nd Grade Div. B.—1st, Eugene Renaud ; 2nd, Louis Philip Brosseau ; 3rd, Eudore Thériault.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Wilfrid Leonard ; 2nd, Francis Taillon ; 3rd, James Parker.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Séguin ; 2nd, James Donahue ; 3rd, Albert Chamberland.

4th Grade, Graduating Class.—1st, Henry St. Jacques ; 2nd, Cyriac Dionne ; Paul Benoit.



OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC OVAL.



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CONSCIENCE.



LAST night, while heart and lips were frivolling all un-
preparedly,
My little black and shriveled soul confronted me ;
With ribald laughter ringing loud, full in the flush of
foolish pride,
Naked I stood before my God, and sought in vain to hide !

Sweet music spoke to my senses, and soft, luring sounds,
Beckoned me back. But the black soul had burst its bounds.
And step by step, all trembling, to the very threshold of the
Throne,
Before my Judge, it led and left me, prone.

And while in mute and wretched woe, I waited for the wrathful
word,
Lo ! All my terror fell away. In ecstasy I heard
The tones compassionate of Him who died for us on Calvary :
"Rise Son, and go in peace ! Thy sins are all forgiven thee."

THEODORE F. McMANUS.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

CHARACTER READING IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

“ There is no art
To find the mind’s construction in the face.”

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene IV.

“ Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.”

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene V.



SHAKESPEARE is such a master of consistency that he seldom contradicts himself. Yet in the two quotations above, both of which are taken from the same play, there is an evident contradiction. If we accept the first maxim, which is uttered by Duncan on learning that Cawdor has been a traitor, a circumstance that is well calculated to justify the truth of the exclamation, we must reject the second, which is expressed by Lady Macbeth, when she encounters her husband nervously excited by the thought of the murderous designs against the king, to which she afterwards works him. However, I do not think the two quotations indicate an inconsistency in Shakespeare’s mind, but that, since they are expressed by two different characters, they only serve to illustrate the varying opinions that are commonly held regarding character-reading.

To read the mental capacity of a man, or the good or evil designs of his heart, from an observation of his physiognomy or an examination of his activity or works, is a faculty common to all, in a measure. Were it otherwise, our lives would be one continuous chain of surprises and astonishments. In ordinary matters we usually judge correctly. When our friend does us a good turn, we accept it as a matter of course, because it coincides with our opinion already formed of him, that there is a vast region of charity in his heart, which must periodically produce material fruits. When we see a life-long acquaintance become our bitterest enemy, we take it logically, because, on a little reflection we see that he never did a kind act towards us, never even wished us well. On this account surprises in our judgments of ordinary men and everyday affairs are the exception instead of the rule,

But character-reading in its higher degree is an attribute of great minds. It is the secret of learned men's penetration, and of the leaders of men's power. It is the faculty, perverted, that enables the statesman to deceive the nation; that enables the politician to play upon the voter; that prompts the avaricious to extort from the meek. It is the power, righteous, that enables the great and good men of the world to discover the snares that beset man's career, and point out to him the vices that allure him from his true course and disfigure him for the divine ends of his creation.

Character-reading in its larger sense is an art difficult to acquire. To sum up a man's qualities from a mere glance at his general appearance—to discover his tastes from his dress or his bearing; to estimate his mental capacity from the contour of his head; to calculate the development of his passions from the expression of his countenance, being careful to detect, whenever necessary, the "false face hiding what the false heart doth know." To do this on seeing a man for the first time, and then, after slight intercourse, to judge him more fully by his activity, by the dash, the smoothness, or the hesitancy of his movements, by his ambition, his "hobbies," and his choice of companions; to discover his true nature from the bent of his thoughts, as revealed by his words and his manner of speaking; and then, with the aid of these observations, to perceive how he will act when left to his own directions, or when subjected to persuasion or force, or when thrust into the presence of prosperous or adverse circumstances—to accomplish all this implies the possession of a rare gift of sagacity, something that does not admit of complete elucidation, nor allows the laying down of any arbitrary precepts by which we might acquire the science.

But the subject of character-reading is altogether too interesting to be dismissed with this unsatisfying conclusion. It is too fertile in theories, and too remunerative of profitable reflexion, to be considered unworthy of further pursuit. Character-reading of the higher sort is especially remarkable in public men. Many of our modern politicians possess the gift in an eminent degree. History affords numerous examples of statesmen and rulers who were great character-readers.

The Romans have left us the best records of skill in this direc-

tion. On every page of their history we see that their emperors, consuls or senators, continually exercised the art in discovering conspirators, and that inferior officers were compelled to study the whims and caprices of their superiors, in order to save themselves from the sword.

Shakespeare, in "Julius Cæsar," gives us a good idea of the peculiar disposition of the Roman mind. The conspiracy against Cæsar is typical, and the way in which Cæsar speaks of Cassius is also indicative of how the conspirator was usually suspected. Cæsar was one of the famous men of ancient times who undoubtedly possessed the gift of character-reading. He sums up Cassius' attributes as follows : (Act. I, Scene 2.)

" Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o'nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays ;
He hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit.
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he never be at heasts' ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous."

In this estimate of Cassius is contained an excellent summary of the evidences by which a man's character may be judged. If he is, as Cassius was, a spare man, with a lean and hungry look, exhibiting the weariness of neglected repose, does not the very appearance of such a man inspire us with fear. If, in addition, he keeps to himself and thinks too much, we will not be far astray, if at all, in concluding that he is laboring under some hallucination that bodes no good for himself or his fellow-man. But then it is difficult to decide whether a man of such traits is turning over a dangerous plot in his mind, or whether he is a plain simpleton, incapable of serious mental operations. To choose between these two extremes, requires a careful observation of the man's activity and whatever other characteristics he may possess.

There is no danger, however, of confounding such a man with one who thinks much, reads much, is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men. These are the attributes of the learned, the keen, the shrewd ; these are the elements that enable a man to read, not to be read. We are all aware how difficult it is to fathom the designs of a thoughtful man, one who has the power of grasping things clearly. In fact, we are almost unable to understand him. The man who possesses these characteristics, coupled with energy and undiluted by inferior qualities, has within him the elements of a powerful influence that cannot be estimated.

But if such a man loves no plays, hears no music, seldom smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself that could be moved to smile at anything, while he should still be powerful, would lack something that would cause himself to be avoided. Or if he is imbued with wrong principles, he is rendered unsafe to be trusted.

This is evident from an examination of Cassius' nature. Had he mastered his passion of hate, or been less jealous of Cæsar's advancement, he could have endured the mighty Julius even as king. But because he was animated by a bitter hatred and encouraged by false principles of patriotism, he fell away from the path that would inevitably have led to honorable renown.

Cæsar's estimation of Cassius' character presents the latter to us like an open book. The summing up fits him well nigh perfectly. It gives us not only the impression that Cæsar was a keen observer and sagacious student of men, but also the elements he considered in reading character. It is seldom that a man combines the various elements that are attributed to Cassius, but if we should meet one at any time we shall be better able to understand him by recalling our experience in "Julius Cæsar."

DANIEL MCTIGHE,
Third Form.

A STUDENT TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REVEREND FATHER HOWE, O.M.I.



WITHIN the Oblate cemet'ry a grave,
 New-made, contains the ashes of our dead
 'Tis marked by no marble pomp ; naught save
 A simple wooden cross stands at the head.
 And yet there lies at rest beneath that sod
 A saintly form beloved by all he knew ;
 In life a faithful servant to his God,
 And mourned in death by loving friends not few.
 O dear departed one, for thee we mourn,
 Since thou at cruel death's relentless call,
 Hast suddenly from out our midst been torn ;
 Hast met, still young, the certain fate of all.
 We miss,—ah ! how we miss thy pleasant smile,
 The cheering word of hope forever thine,
 The kind advice that did all cares beguile
 And made the heart of each the Saviour's shrine.
 Thy happy voice we never more shall hear
 Until in heaven we all again shall meet ;
 But let us cease to shed the silent tear,
 For even now thy soul its God doth greet.
 Thou art but gone before where we shall go ;
 With God thou dost enjoy a just reward,
 And still thou canst on us thy care bestow,
 Still o'er our daily lives thou canst keep guard.
 A tribute to thy worth we students pay,
 Thy mem'ry sacred in our hearts we'll keep ;
 We'll ne'er forget where rests thy hallowed clay
 Where our beloved friend takes his last sleep,
 A model for our lives will thy life be ;
 And be our death like thine when life is o'er,
 That we in bliss may meet again with thee
 And with thee live in heaven evermore.

WILLIE F. CAVANAGH,

Second Form.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.



O the heart of a true Irishman there is nothing more dear than to celebrate the feast of the Great Saint and Apostle who brought the light of truth into his beloved Erin and rescued that land of destiny from the bonds of paganism and idolatry. Hence it is that the Irish students of Ottawa University take special delight in annually preparing a banquet in honor of St. Patrick, and thus far this practice has produced so many good results and our efforts have met with such unexampled success that we hope the laudable custom will ever prevail.

The banquet given on the 17th. inst. was a great surprise to the many students and guests that assembled in the gaily decorated hall where streamers of red, white, blue, and green hung in graceful abundance and numerous portraits appeared on every side decked with appropriate flags, and, as each one sat down to the sumptuous feast before him he could not but feel that those who had managed the affair were to be heartily congratulated. The McGillicuddy Orchestra furnished excellent music throughout the feast. The number of guests present was not very large though many were invited and several letters of regret were received by the Committee. Among the invited guests present were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. Father Nilles, Vice-Rector, Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's, Rev. Fathers McKenna, Flynn, Cornell, Lajeunesse, and Campeau ; Rev. Brothers Fallon, McGurty, Kirwin and Boyer, Rev. Messrs. G. Fitzgerald and G. Prudhomme, Messrs. T. F. Clancy, R. McCredie, C. Bertrand, J. Fahey.

The material portion of the banquet having received due consideration the toastmaster, Mr. M. A. Foley, 'oo, arose and said :

“Centuries have come and gone since Patrick knelt at the feet of Celestin and from his lips received the command to “win to Christ one realm the more.” That realm has been won. And though war has often laid waste its smiling fields, though famine has carried off thousands upon thousands of its people, though direful persecutions have filled martyr's graves with its noblest sons and daughters, faithful has it remained to the last. Nothing could break that sacred tie, nor interrupt that paternal embrace, nor efface that filial kiss which Ireland and the papacy exchanged by the hand of St. Celestin and the lips of St. Paul. To-day that tie is as sacred, that embrace as paternal, that kiss as filial between the children of St. Patrick and the successor to Celestin, the grand, glorious

LEO XIII,

“that Puissance great, the Church's mitred Sire.” To him then gentlemen, who sits on the Throne of the Fisherman, to him who is styled the prisoner of the Vatican, to him whom millions love to call their Holy Father, as Irishmen, as the most loyal sons of The Holy Father, I ask you now to drink with me the toast which I propose in his honor, coupled with the name of Mr. William Egleson.”

Mr. Egleson, 'oo, on rising to reply, was greeted by a rousing cheer. He said: Your Grace, Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers and Gentlemen ;—

“Most fitting as it is that we as devoted sons of the Emerald Isle should gather around the festive board to-day to celebrate the anniversary feast of him who carried the glad tidings of the gospel to Erin's shores and enkindled the holy light of faith, in the hearts of our forefathers ; appropriate as it is that we should sing the joys and commemorate the glories of dear old Ireland and recall with sympathetic remembrance her sorrows and afflictions in the dark days of persecution, it is by no means less becoming or contrary to the spirit of the day that the first toast at this magnificent banquet should be one in honor of him who is the father and the personification of that divine faith which ever since the days of St. Patrick has been the distinctive mark

and the greatest glory of the noble nation whose praises we sound to-day. Making abstraction of the bare consideration that Leo XIII., holds the sceptre of that spiritual empire founded by Christ to watch over the souls of men, and viewing his life in all its different phases and varied relations from the tender years of infancy and childhood spent in holy blissful innocence amidst the beautiful Volscian hills down to the time of his accession to the Chair of Peter, what a grand and inspiring scene passes before us! What sweet recollections of him still linger at Carpineto and Viterbo! What sacred memories cluster around his name at Benevento, Spoleto and Brussels! What a train of noble virtues and endearing qualities are associated with his life during the thirty-two years of his glorious episcopate at Perugia! And to-day as we contemplate him gloriously reigning over the Catholic world, lifting his hand in benediction over millions of loving subjects the beautiful vision of his papal career flits before us.

On that memorable 7th. of February, 1878, when the sad silvery peals from the dome of St. Peter's announced to Rome that the saintly and care-worn Pius IX., had exchanged the heavy burden of the cross for the crown of eternity a gloom of sadness such as had not been witnessed since the death of the Saviour on Calvary was cast over the Christian world. During his long pontificate especially in the closing years of his reign, the Church was on trial as perhaps at no period of her existence since the days of the early persecutions. In the course of the centuries many and severe were the battles waged against her; often had she been assailed by fierce and powerful enemies and threatened with destruction, but always emerged exulting and triumphant from the conflict. Prophecy had again and again impiously predicted the downfall of the Papacy, but still it survived in all its primitive beauty and vigor. But now the horizon was darkened with fateful forebodings and the signs of the times augured most inauspiciously for the future. He who for so many long years had fearlessly braved the tempest of persecution and piloted the Bark of Peter over the billows of adversity was now no more. The usurper's flag floated triumphantly from the Castle of Sant Angelo, and the wretched spoliators who had sacrilegiously and iniquitously stripped the unarmed and defenceless pontiff of his temporal

dominions, adding insult to outrage, had taken up their residence in the palace of the Quirinal and were extending their diabolical policy of confiscation, robbery, disfranchisement and anti-Christian conspiracy throughout the whole of Italy. In Germany the advocates of Cæsarism, radicalism and rationalism had combined their forces and were engaging in a death-struggle with Rome, while the government of the land was carrying into effect the tyrannical code of Falk Laws and enacting other proscriptive measures against the Catholics of the kingdom. Russia was at open variance with the Holy See. France deluged with the waves of Voltairean scepticism and at the mercy of revolutionists was busily engaged in preparing her anti-clerical decrees. Spain, Portugal and Austria although well disposed towards Catholicism were unable to render any assistance. Truly, gentlemen, it seemed as if the last ray of hope were gone and as if the moment so long looked for by the enemies of the Faith were now close at hand and the powers of hell were to prevail.

Such was the sad state of the world at the close of the reign of Pius IX. But amidst this ever-thickening gloom there appeared a bright light in the heavens which was destined to dispel and outlive the storm and to diffuse its beams over every portion of the globe. Joachim Vincent Pecci had been selected to fill the vacant Chair of Peter. In such a crucial period of her existence the Church required a man of indomitable courage and high intellectual attainments, and such a chieftain she found in Leo. We have seen the numerous difficulties and the many obstacles that opposed him from the outset in the fulfilment of his mission. To their solution and removal Leo brought a bright intellect, an unshaken purpose, an extraordinary knowledge of statesmanship consummate tact and prudence, and an unbounded confidence in Divine Providence. On his elevation to the papal throne he was confronted with a new age. But his ever active mind soon gauged the aspirations of the modern spirit, and in estimating the character of our Holy Father what strikes us most forcibly is the marvellous correspondence between the qualities of the pontiff and the needs of his times and his eminent comprehension of the sublime mission of religion. The tumultuous and chaotic state of society which threatened the Church at the beginning of his pontificate

was but a golden opportunity for him to prove the inherent strength of the Papacy and the adaptability of its doctrines for all times and nations. Leo, neither daunted by the unfavorable condition of his surroundings nor perplexed by the number and magnitude of the difficulties which opposed him, eagerly seized the opportunity, and his attitude towards the world of to-day has given the death-blow to the foul calumny that the Church is unsuited to the age and antagonistic to civilization and progress. He has proved himself the friend and sympathizer of all the legitimate hopes and aspirations of the century, approving and aiding what is good, condemning what is bad and giving to all the movements of the age a solid basis and a Christian direction.

Like his illustrious predecessors, Leo is the uncompromising champion of truth, both natural and supernatural. Truth is the life-blood of society, the principle which gives it beauty and energy for the accomplishment of the ends for which it was established. In the present times when faith is disintegrating and morals weakening, when the human mind, intoxicated with its brilliant triumphs over the mysteries of nature and frenzied with the success of its investigations in the realms of science, when humanity is restlessly seeking new forms of social and political life, men are apt and alas ! too frequently forget the great fundamental principles on which the life and well-being of society and states depend. On this account often has the voice of the Holy Father been heard in salutary admonition, recalling to men the great truths on which the stability and prosperity of nations depend, and urging them to look higher than to mere natural ends and to soar above all selfish and ephemeral interests, and giving authority and dignity to his words by the example of a spotless life.

Again we see him defending the interests of the masses against the encroachments of greed and injustice, espousing the cause of the poor and the weak against the oppression and heartlessness of the rich, reminding employers of their obligations and the rights of their employees, warning rulers of their responsibilities and the duties they owe to the people, and at the same time asserting and upholding the rights of legitimate authority, and exposing the shallowness and absurdity of the social theories of the godless and pseudo-philosophers of the day. Not only has

he ignited the fuse that exploded the pernicious doctrines of rationalism, materialism, socialism and all the false teachings that deceived men's minds and perverted their hearts, but he has also given the true solution of all the vital problems of the age. In his great encyclicals on political power, human liberty, the condition of labor and the Christian constitution of states, we have an inexhaustible mine of wisdom and truth, from which we may draw not only all principles necessary for present use but also valued treasures in times to come. In everything concerning the intellectual and moral welfare of mankind has Leo's voice been heard, and no opportunity to elevate the Church and promote the extension of God's kingdom on earth has he suffered to pass by unregarded, while his alliance and active co-operation with material progress is clearly manifested in his letter on Historical Studies, published in 1883 in which he says: "All that is true must come from God. Whatever of truth is reached by research, the Church regards as the tracing of the divine mind. As there is nothing of truth in nature's realm that can take away faith in divinely taught doctrines, whatever helps to extend the frontiers of science the Church gladly welcomes. So far from being opposed to new discoveries, to whatever conduces to the comfort and amelioration of human life, she condemns inertia and indolence, she strongly desires that the genius of man compel labor and culture to yield rich fruits, she offers encouragement to all kinds of arts and of enterprises, directing all such things to honest and salutary purposes, and striving lest, in the exercise of intelligence and industry, men turn away from heavenly things."

In his dealings with governments, prudence and principle are his guides and his wise diplomacy has ever been productive of beneficial results for Holy Church. In response to his enlightened policy Germany, France, Russia and China have greatly changed in their attitude towards the Vatican; Spain and Belgium are more Catholic in their legislation, and in all countries the Church enjoys a fuller measure of liberty than heretofore.

In conclusion let us not forget the special love of Leo XIII., for *Alma Mater* and our dear Canadian home. Only a few short months ago we had the distinguished privilege of welcoming to our shores a representative of our sovereign pontiff. The presence

in our city of Monsignor Diomede Falconio, the most reverend apostolic delegate, is an honor all true Canadians deeply appreciate. In this illustrious prelate we have a sacred hostage of the love and concern of Our Holy Father for the spiritual welfare of his Canadian children. Through him Leo lives in our midst, blessing and encouraging our works and institutions and strengthening the bonds of union and affection between our beautiful Dominion of Canada and the Holy See. The interest and fatherly concern of the Sovereign Pontiff for *Alma Mater*, and the favors and privileges he has conferred upon her, thanks to the devotedness and energy of our distinguished alumnus and beloved Archbishop—the Most Reverend Joseph Thomas Duhamel—with whose presence we are honored to day, are well known to you all, and the happiness that lights up the pale countenance of the venerable Prisoner of the Vatican at the mention of Ottawa University, and the affectionate manner in which he always refers to it as “*my university*” are tokens of kindness and interest that are embalmed and cherished in the memory of every professor, alumnus and student of old Ottawa College.

Such, gentlemen, is but a rapid glance at the wonderful career of Pope Leo XIII. Though stripped of all his possessions, and a prisoner in his own palace, he is nevertheless the greatest monarch of the age. As time rolls on, his work will fructify more and more, and as a ray of light from some distant star that has been quenched centuries ago is still visible on earth, so the influence of Leo will be felt for centuries after he has passed away, and his memory will still be loved and revered when all the other great ones of to-day are dead and forgotten.”

The Glee Club under the leadership of Mr. C. McCormac, '03, then rendered “Come back to Erin” and after the rounds of applause had subsided, the toast-master informed the banqueters that His Grace was unable to remain longer. However, before leaving, he treated us to a neat speech in which he related some of his experiences with the Irish and praised them highly for the love they always had for Mother Church. His Grace was several times enthusiastically applauded and was honored with a rousing V-A-R-S-I-T-Y as he was leaving the banquet hall.

Rev. Father Nilles was also called away, but before departing

He made a few remarks setting forth vividly the great interest which he took in Ireland, having been ordained there, and also praising the boys for their spirit of true patriotism.

In the following befitting words the toast-master proposed

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

“Let me ask you gentlemen to travel in spirit over the broad Atlantic, and visit the lovely isle of Innisfail. Let me ask you to turn back to the last decade of the fifth century. All Erin, wont to be so gay, so happy, is shrouded in deepest mourning for “at Saul, by the inland spreading sea,” Patrick has yielded up his great soul to God. Oh! day of gloom, yet day of joy, thou art

“Still that silver star of March, (which)

When snows afflicts the hill, and frost the moor,

With temperate beam gladdens the vernal church.”

To that day, gentleman, the anniversary of which we are celebrating, do I ask you to join me in a toast, and with it couple the name of Mr. Patrick Galvin.”

These were the terms in which Mr. Galvin, 'oo, eulogised the Feast of the Great Apostle.

Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen :—

“St. Patrick's Day has once more come round, but not unheeded do Irishmen allow it to go by. Throughout the world every Irishman deems it an honor and a duty on this day to wear the badge of his country. He sports proudly on his breast a sprig of the shamrock from dear old Ireland, and he endeavors to look as gay and as happy as possible. His blood courses more quickly through his veins as the strains of the national airs this day break on his ear, and when the glories of his native land are sung his hearts rises and swells, and emotions come unbidden which he can scarce command, and for which he can scarce fully account.

Year succeeds year, as century has succeeded century, still-advancing Time has wrought changes without number in men and things, the world has seen many a custom live an honored life and die away, but still the seventeenth of March, at this late day, is celebrated with undiminished fervor. In conformity with this custom we have assembled here to-day. We have come together

to celebrate St. Patrick's day, Ireland's national day, in a manner befitting Irishmen. Many an enthusiastic gathering of Irishmen will be found throughout the world to-day. Loudly will they proclaim the glories of their country, and right lustily will they sing the soul-stirring songs of their race, while coupled with these they will breathe many a fervent prayer for the welfare of that land that has thus far been so miraculously preserved. But nowhere, I believe, will more enthusiasm in Ireland's cause be evinced than in this present assembly. Any true Irishman might well feel proud of the sumptuous spread that has been laid before us in honor of this occasion, and he might well feel pleased with the many true Irish faces ranged round the tables. Let us, therefore, on our part, show that we are not unworthy sons of the Emerald Isle, that the shamrock alone is not the only type of our nationality, that our hearts yearn towards the land of our forefathers, the little isle across the sea.

St. Patrick's day, gentlemen, we celebrate, Ireland's national day. "Why," everyone asks himself on this occasion, "why has Ireland a national day?" Then comes the further question, "why has the feast of St. Patrick been selected as that day?"

From the list of independent countries the name of Ireland has long since been erased. Her history is commingled with that of a powerful conqueror that has held her in thrall for centuries. Her voice is no longer heard in the councils of the nations. She is no longer allowed the administration of her own affairs. As a wicked child she has been whipped, but she knows not whereof she was guilty; and, by the side of her conqueror, she still languishes, unregarded and despised, in chains fast riveted. What claims, therefore, have the people of such a country to being considered as a separate nationality? Have not those centuries of dependence and of bondage, of tyranny and of neglect, caused a community of interests with their conquerors? Has not their intercourse with strangers effaced their distinguishing traits of character, and created of two opposing elements one united whole? Have not her former boundaries been encroached upon? Have not the confines of her territory been long since blotted out?

Should we consult the ordinary course of history, our answer must inevitably be in the affirmative to every one of these

questions. "History repeats itself," the adage says. Still, look at Ireland to-day, then cast a view over the broad world beyond; go back through history even to the earliest times, whose marvelous legends have been handed down to our generation, and nowhere will you find a parallel for Ireland's case. Ireland to-day is a distinct nation.

This is as it should be, for nature itself seems to have willed it thus. Round about her extends an imperishable stretch of water, which no traffic of strangers, no malice of oppressors, can destroy. She is set apart from the rest of the world. She stands, in isolation, the brightest gem of the sea, whose waters gently lave her shores, the more gently now, we believe, because once they were forced to serve as an instrument to waft to those shores the cruel tyrant that has since burdened her with wrongs. Still we must look elsewhere for the real cause of Ireland's preservation, and elsewhere for evidences of all the requisites that constitute a nation.

We may well suppose that, during those long weary years of persecution she has undergone, some powerful agency was at work in her behalf. That galaxy of bright saints with the great St. Patrick at their head, who sacrificed their lives for faith and fatherland, must truly be interceding for their down-trodden country. To them we might well say is due the existence of Ireland to-day. But to whatever cause we ascribe this fact, so it is that the all-wise Providence has decreed that Ireland should survive every shock, that her undaunted soul should quail before no opposition, and that the cruel oppressor, who attempted the extermination of her race, should be baffled at every turn. Yes, gentlemen, Ireland's national soul still burns within her; the stifling persecution through which she has passed, has not quenched its flame. A cursory glance at her past and present will convince us of this.

Many centuries ago Ireland was a prosperous country. Her fame had reached the remotest parts of the earth. She stood pre-eminent among the nations, and for a long period of time enjoyed a degree of renown that scarce any other people ever attained. But to this glorious era succeeded a most bitter trial. A cruel conqueror arrived in her territory, abolished her free

institutions, trampled on the liberty that was the pride of her subjects, turned the once smiling land, the prosperous land of Eire, into a realm of misery and of desolation. Against that conqueror, a sister nation, Ireland struggled for years, but she was finally overpowered. England gained the ascendancy, and then carried on for centuries a bloody war of extermination. Her parliaments denied to the Irish race the merest vestige of its former liberty, her soldiers executed the cruel orders of their sovereigns with the utmost rigor and barbarity, and the English people griped the soil as theirs by right of conquest.

But, let us examine the course of the Irish during all those trying years of English ascendancy. History tells us the tale. By all means in their power they struggled for the liberty that was theirs before Englishmen ever set foot on Irish soil. The merest concession they obtained was always most dearly bought. Still they never relinquished the struggle. They have given in the past the grandest examples of heroism that history affords. They have showed to the world what wonders can be wrought by a down-trodden nation, when buoyed up by the sense of justice and right. And as the past has been, so is the present, one continued, prolonged struggle for freedom. Look at what has taken place but a few short months ago. I refer to the reunion of the Irish parties in the British House of Commons, the grandest evidence that could be given that the cause of liberty and of independence is still paramount in the minds of the Irish.

Shall not Ireland, therefore, have her national day? Is she not distinct in all the essentials of nationality? Yes, gentlemen, as the Irish struggled in the past to preserve their nationality, so they continue to struggle to-day. They have held aloof from their conquerors, and stoutly refuse to mingle with them. Father Burke, in speaking of Ireland's future, alludes to the fact that her nationality never perished. "Scotland," he says, "surrendered all her individuality, and now is a prosperous province without a name." "There was a time," he says, "when the King of England called himself King of England and Scotland, but now, now the title of Victoria is 'Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.'" "Ireland, he continues, "has preferred to be a heart-broken and miserable country, but still to have her name before

the world, written in letters of gold, and to have that name as the name of a nation."

But how comes it that this the seventeenth of March is the day chosen to commemorate the glories of our nation? It is certainly a most significant fact that the day on which the Church honors the glorious apostle of Ire'and, should be the one of all days in the year set apart by Irishmen as their national day. Still it is not surprising that such should be the case. For Ireland's catholicity, implanted by St. Patrick, has become so intimately blended with her nationality, that to separate them has been found impossible. It was their separation that England tried; for she knew that, did she root out the old faith, the extermination of the race would follow. But because she failed in the one the other necessarily remained an impossibility.

Nearly fifteen hundred years have rolled by since St. Patrick began his labors in Ireland. He was not an Irishman, but he loved the land, and because he loved it, he labored to win it to Christ. The success he met with was most phenomenal. Before he died, the whole country had been converted. Since those years the Irish have showed themselves worthy sons of their great benefactor. But they have committed faults in the past, it may be said. We Irishmen shall admit that. History attests the fact, and exhibits in plain letters the direful consequences of those follies. Still, be it said to their credit, to the faith of St. Patrick, to the true Catholic faith, they have unwaveringly adhered. Centuries of persecution have rolled over the land, wave after wave of oppression has beaten cruelly on its shores, but nothing has ever shaken the fidelity of the Irish to their Church.

What a grand spectacle is therein presented! What pride we should take in belonging to that nation! Ireland has a glorious history, one of which we may well feel proud, a history that has commanded the admiration of the world. Is it not meet, therefore, that we do honor to the memory of the gallant heroes who died for her sake? Shall we not speak with pride of the past and of the present, and from the lessons therein learned, look hopefully toward the future? Yes, gentlemen, and let us glory in the emblem of our country, the lowly shamrock, by

which St. Patrick preached to our ancestors the knowledge of the Triune. Let us honor the name of St. Patrick, who left us the noblest of heritages, and who, from his high place in Heaven, has zealously watched over his people, preserving their faith from even the slightest taint. And, since in Ireland's history her faith is inseparable from her nationality, in that it has preserved that nationality intact, let us commemorate the two together. Let us do honor to her O'Neills, her Sarsfields, her Currans, her Grattans and her O'Connells ; together with her Columbas, her Columbanuses, and the whole host of her saints. And let us hope that this same union will continue in the future, that Ireland's national character, and the catholicity of her people, will go down, inseparably blended, to posterity, and that, when the banner of independence once more waves aloft its folds over College Green, the Irish "will still be found keeping St. Patrick's day."

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Last year we were deprived of the great privilege of having Rev. Father Fallon speak at our banquet as he was forced to leave us on a call of duty. This year however the toast-master resolved to anticipate a similar summons and having made a suitable introduction, proposed the toast of

"SOGGARTH AROON"

calling upon the Rev. Dr. to reply.

We are sorry that we cannot chronicle the speech word for word as it was delivered, as a copy could not be obtained. We can give but a feeble idea of the spirit of the original. Father Fallon's response was truly grand and masterly and such as only an orator and an Irish priest could deliver. In glowing terms he told us of the trials, the labors, and the sufferings which the "Soggarth" had to endure in order to fulfill his mission among the Irish peasantry. Nor did the Rev. Father forget to pay a beautiful tribute to the memory of those to whom Ireland owes her true greatness ; for the priest it was who preserved her faith when the last ray of hope seemed gone. As a true father the "Soggarth" went among his people and none was more respected. In him the Irish Catholic saw that he had a sincere and devoted

friend and one to whom he might look for comfort and consolation in his bitter trials and persecutions. The speaker then in a magnificent peroration exhorted all, but especially those who were of Irish descent, to follow the grand example set by the Sons of Erin in ever showing true devotion to the priesthood.

To the patriotic toast of

“THE MAPLE LEAF”

Mr. J. R. O’Gorman, ’or, fittingly replied:—

Mr. Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen :—

“ A toast to one’s native land always inspires within the breast, even of the most lukewarm patriot, sentiments of pride and pleasure. Nor do I deem myself animated by a “ soul so dead ” as not to feel honored at being called upon to sound the praises of “ The Land of the Maple Leaf.” The gratification afforded by this pleasant duty were never slight, but to-day of all days is it most highly appreciated by an Irish-Canadian. For on St. Patrick’s day, a toast to any country is fraught with a deeper meaning than usual. It couples the name of the nation toasted with that of holy Ireland, whose national feast we celebrate. The patriotic phrases and outpourings of loyalty-inspired enthusiasm with which it is customary to reply to this toast will not then alone suffice on the present occasion. First does it devolve upon me to show that this tribute to Canada is not unmerited, that there is, and has ever been a strong bond of affection uniting the island-home of our fathers with our own great Dominion.

Nowhere in the wide world, I venture to say, is Ireland’s day more cordially welcomed than in the homes of Canada. Naturally this sentiment is most prominent in those of Irish extraction, but even among our brethern, irrespective of race or creed, ’twere hard to find one who has not in his heart of hearts a warm spot for old Ireland. There are good and weighty reasons why this should be so, why the whole Canadian people should be sincerely attached to the land of the shamrock, and as well, why their affection should be reciprocated as I am sure it is.

We are all proud of this our great confederation, whose youthful vigor is the surprise of an admiring world. Favored

indeed are the people of Canada in the possession of such a noble heritage. But to whom after Providence should they render thanks? Men of many races have carved this land of promise out of the northern wilderness. Believe not, however, that I am actuated by the promptings of vain glory if I say that foremost among those gallant pioneers were the exiled sons of Erin. Far be it from my purpose to cast a slur upon those of other races who made their homes in Canada. No, all honor be theirs. The memory of their many heroic deeds is dear to every Canadian heart. Nor do I wish to claim that in point of time, the Irish stand first in the annals of our country, for during more than two hundred years the brave colonists of sunny France were its only white inhabitants. But the beginning of the present century saw a sad yet wonderful exodus from down-trodden Ireland, a large proportion of which found its way to our shores. To these poor, oppressed peasants Canada owes not little, and the memory of that debt is deeply graven on the nation's heart. For these poverty-stricken immigrants did much to make the struggling colony of 1800 the flourishing Dominion of to-day.

The first to arrive found that Canada meant little more than a few scattered settlements along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Not only was the vast North-West a *terra incognita* to all save the trappers, but even the immediate interior was scarcely known. Uninviting as the prospect was, it did not dismay the Irish colonists who resolutely set to work and wrought a complete transformation. Opening up new districts in the backwoods, erecting the humble nucleus of a future city, wherever the white man's industry dispossessed the unprogressive Indian of his hunting grounds, Irishmen were to be found in the vanguard of civilization.

The reason why the Irish made such good colonists is clear. They came from a land where liberty was unknown, where they had never experienced aught but despotism and oppression. In the light of that constant persecution, the hardships and privations of their new home faded into insignificance. Where settlers from happier lands became discouraged and despondent, the ardor of the Irish was never dampened, nor their persevering energy abated. Gladly they availed themselves of the precious privileges of tilling

their own land without fear of rack-rent or eviction, of building churches and schools though unaided, of doing the many things denied them at home. Thus did this whole-hearted Irish zeal become a powerful element in the development of our country.

The sturdy immigrants changed the whole face of the colony, hewing down the great "forest primeval," building large commercial centres, cultivating the fertile land. And as in the humbler walks of life, so in the higher. Ireland has given Canada some of her proudest names in statesmanship, literature and the liberal professions. D'Arcy McGee, one of the Fathers of Confederation; Sir John Thompson, who rose to the highest dignity in his country's gift; Hon. Edward Blake, now battling for Home Rule; Costigan, Curran and Scott have helped to guide the ship of state. The writings of McGee, Mrs. Sadlier, Dr. Drummond, J. K. Foran and Thos. O'Hagan are well known. But it is to the Church we must turn for the grandest work of the Irish in Canada. Cross and Shamrock are inseparable, and the faith enshrined in the hearts of the exiles ensured for them a warm welcome from the Catholic sons of St. Louis, whom they came to aid in the glorious cause of Christianity. To-day we have over two million Catholics in Canada, and we of Irish blood can look with pride upon a noble hierarchy numbering such names as Cleary, Lynch, Walsh, O'Brien and O'Connor, and upon a numerous, devoted and self-sacrificing body of Canadian Soggarth Aroons.

This then is the debt which Canada owes to Ireland and for which every Canadian, as a share in the nation's liabilities, should be deeply grateful. But besides gratitude there is another sentiment entering into the love of our people for the Emerald Isle. Free and independent ourselves, we cannot bear to see another nation tyrannized, above all when the same hand deals blow and caress. Canadians sympathize sincerely with unhappy Ireland as they have often shown. The Dominion Parliament put to shame the legislators of Britain, if they can be shamed, by passing a resolution in favor of Home Rule. And when funds for the national cause are needed, from none is there a more ready response than our countrymen. Accordingly the gratitude and sympathy of the whole Canadian people, together with the deep, pure love of the

Irish portion in particular for the land of their fathers, forms the strong and enduring bond of Canadian-Irish affection.

And what shall we say of Ireland's feeling towards Canada? That she appreciates our love is proved by her kindly attitude at all times. The gratitude is not all on one side, for Erin remembers that our vast Dominion has given a home to thousands of her exiled sons. Nor will that blessed memory of her heart ever fade away while Partridge Island, Grosse Isle and Point St. Charles remain monuments alike to the countless, ill-fated exiles who sought our land of liberty, and to the untiring charity of the Canadians who ministered to that fever-stricken band, now sleeping their long last sleep 'neath maple shade "in cross-crown'd lonely grave."

Thus, then, are Ireland and Canada united in closest bonds of mutual love, and by virtue of this cordial association do we drink to the land of the maple on Erin's festal day. But especially should we who are both Irish and Canadians keep true to our traditions of Celtic fidelity, and while we call to mind the glories of the home of our fathers, not forget what we owe to the land of our adoption. And we may feel sure that wherever this glorious feast is celebrated, wherever the sons of St. Patrick are to-day assembled, with heartfelt wishes for Ireland's prosperity are mingled similar expressions of sincere good-will towards our Dominion.

These good-wishes heard on each recurring anniversary of this day seem in a fair way to be realized. Canada has a bright future before her. Who is ignorant of the vast extent of our country and the wonderful wealth of her natural dowry? "The sun that tints the maple leaf" illumines a land washed by three oceans, a land of extensive forests, mines of all sorts, a soil of unsurpassed fertility. "America," said Emerson, "is another name for Opportunity." The closing century proved the opportunity of the United States. Let the twentieth see Canada following in the footsteps of her great neighbour, attracting to other shores what she alone lacks in the essentials of a mighty nation, the population necessary to develop her gigantic resources. If the past is any criterion, we may well hope for the best in the days to come. Great things have already been accomplished in our broad fair land of the pine and maple. True her advance has so far been

comparatively slow, but she will be all the better for this since it has enabled her to build a strong and permanent foundation for what we trust will prove to be the grandest fabric of the new century. Not nature's the fault if such be not the case. Nor are the Canadian people destined to fail if blood counts for anything, combining as they do the best qualities of French, English, Scotch and German with Irish honesty and virtue, And we can justly pride ourselves upon the generous good-feeling and concord which has always existed among so many different races. This spirit of national unity augurs well for the future. We want no strife or discord here. Forgotten be all racial distinctions! Let us be first, last and always Canadians!

“What do they here in our freeborn land
Poisoning the virgin air,
Legends of old-world tyrannies,
Of ancient crimes and despair?
The feuds of the Celt and Saxon,
The wars of the Frank and Hun,
Transplanted to Canada's generous soil,
Are fated to wither soon.”

Internally at peace, we have no fear from external sources. Even if we lacked the protection of Britain's powerful arm, the reports which daily reach our ears of Canadian valor in South Africa would reassure the most timorous. And should our country ever need defenders which God forbid, our citizens will be found ready at the call. Sprung, as our population has, from the greatest military nations of Europe, than Canadians there are no better soldiers, and our armies will be none the worse for being composed in great part of men through whose veins runs the self-same blood which triumphed at Limerick and Fontenoy.

Considered, then, from every point of view, are not the prospects of our Dominion most encouraging? Let us trust that our aspirations will not be dissappointed and that the next decade will witness the beginning of Canada's "growing time." Guarded by the angels of Peace and Prosperity, may our dear native land ever steadily advance in the way of progress and honor, until she eventually takes her destined place among the world's great nations, while from ocean unto ocean resound the joyful strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On the same theme Mr. C. Langlois, 'oo, representing the French-Canadians, expressed the following sentiments :

The 17th day of March presents to the whole of mankind a characteristic stamp of veneration : it is the day of honor of a grand and noble nation, and on both continents, as here to-day, the high spirited sons of Erin are united, in order to warm up their hearts and strengthen their love for their mother-country. But then, one may perhaps say : This is more of a family re-union, and we French-Canadians who are invited to this banquet are we not on the present occasion troublesome guests? This national feast has a particular side ; it is above all a religious festivity, indeed the feast of the Irish nation is that of the great St. Patrick, and this fact discloses to us in its true light, the Irishman, as one essentially Catholic. As a consequence of this our presence at this sumptuous banquet explains itself, and moreover I can say without fear, that Irishmen and French-Canadians as nations are essentially united. They are essentially united because their union comes from the soul and the heart, which two things constitute the essence in man.

They are united in soul because both, and they alone, claim the signal honor of being to-day in the world the two most solid standard-bearers of the Catholic religion.

They are united in heart because both have drunk at the same fountain of bitterness ; because both have struggled for similar rights against the same plunderers ; they have had their immortal Daniel O'Connell, and we have had our great Papineau.

Consequently, gentlemen, if it can be truly said that resemblance is the cause of love, French and Irish in this country must be necessarily united, and must give each other a helping hand, and they have many valuable reasons for this. It is truly said that the Catholic faith has followed the course of the sun, (indeed passing successfully from Asia to Europe, and from Europe to America ;) then can it not likewise be said, that French and Irish Canadians have followed the same course, and have met at the foot of the cross in this fair land of the maple-leaf. Thus placed at the vanguard of the great Christian army, they march on side by side in the same path, and they have

received, from the Divine Leader of whom they are the first lieutenants, the order of loving and helping one another.

Being partisans of the same religious principles, of the same noble ambitions, they must strive on together (for in union there is strength) in order to defend, and to enlarge what is dearest to them both : their religion and their liberty.

I could even say that we French Canadians have a right to their co-operation in the preservation of the sublime privileges ; for, if our Irish fellow citizens enjoy the most complete political and religious liberty, I say with pride that they owe it all to the sixty-thousands of Canadians abandoned by France on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and who have purchased this liberty at the price of their perseverance, of their sacrifices and of their blood.

Besides, the best of terms have always existed here in Canada between these two nations, separated by a mere accident of tongue ; and if perchance, some rare and slight frictions have happened, these frictions have caused no other than magnetic effects, and so have but contributed to bind more firmly their mutual love.

In concluding gentlemen, I wish to state that, as a son of old Quebec, I know the sentiment of veneration, which exists in the heart of its people towards Ireland ; and I speak the wish of the whole French Canadian people, I feel sure, in wishing for the Irish nation, in the day of its feast : happiness, prosperity as well as success in the enterprises which alone the ambitions of a noble and predestined nation can suggest."

Irish airs were then played by the orchestra, and as the last strains died away, Mr. M. A. Foley arose and proposed the toast

" ST. PATRICK'S HERITAGE,"

to which Mr. J. E. McGlade '01, made the following energetic response :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :—

In responding to this toast, I am deeply conscious of the important task I assume. To speak of St. Patrick's Heritage to Ireland, is to speak of that which is nearest and dearest to the hearts of the Irish people ; it is to speak of the Catholic faith Ireland received from her glorious apostle, and to which through long centuries of suffering "exile" and martyrdom, she has shown

an undying attachment. It is, then, with no little reluctance that I undertake to say a few words about this precious heritage—the Catholic faith—bequeathed by St. Patrick to the Irish people.

We are all acquainted in some form or other with the legends of St. Patrick, but those of us who have read them as they have been so beautifully attired in poetic dress by that master hand, Ambrey De Vere, will readily recall that legend which tells so vividly of St. Patrick striving on Mount Cruachan, where he passed long days and nights in prayer and fasting, beseeching God that the faith he had worked so long and so faithfully to plant on Irish soil, should ever remain with his beloved people, even to the day of judgment. And it is, gentlemen, from the fact that this petition was granted, from the fact that St. Patrick bequeathed to the Irish people the priceless gift of the Catholic faith to be theirs until time shall be no more, that I am privileged on this, the festal day of our great saint and apostle to refer briefly to that heritage, and to how it has been received and nurtured by the Irish people.

Its first fruits might be said to have been reaped before St. Patrick had gone to enjoy an eternal reward among the angels and saints of heaven. He found Ireland a Pagan nation, he converted her people to Christianity, and when sixty long years had passed during which he had preached the glad tidings of the gospel, it would have been difficult to find a man in any corner of the Island who had not embraced the Christian religion.

Ireland, then, was ripe for the great heritage she received from her dying apostle and the entire nation seemed engaged in works of holiness. Churches and monasteries and convents at once topped the hills and adorned the valleys, and throughout the Island holy men and women devoted their lives to God and to the religious wants of the Irish people. Accompanying this fervour of sanctity was that warm desire for knowledge which always goes hand in hand with the Catholic religion and under the shadows of the monasteries arose colleges to which students swarmed from all parts of the then known world, until Ireland was not less noted for her learning than her sanctity. And, gentlemen, this title we have heard so often and with so much pride—Ireland, the Isle of Saints and Scholars, is not in any sense imaginary. It

tells of Ireland in the early ages of her Christianity when she stood out in all her splendor the brightest gem of the ocean, the Queen among the nations, in her advanced state of holiness and learning; it tells of Ireland shining forth in all the brilliancy of St. Patrick's faith a beacon light guiding those in search of true knowledge and true religion. But sad to relate this state of Ireland's prosperity in learning and religion was doomed to undergo a severe reverse. It had scarcely lasted three centuries when the Danish barbarians prompted by a desire of conquest and an intense hatred of the Christian faith began an invasion of Ireland that was to engage all the manhood of her people for three hundred long years before it would cease.

This seige of war and bloodshed could have but one effect on the sanctity and learning of Ireland and at the end of the Danish invasion it is not surprising that her former grandeur in science and religion had almost vanished. With peace, however, Ireland remembered the happy and brilliant days of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries and all honor to her, the first work she undertook was to restore the temples and altars of the Christian religion thus showing her determination to preserve as far as possible the heritage of her beloved Saint.

The good work though was not to continue, for added to the dissensions of the Irish chieftains, the Saxons commenced that war on Ireland's nationality, which hardly ceased for four centuries. No wonder, then, that Ireland was reduced to a condition bordering on despair—enemies from without, and her own chieftains divided within, it is not surprising that she was about subdued and almost willing to submit to any rule provided peace was restored to her people. And this would have followed were it not that in addition to submitting to the government of an English dynasty, Ireland was called upon by Henry VIII—that King of saintly memory—to renounce the religion bequeathed to her by St. Patrick and accept that which had for its head him, to whom I have just referred.

Well, gentlemen, Ireland's answer to that command is in itself a sufficient proof of the efficacy of St. Patrick's heritage. With an emphatic no, the voice of the Irish nation told England's King that never so long as the breath of life was in her, would

she become an apostate and renounce the faith she loved so dearly, and which St. Patrick had brought to her shores a thousand years before. Three centuries of religious persecution, of suffering, exile, and martyrdom, emphasize more strongly Ireland's attachment to that faith, and though it is not my purpose to enter into detail with reference to this awful period of her suffering, still I must call your attention once more to the value Ireland sets upon the faith she inherited from her saintly Apostle. No, I do not wish to dwell upon this sad portion of Ireland's history. I would just pause to pay a grateful tribute to the memory of those Irish exiles who fled their country rather than forsake the faith that was in them, and to those saintly Irish martyrs who consecrated their country's green soil with their hearts' best blood rather than bring disgrace and dishonor upon the fair name of their dear little Island, by becoming apostates to the ancient faith. Yes, gentlemen, all honor, praise, and thanks to those Irish priests and heroes, exiles and martyrs, for the sufferings they endured for Ireland's faith, and for the part, the important part, they have taken in preserving for us, their successors, the precious legacy of St. Patrick.

Such, then, briefly has been Ireland's devotion to the heritage of St. Patrick. True, for the most part it is tinged with a deep hue of sadness but through that vale of sorrow we see Ireland Martyr leading the nations in her devotion to the consoling truths of the Christian religion and in her devotion to her Soggarths and her self-sacrificing religious ; we see Ireland Martyr in her ever faithful attachment to the See of Peter and beyond this, crowned with wreaths of glory, we see Ireland the fairest daughter of the Catholic Church. Other nations, I speak with all respect, other nations lost the faith, lost the greatest gift of God to man ; but Ireland, gentlemen, Ireland never forgot, never forsook, and please God never shall forsake the religion of her saintly apostle. She took deep to heart his last message:

“ Happy isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His name
God, with a wondrous ring, had wedded thee ;
God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee ;
Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !

My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;
Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
Live ye God's truth, and in its strength be free."

Ireland took this last message of her dying apostle deep to heart and she has thus retained, and in joy or sorrow she shall always retain, pure and immaculate, the faith of her apostle.

There is just left for me, gentlemen, to refer to what remains to us of this priceless heritage. Thanks to our ancestors, thanks to the sufferings of our saintly heroes and martyrs, to the purity and sanctity of our Irish mothers, that heritage remains to us as whole and entire as on the day Ireland first received it. We are not, it is true, inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, but we are descendants of those who first saw the light of day in dear old Erin, and who grew up amidst the ruins of Catholic Cathedrals and monasteries that were the light of the world nearly fifteen hundred years ago. I have referred to the purity of our Irish mothers and I have done so because I consider it a duty that all true Irish sons should, whenever the opportunity affords, pay a grateful compliment to the pure and noble and saintly character of Ireland's womanhood. Yes, Ireland is still blessed with St. Patrick's heritage—the ancient but ever new faith is still the great inheritance of the Irish people and we, the sons of Irish parents, by right of the Irish blood that tingles through our veins have become co-heirs to that legacy, sharers in that precious heritage. And to-day, gentlemen, when we are gathered about this board to render our tribute of honor, respect, and gratitude to the glorious memory of Ireland's Patron Saint, I but express a sentiment common to us all when I state that it shall ever remain the first duty of the sons of our illustrious Irish race to walk in the footsteps of our ancestors, ever faithful, ever true, and ever devoted to St. Patrick's heritage.

The Glee Club rendered amidst applause, "The Star Spangled Banner," which being concluded, Mr. M. J. O'Connell, 'oo, rose and gave the following patriotic response to the toast

"COLUMBIA."

What a reception is this you have tendered the proposal of this toast ! What an open expression of the good feeling and love which exists among us ! How plainly does it show the union

which exists upon this day between Irishmen and the children of Irish descent, no matter what be the flag of their adoption, no matter what country claims their allegiance. How clearly does it tell us that the children of St. Patrick cannot, nor will not forget those who have extended a helping hand to Ireland in the dark hours of her adversity and distress.

Gentlemen, had I listened with misgivings to the coupling of my name with this toast, had I risen to respond to it with feelings of fear, lest I should be unable to voice my sentiments in a fitting manner, your reception of the toast would have gone far to quell those misgivings, would have inspired me with hope of success in singing the praises of Columbia, my native land.

Yes, gentlemen, it is with feelings of just pride that I rise to respond to the toast so eloquently proposed by our Toast-master, pride arising from the honor you have conferred upon me by allowing me, in behalf of those present, who claim the Land of "Brave" as their birthplace, to recount the glories of the Stars and Stripes, pride that as an Irish-American, I am permitted in some degree to review the part the sons of Ireland have played in the land of the free, and to show that Irishmen have not forgotten the assistance tendered them by the American Republic in the hour of need. Willingly then, gentlemen, do we grasp the hand of friendship, which you, who claim the Land of the Maple Leaf as your home, extend toward us, as Irishmen. We are assembled in this banquet hall with the Stars and Stripes, our country's flag on one side, the Union Jack, your country's emblem on the other, but with the green flag of Erin forming that firm link which unites us on this the grand feast day of the Emerald Isle. To Columbia, Irishmen owe a debt of gratitude ; she it was who when Ireland, pressed down by oppression, groaned under the tyrant's cruel lash, shone forth as a beacon light far across the Atlantic, beckoning the down-trodden children of Erin to a place of liberty and religious freedom ; on her fair shores it was that the followers of St. Patrick were enabled to practice their belief openly and without fear.

But, gentlemen, have the Irish people been ungrateful to their friend ? Have they not resented every attack upon their adopted country's honor ? Who can review the annals of American History

and say that Irishmen are ungrateful? Who can recall the names of those who fell for Columbia's honor and say that Irish blood has not flowed freely in defence of the Star Sprangled Banner?

Little more than one hundred years have passed since Columbia consisted of a number of scattered settlements along the Atlantic, settlements without union, without any fixed object or mission, dependent upon and governed by their mother-country, England.

What a change has been brought about within that short lapse of time which is indeed a short period in the life of any nation; during that space of time we have seen her spread the wings of her Eagle, till in its flight it stretches them from the Atlantic westward beyond the Rockies thence over the placid waters of the Pacific till their flapping cools the laborer in the sunny Philippines, thus she soars northward from the twenty-fourth to the fiftieth degree, here fixing one eye on Alaska her northern possession she rests with her other eye turned south eastward towards the Island of Cuba over which she watches with maternal care; we have seen her increase from thirteen colonies till she now consists of forty-seven united states with a central government, a power among the nations, fulfilling the mission entrusted to her by God, teaching to all men that true freedom is not a curse but a blessing to mankind.

Such, gentlemen, is her present extent, such her position; but this has not come about without a great amount of work, yes and sad to say a great amount of bloodshed; in her progress Columbia has not always been borne on in her march of prosperity with sunshine unaccompanied by darkening clouds to mar the serenity of it's rays.

No, gentlemen, the story of the Revolution, the history of the Civil War and the accounts of the recent hostilities with Spain, tell too forcibly that Columbia has had her days of sorrow, that Columbia has had her quota of dead heroes to mourn over; but fellow-Americans, let there ascend from each and every one of us on this day a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God who has brought her successfully through these trials without stain, a country loved by her children and respected by her enemies.

The year 1774 saw the colonies represented at the first con-

gress held in what is now the United States. England which had so long tyrannized over Ireland, England, the land from which the colonists had fled in search of freedom, extended her hand across the Atlantic, and began her system of tyranny on this the New World ; her government drew up measures, levied taxes, and in fact, did everything that could be done to retard the progress and destroy the freedom and peace of the American colonies. Petitions were sent to the motherland, asking for redress of their grievances, this was denied them, they now saw that a firm stand must be taken against this unjust policy, and at their first congress upheld the action of the people of Massachusetts, the action known as the Boston Tea Party ; with reluctance, and after all other means had failed, did the colonists enter upon open hostilities with England ; gladly would they have remained linked to their mother-country, could this have been done without losing their liberty, to have this taken from them was more than their filial love could bear.

During this struggle America found no more ardent supporter than Ireland. The freedom-loving sons of the Emerald Isle willingly took up arms in her defence.

The Celtic names met with in the records of this war, point out the loss of Irish blood in defence of Freedom's cause ; the names of O'Brien, Barry, the father of our navy, Carroll, Wayne, General Sullivan and Colonel Fitzgerald, tell full well the presence of Irish soldiers. But gentlemen, these are not all the Irishmen who have fought the battles for our liberty, many are those who have followed their leaders into battle, never again to return.

Let him who will add to these such names as Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, General Shields, than whom none braver ever wore the soldier's uniform, Phil. Sheridan, that intrepid fighter of the civil war ; let him recall the glories of the Irish Ninth and Twenty-eighth regiments of Massachusetts, and the exploits of Colonel Corcoran with his Sixty-ninth New York ; let him note that, amongst the fifty-six signers of our Declaration of Independence, the names of nine Irishmen appear on the list ; note these things and say truthfully if he can, that Irishmen are ungrateful.

But Ireland has contributed her aid to make "Columbia"

what she is to-day not only by giving her sons to fight the battles for her defence ; she has also donated her share of scholars many of her sons have graced the Congress Halls of our country and her children among the sacred priesthood are men looked up to and respected, the names of Carroll, Hughes, Corcoran, O'Rielly and Ireland are such as would reflect credit upon any country to which they gave their allegiance. Have we not then, gentlemen, a right to love our country's flag? Yes, gentlemen, as Irishmen we respect the flag for which our ancestors sacrificed their all, as Americans we love the legacy which the founders of our country left us, The Stars and Stripes, which bequeaths to us that freedom so dearly purchased. But fellow Americans, we in our turn have a duty to perform. To our care the flag with it's blessings has been entrusted we, in turn, must hand it down to posterity intact without a stripe disfigured, without a star missing, let us then be ever ready to shield it from all harm, let it never be said that we have neglected our duty towards posterity, that we have lost our love for Columbia our native land."

That famous old melody "The Harp That Once Thorough Tara's Halls" which has ever called forth applause was then sung by the Glee Club, and while its stirring words were still fresh in the minds of the joyous throng, Mr. J. Meehen, 'oo, in a very eloquent speech, responded to the toast,

" LITERARY IRELAND,"

He said :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :

" Of all the many titles that have been bestowed on Ireland since she first took her place among the nations of the world, the one that sounds sweetest in the ears of her sons, the one that Irishmen love most to recall, is that of the " Isle of Saints and Scholars." The proudest boast of the Irishman is that he can point to a fatherland in which every inch of soil is consecrated with the blood of martyred saints, and whose sons have always stood in the front rank among the great intellectual lights of the world.

And with good reason was Erin termed "the Isle of Scholars," and well may we boast of the glorious title, for Ireland

was ever, as she is to-day, famed above other nations for her bards and her songsters. Even among the first inhabitants, long before Christ's delegate appeared upon her green shores, ancient Milesia was the home of bards and poets, who were held in the highest repute, and exercised an influence throughout the land, second only to that of the monarch himself. King Cormac who reigned over the island about a century before the coming of St. Patrick, is reputed to have been a great patron of letters. History tells us that this wise prince always gave his first consideration to the advancement of education. During his reign he enlarged the institution already established at Tara, and founded a number of academies for military discipline, history, and jurisprudence. Hence we see that, even at this period, when most other nations of the world were enveloped in the mists of barbarism, the Irish were an enlightened and intelligent people, and the love of learning, that most characteristic trait of the race, was fostered, and encouraged even before the advent of Christianity. This is certainly one of the causes, if not the principal cause of the Apostle's wonderful success, of the unimpeded triumphal march of God's legions, unified in the person of St. Patrick.

With the light of Christianity dispelling the darkness of his hitherto benighted soul, the burden of the minstrel's song was changed. From the moment St. Patrick plucked the triune leaf to illustrate that mystery of mysteries, the refulgent light of the redemption flooded over the land and crowned everything with the radiance of heaven. It fell upon the soul of the bard, and wedded his song to truth ; it touched the very genius of a gifted race and brought into life the first generation of that great family of scholars which soon attracted the attention of the whole of Europe, and which was destined to bring such glory to Ireland by propagating science and learning throughout the world. This is the mission Good entrusted to Ireland at this early age, and truly may it be said that in all climes, in all lands, in all ages since Christianity first came to them—through sunshine and shadow, the sons of St. Patrick have ever remained faithful to this grand mission. With the introduction of Christianity began the brightest period of Ireland's history. Before long the island became the monastic centre of Europe, and colleges crowned every hill, and

sanctified every valley. The fame of these great educational institutions spread rapidly over the continent, and seekers after truth began to pour into Erin from all parts of the then known world. This epoch of glory, such as the world never beheld before or since, continued for three centuries during which period many other countries were by her zealous and learned sons rescued from the darkness of barbaric paganism, and the country became known as the nursery of education, the great instructress of nations. Thus Ireland, in the earlier and brighter part of his history.

But this period of happiness and peace was quickly brought to an end by the invasion of the Danes and for several centuries all the energy of the Irish people was demanded for the protection of their island home. Yet even then they preserved their love for music and song. "The bards were in the battle field and the music of the harp mingled with the cries of the combattants;" the minstrels were on the battle field with their masters, and lifting up their voices in song spurred the warriors on to deeds of greater valor and heroism. The country had not yet recovered from the effects of the Danish war when another crueller and more dreaded invader landed on her shores. In the year 1169 the English invasion of Ireland began and with it that long protracted agony of national woe, of which we have not yet seen the end. Strife and oppression took the place of peace and happiness, and Saxon tyranny took the place of home rule; churches and schools alike were pillaged and destroyed but still the character of the people remained unchanged; and in spite of all the attempts that were made to exterminate them, the bards and minstrels lived through it all and ever continued to animate the hopes of the nation. But though the laws which made education a crime failed to reduce the Irish people to a state of absolute ignorance, yet they were far from conducive to the advancement of fine arts and hence it is that during that unhappy time Ireland produced no authors of note. But the genius of the nation was not dead, it was only repressed for a time--

"Chill *tyranny* repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul"—

and no sooner had England become exhausted in the attempt to bring the country over to Protestantism, no sooner had priest-hunting ceased to be a profession and the hard days of penal ser-

virtude passed away than the inherent genius of the Gael broke through the cloud that surrounded the land and once more sprang into life with even greater brilliancy than ever.

The first evidence of this literary revival was the appearance of the immortal Tom Moore whose name shall live for ever in his famous "Irish Melodies." What this great poet did for Irish literature may be best expressed in his own beautiful words—

"Dear harp of my country in darkness I found thee ;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;
When proudly my own island hard I unbound thee,
And gave all thy notes to life, music and song."

Moore's "Melodies" are without doubt the grandest collection of poetical gems that it has been given to human genius to produce. Their marvellous beauty is acknowledged in every land. The celebrated Handel declared he would rather be the author of one simple melody, "Eileen a Roon" than of all the works that ever came from his pen, or from his mind. The great charm of all Moore's productions is that they are essentially Irish and in them all that is dearest, and noblest in the Irish character is glorified in words of undying beauty. Besides the far famed author of the "Irish Melodies" many other Irishmen cultivated the Muse with equal success. We have Davis and his co-labourers of the "Nation," McCarthy, McGee, O'Hagan and Duffy that glorious galaxy of artists to which is justly attributed the honour of having created a national poetry which no other country can equal. These, with a number of other minor poets, have caused every ancient glory of Ireland to stand forth anew, and thus fittingly prepared the way for the coming of that mighty genius, Aubry De Vere. This great writer, the pride of the Catholic church, whose doctrine and sacred traditions he sets forth in magnificent verse, the pride of the Irish people because of his noble patriotism and ardent zeal for the cause of his loved country, must be acknowledged by all impartial critics as the greatest English poet of any age. In a word this gifted Irishman is, according to Catholic ideas, endowed with all the qualities, and requisites of the ideal littérateur, and is, in fact, one of the greatest literary artists the world has ever seen.

But, gentlemen, poetry is not the only branch of literature

in which the Irish excell. This singularly gifted race has given to the world, masters in almost every line of literary work. As journalists the Irish are unequalled, and to-day, that journalism has come to be a profession of such vast importance, the leading exponents of its perfection are either Irish or of Irish descent. Nor are we without worthy representatives in the domain of fiction. What names are better known or more popular among those who relish genuine mirth, and fun than those of Lever, Lover, and Carleton? And in later years the reputation is ably upheld by Justin McCarthy to whom must be conceded a place among the foremost writers of the age.

Irish novelists are admired, Irish journalists command admiration, Irish poets are above praise, but gentlemen, it is in oratory, that rarest of all arts, the perfection of which constitutes the highest perfection man can attain, that the supremacy of the sons of Erin has been most emphatically asserted, and most universally admitted. We have it on the authority of England's "grand old man" that the Irish are a nation of orators. Anthony Malone was the first great Irish orator. He was followed by Flood, Grattan and Curran, all orators of the first class. After these came Edmund Burke. No words of mine can add anything to the volumes that have been written in praise of this wonderful genius. Lord Macauley, who was certainly not partial to the Irish, pronounces him the greatest master of eloquence, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. Burke's fame has spread wider than that of any other man; his name is familiar, and his polished sentences are quoted in every country; his influence is eternal in its duration, and universal in its extension. Side by side with that of Burke are to be found the names of Plunkett, Emmet, Shiel and Sheridan, but certainly the one which is most revered by every Irishman, is that of him who was crowned with the glorious title of the "Liberator of his country." O'Connell, the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the bare mention of whose name causes every Irish heart to swell with pride, is the crowning glory of the Irish race. In him we recognize the man who was raised up by God, that he in turn might raise his country; he it is who was destined to succeed where so many others had failed. "This mighty Irishman, heroic in courage, strong in faith, gigantic in

intellect arose single-handed, burst the bonds that bound his countrymen and led a prostrate country high up the rugged rood to liberty." O'Connell united in his person all the qualities of the great parliamentary orator to that rarer talent which enabled him to descend to the level of the common people, to gain control of the mob. This is where he surpassed even Burke, and this is the secret of his success in attaining the great object of his life for so great was his influence among the masses of his people, that in him was concentrated the entire strength of the whole nation. In one brief, but pointed sentence Lacordaire reveals the secret of his power—"Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." Wendell Phillips, speaking of the influence which his mighty eloquence gained for him in the British parliament, has this to say: "When I saw him in London he held the balance of power, with sixty-nine votes in his right hand and both parties tendering him their support. The Whigs said—Would you like to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland?—Take it. Would you like to have us repeal the last vestige of the Irish code and make you Lord Chancellor of England?—Take that, only save the Whig party. And I left him thus—this hated Irishman—this despised Catholic—this agitator—this man of words standing with the Whig party in one hand the Tories in the other; and he was deciding to which he would give the government of the realm." Such was O'Connell. Truly, "nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man." Yes the truest, noblest, most perfect type of manhood. Oh! Ireland, ever glorious, thou alone among nations canst claim the honor of having produced such a man as O'Connell, and may we not justly conclude that in him is foreshadowed thy destiny—Erin among nations, what O'Connell was among men. Since the time of O'Connell a number of other Irish orators have come before the public. The most noted of these is Sexton whose many famous orations caused him to be acknowledged as the most finished master of eloquence of his time. The Irish parliamentary party of to-day viewed from a literary standpoint, is probably the grandest body of men that has ever represented the "Green Isle"; to-day as formerly the British House of Commons resounds with the thunder of Irish eloquence. It is only a short while ago since Timothy Healy delivered his famous speech which friends and foes alike

pronounced to be the grandest oration heard in the British House of Commons since the days of Burke.

Gentlemen, I have recalled to your minds the names of a few of Ireland's most illustrious sons. These men are standing proofs of the failure of the attempt that has been made to rob the Irish people of their ancient glory. For seven centuries the omnipotent Saxon has striven to reduce the Irish race to a state of ignorance; these mighty men sprang up to attest the utter fruitlessness of his efforts. True, Ireland has not produced so many great writers as other countries, but this is not to be wondered at, for not only Edmund Burke but every Irishman that ever aspired to literary fame was traversed and opposed at every step and obliged to show his passport at every turnpike. Many indeed have succeeded but how many others must have found these discouragements beyond the power of endurance? God alone knows how many "mute inglorious" O'Connells and De Veres lie buried in the sacred soil of Erin and God alone knows what might have been the literary achievements of the Irish people had their sky been unclouded during those seven centuries. Hence it is that we can boast of only a comparatively small number of Irish literary men but the excellence of the few is sufficient ground for the statement that Ireland has to-day a literature equal to that of any other country, and that the intellectual supremacy of the Irish is to-day just as undeniable as it was when Erin was honoured with the title: "Isle of scholars."

In a clear voice Mr. George Nolan, '03, sang "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms," and after the applause, which it had evoked had ceased, the toast

"ALMA MATER"

was proposed, and in the following manner Mr. J. F. Breen, '00, bestowed his praises on our College Home:

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen:

"My position before you this afternoon is, I feel, a position of honor and responsibility. I am here to represent the chief Catholic institution of higher education in this province—an institution to which honor has, several times been offered by lips more eloquent than mine. I am here to speak the praises of an

institution that needs no praise ; its merits are well recorded in the minds of every one present.

The honor then of being chosen to respond to such a toast as " Alma Mater " is indeed great, but gentlemen, the responsibility is I believe much greater. If any words of mine chance to raise this institution one step higher in your estimation, I shall have done a good work, I shall have spoken well ; but on the contrary, if I fail in this respect, I had better not have risen to undertake my present task. There is, however, one reason why my words, although perhaps not spoken with such brilliant eloquence as has characterized the utterances of those that have preceded me, may nevertheless find a ready response in the hearts of many present. Gentlemen, I stand before you as a member of the graduating class of 1900. I stand before you as one whose college course is nearly run. Gentlemen, I have assisted at the St. Patrick's Day celebration for years, and now what am I to say ? Is this to be my last ? Whether or not, gentlemen, the present is to be my last appearance in this long to-be-remembered hall on the annual commemoration of Ireland's patron saint, is a difficult thing to say. However, that may be, I beg your kind attention for a few moments. As one now near the end of a college course, and looking back, I can speak from experience to many of you who are at the beginning and looking forward.

Deep rooted indeed should be the love of every student for his Alma Mater. For is she not a kind mother ? To whom if not to her does the student owe the debt of gratitude, if at the completion of his course, he has become a self-thinker, a noble citizen, or is in fact thoroughly fitted for life ? From whom but his Alma Mater has he received that development of body, mind, and heart, which will enable him to go boldly forth into the world, strongly conscious of being able to fight the battle of life ?

Recognizing the fact that the training of the mind and the disciplining of the heart do not constitute a thorough education, but that the student has also a physical element to develop, athletics have always met with the warmest approval of the faculty of Ottawa University. The purchasing of a new and beautiful campus, and the erection thereon of a spacious grandstand, show

that their disposition towards sports is by no means an indifferent one. But it must be said that Ottawa College maintains the proper medium in regard to athletics. They are, and should be, ever considered as a means to a greater end; as something secondary, subordinate, instrumental to the perfection of the higher man. But what a glorious record is that of Varsity. Truly it can be said of her

“That forcing all her stubborn foes to yield

The champion’s crown she snatched in every fray.”

For the past 18 or 19 years has her foot-ball team proved well nigh invincible to all opponents. Within the last four years, in two of which our stalwarts won the proud title of champions of Canada, has Quebec Rugby honors been hers. Last year was no exception to what now seems the general rule. But never before perhaps did our boys manifest more courage and energy than was displayed by them in their contests during the past season of '99. Composed as the team was of many who are yet tyros at the game, they have shown that as long as they possess that grit, pluck and determination which have ever characterized Varsity’s team, victory will ever rest within the silken folds of the now famous garnet and grey.

One of the most pleasing features of our *Alma Mater*, and one which cannot fail to excite our admiration, is the mutual good-will and friendships that exist among the students. Here under one roof and within four walls, are students, who hail from Transatlantic shores, from far off Mexico, from the various states of the neighboring Republic, and from the different provinces of the Dominion. Yet though, no doubt, all believe that “their first best country ever is at home” no traces of national prejudices exist. All are united like one as becomes children of the same *Alma Mater*. It is to this spirit of unity, well exemplified to-day in the co-operation of all in the same grand effort to honor Ireland’s patron saint, is due in a great measure our successes, whether on the football field or in the class room. College life then imbues the students with a broad and noble patriotism, a patriotism free from provincialism. Our continual intercourse, and the constant interchange of thoughts and feelings, supply us with much of our practical and

useful information. In the class room, and out of it, we have ever a helping hand from our noble professorial staff, who are always willing to guide us along the arduous path of learning. They are truly men in the strictest sense of the word,—men who have sacrificed their all for the good of the students. Our course of studies, modelled after the ideal of Catholic education is second to none in America. To keep in touch with the world's great minds, we have a well stocked library at our disposal, and in order not to lose sight of what is going on in the outside world, we possess a privilege, which many other similar institutions lack, namely, a well equipped reading room. On its files are to be found the leading journals and magazines of Canada and the United States, as well as many of the leading newspapers of Europe, from which the student may acquire that highly useful and multifarious information to be had from the perusal of the press,

From an intellectual standpoint also, our different well organized societies are not only invaluable aids in providing the student with weapons, which will prove so useful to them in after life, but they also furnish much profitable enjoyment to the student body in breaking the otherwise monotonous routine of college life. The Scientific Society, though of comparative recent institution, has accomplished much in promoting increased interest in scientific research. The Debating Society is a time-honored institution in our Alma Mater, and is of incalculable assistance to the student in acquiring the useful accomplishment of speaking in public. As aid to our literary development, to chronicle our doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to our Alma Mater, the students of the past and present, we have the "Review," which has already won an enviable position in the sphere of College journalism.

Many and efficient then are the opportunities afforded us by Alma Mater for our intellectual advancement during the time spent within her maternal halls, but she does not stop at the mere imparting of knowledge.

" Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty?"

With Tennyson say I,

" May she mix
 With men and prosper.
Let her work prevail "
 But " Let her know her place
 She is the second not the first,
 A higher hand must make her mild
 If all be not in vain, and guide
 Her footsteps moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child,
 For she is earthly of the mind,
 But wisdom heavenly of the soul."

Surrounded as we are by a healthy moral atmosphere, and having before us daily, the example and teaching of a priestly professorial staff, and, added to this, an education essentially catholic, we have surely, gentlemen, a powerful shield to keep the mind from being perverted or corrupted by the influence of immorality, and a wholesome stimulant to goad it on to those nobler and higher aspirations to which it should ever tend.

And now, gentlemen, since *Alma Mater* has well and nobly performed her part, it devolves upon us ever to prove loyal to her. Who among us cannot but wish her the fullest measure of success in all her undertakings. Oh! yes, gentlemen, may the day be far distant when the old garnet and gray will cease to float from the topmost top of the flagstaff of fame, and may similar trophies to the ones we already possess, testify to the prowess of our hitherto invincible foot-ball team. May there be no decline in that old college spirit, rather let there be a more intimate fostering of that spirit of unity, and the entire banishment of the least semblance of disunion. May the graduates of Ottawa University continue as they have done in the past, ever to reflect honor on their *Alma Mater*, by their success in whatever may be their calling in life. May the REVIEW ever be a worthy mouth-piece of the students and may the editors ever keep it among the foremost of American college papers.

To those who guide the destinies of this University may the most signal success crown their every undertaking, and may it ever prosper, our beloved *Alma Mater*."

The orchestra again delighted the feasters by playing some well selected popular airs, and as it concluded, Mr. W. A. Martin, '02, replied to the toast

“ IRELAND'S FUTURE,”

in the following beautiful strain :

“To-day the past has been made present, and in the few brief hours we have spent within this banquet hall, the cycle of fifteen hundred years has been revolved before us, and we have beheld the varying fortunes of the land of our fathers. We heard the pleadings of the mystic voice summoning Patrick to the Western Isle. We stood on the banks of the Varty when he disembarked on Erin's shore ; and from Wicklow, we followed him throughout that fair realm which he so quickly won to God. With supreme delight we have feasted on the joys that were Ireland's portion during the four centuries, when, as the first among the enlightened nations of the world, she left her glorious impress on the pages of civilization's history, and, as the “ Lamp of the North,” her radiance lit up the gloom of all those years. But then, alas ! we saw the cruel invader enter her fair domain, and, after he had inhumanly dealt death to myriads of her sons, and had sated deeply his thirsty sword, make her the thrall of captivity. Then began those years of sorrow, when the songs of the bard and the soothing harmony of the harp were heard no more, but the ear was greeted with the wailing and weeping of a grief-stricken people. For seven centuries and more, have we trod with the Christ-like Erin in her way of sorrows. Aye, we have even witnessed the very consummation of her sacred scandal, when bowed with the woes of centuries, she seemed at last to die.

And now shall we presume to make the future present and attempt to discern the course of the glorious Erin to come ?

Were I gifted with the skill of divination, I might dare to dispel the mist that envelops the future or to trace the inscrutable words which the hand of God has written on Destiny's page. But no such gift is mine. My judgment of what her future shall be can be prompted only by the knowledge of her past and by the pure and exalted love which we all cherish for her. What, then, is our fondest wish for Ireland ? Shall we see her a leader in the political arena of the world, subduing nations, bringing home spoils, achieving renown and reaching the highest pinnacle of human glory, gaining triumphs and then called ‘conqueror’ ? Shall we see

her an emporium of the world, her ports crowded and her sails dotting every sea? Who shall say "aye" to this? Do these things merit tame? For what is power, does it not simply "come to go"? And trade, is it not as shifting as the winds? And dares any one say that conquest is aught else than "vulgar pastime"? And has not history taught us full well that though a nation's name may be bruited in the mouths of men, she shall at last become the very jest of fortune? Then who amongst us desires this as Ireland's future?

But again, shall fate reveal Ireland as an independent nation knocking at England's door and demanding requite for seven long centuries' oppression? Shall we behold Erin raising the cry of "blood for blood" and driving her conquering wheels over her vanquished keeper, thus overcoming tyranny with tyranny? Ah, no! For, he who says this knows not Ireland. Rather would we tell her to lay aside vindictiveness and appease herself with a holy vengeance, bearing in mind the dying words of her great apostle :

" Wrongs if they endure
In after years, with fire of pardoning love
Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that erred :
For bread denied let them give sacraments,
For darkness, light ; and for the House of Bondage
The glorious freedom of the sons of God."

The Almighty has told us that justice is His, and is not this sufficient pledge that in His good time the wrongs of Ireland shall be avenged. Be it our most ardent wish, then, that the Irish, ennobled by centuries of adversity, and actuated by those lofty sentiments of benevolence and universal charity, shall not lapse into revengful vindicators ! And may the hand of destiny fend off the incubus of revenge and intolerance, that it may not cast its hideous shadow over the beauty of Ireland's future !

But now you will object, perhaps, "cannot Ireland be a free and yet a God-loving nation"? Let us endeavor to picture her as such. If, after her regeneration, she should become a free, active power of the world, we would, indeed, believe her destined to be an example to the nations, and to have the unique glory of being the only Christian state, acknowledging the church as her guide and director, and being safeguarded by the high and holy

principles of religion which alone ensure prosperity and happiness to a people. Could this be, then most heartily would we wish it. But alas ! there lurks in our heart the fear of a rehearsal of the story of past nations : first peace and glory ; then, vice and corruption ; and lastly, barbarism and annihilation. We tremble, then, lest Ireland, like

“ Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Should cease from faith.”

Would we wish that Ireland's faith should be rewarded by peace, if peace should cool the holy zeal of faith and bring stagnation and indifference ? Better a thousand times that Ireland should live and suffer, than die by such peace. Let it be our most earnest entreaty to the God of nations that Ireland, remaining righteous in this perverse world, shall spurn false freedom and anticipate no earthly peace and glory.

Once more it is asked, “ What is Erin's destiny ? ” Before we dare predicate anything of Ireland's future, we must realize well what her past has been, we must perceive her true nature.

Unlike all other peoples of the world, the Irish have ever been a religious race. They were never eminent for great exploits or conquests, at no time were they commercial, nor were they ever famed for high political aspirations ; but throughout their whole history, there one predominant characteristic has ever been firm and unswerving adherence to God's Holy Church. The history of Ireland is but the history of the Church. Erin and God's Church are inseparable, “ the nation is part ; the church the whole.” If then the Church as Christ's other self must like Him be ever tried in sharp tribulation, so then must Ireland share a similar fate.

If at present the tide of woe seems to have ebbed, be assured that it is but to reflow with increased impetuosity ; if the bitter cup of sorrow has been drained, it is but to be refilled ; if the thorny diadem has been removed from Erin's bleeding brow, it is but that the thorns be the more deeply implanted ; if her sacred stigma have been healed, it is but that they bleed afresh. Yes, sorrow is Ireland's portion, and without it she cannot live, for within our inmost heart do we not hear the passionate suppli-

cation which she continually sends heavenward, "Lord, Lord, send me grief that I may live."

But I anticipate your remonstrance: "If Ireland does not regain freedom, how shall her wrongs be requited?" That we all desire Ireland to be avenged, there is no doubt. That she will be avenged, is equally doubtless. And that her revenge will be so complete, so overwhelming that it will crush the very demons in hell and send a cry of exultation throughout the realms of God where so many of Erin's sons abide, we have strong reason to believe.

What then, shall this revenge be? Need we ask? Can we not all foresee the day when Ireland clad in spiritual armor that be able to resist all the assaults of her enemies, fearless of what the mind of man may devise against her, and recompensed for all the tyrant's cruelties by heaven's consolations, shall go forth and though "weak, yet strengthened from above" fight God's war, subverting the most powerful of nations and amazing her proudest persecutors, and then

" For earthly scarth
In world wide victories of her faith
Atonement shall be made."

When Ireland's militant star refulgent in all its splendor shall give taken to the world of Faith's triumph, when Erin's song of woe shall sound the note of glad deliverance to the nations, when every land shall be clothed in the royal ermine of Patrick's wondrous faith, then only will the land of our forefathers have accomplished its destiny.

But now it may be remarked: why should we speak to-day of the future of Erin? Is not our present lot enough to endure without desiring to foreknow what fate has in store for us? Of what concern to us is Ireland's destiny? If this were true, then indeed would it be idle speculation to attempt a portrayal of the future life of Erin.

But be assured we are concerned and most vitally. For are we not the threads that bind the generations with each other? Are we not the pledges of the children of the future? Are we not the custodians of that priceless treasure, great and immense, which St. Pafrick won for us on Cruachan's Mt. ? and must we

not transmit this unimpaired to posterity, that by it the world may be won to Christ? O, then, the thought of Ireland's future impresses us with the sublimity of one grand vocation, that we are the repositories of that faith which sustained so many heroic martyrs, of that faith which reaped such a rich harvest of souls for God. And what time is appropriate for such reflections if not to-day the feast of Erin's saint? What occasion is more opportune to give thanks to the Goodness Infinite, who, from all the evil that the tyrant has wrought, shall produce good? For indeed we doubt whether we should repent of England's sins or should rather rejoice since from them shall spring.

" To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound."

Do not judge then as tidings of evil that Ireland is fated to suffer. For indeed, why should we lament? Shall not her sorrow be majestic? Though misery shall claim her, are we not assured that she shall never sink to baseness while the light of God shall glow upon her and Faith's strongest comfort fill her heart? And can we not fancy how, on the dawn of eternal day, when her sorrow shall be swallowed up in victory, her sweet, sad lips shall part in a heavenly smile of gladness when she beholds the joys that her grief has won her.

Let it be with rejoicing hearts then, that we address to our beloved Erin the words uttered by her noblest bard:

" Be strong ; be true ! Thy palms not yet are won :
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that cross thou bearest !
Go forth ! each coast shall glow beneath thy tread !
What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head ?
What fiery pillar is before thee borne ?
They loved and lost ! They lead thee to the morn !
They pave thy paths with light ! Beheld by man,
Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.
Walk on—work on—love on ; and, suffering, cry.
' Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die.' "

The elegant programme of music was now concluded by Mr. M. J. O'Connell, 'oo, who sang the " Minstrel Boy."

To the toast

“ IRISHMEN ABROAD,”

T. Stuart Albin, '00, replied :

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen ;

I certainly feel highly flattered at having my name coupled with this toast, so eloquently proposed by my friend the chairman ; at the same time I am not insensible to the manner in which it has been received by all within this banquet hall. I indeed acknowledge the inadequacy of my abilities and the deficiency of my powers to do justice to this important and comprehensive toast “ Irishmen Abroad.”

In proposing the health and prosperity of Irishmen Abroad, I beg leave to propose a similar tribute to Irishmen at home, whose dwelling place is the beautiful isle of the sea, and with whom we are linked by the strongest bonds of fellowship and brotherly love.

There is no man in whose veins flows Celtic blood, whose pulse will not beat quicker when he hears mentioned the sentiment of this toast, “ Hail to our Celtic brethren wherever they may be.”

From every portion of the globe ascends the loud acclaim of a nation's festival, and millions of Irishmen dispersed and settled in many lands, gazed this morning at early dawn, with pride and pleasure, upon the distant horizon, whose variegated hues and intermingled tints proclaimed the glad tidings of Erin's brilliant star, as it rose majestically above the clouds to shed lustre on this festive celebration. To-day from where the heaving and turbulent waters of the Atlantic that batter its rock-bound coast, from the placid streams that wash the gold sand shores of the great Pacific, from the auriferous islands of Oceania, and from the land of the “ fleur-de-lis ” blend the joyful sounds of mutual greetings to our motherland—Ireland.

This general celebration means more than mere outward display, nay, on every breast is displayed the three-leafed shamrock, emblem of our faith in the Triune God, a declaration of our unswerving devotion to the God of our ancestors, and of our undying fidelity to the land of our birth or to that of our forefathers ; and

to make manifest to the world that the name of the glorious apostle of Ireland ever remains fresh in our memory.

Persecuted and ruled with oppressive severity at home, the Irish exile unwillingly bade farewell to Erin's green shores and went forth to seek liberty and freedom in other climes. Gladly was he welcomed everywhere, for Ireland's loss was his adopted country's gain. Although resident in foreign states and in foreign climes, Irishmen have always clung with fond tenacity to their native country, and have always shown an active sympathy with their friends and relatives at home, ever ready to assist private and public undertakings which would in any way ameliorate their condition and bring peace and comfort to their hearths. And whilst doing their duty to those whom they left in the far off motherland, the Irish have not been unmindful of their duties to the land of their adoption, for no man has a more patriotic heart than that which beats in the Irishman's breast.

France, Spain, Austria, Italy, in fact every country in Europe, Peru, Chili and Boliva in South America, and the great Republic of the United States tell the tale of patriotism and heroism of the Irish on their battle-fields ; and never has it been said, nor shall it ever be said that an Irishman ever dishonored the field of military glory. The battle-fields speak to the senses more forcibly and more tangibly than do words of the glorious records of the Irish Abroad.

Who has not heard of the military feats of the Irish Brigade when in the service of France ? Who is there among Irishmen that has not heard of the valor, heroism and leonine courage of that famous Brigade at the battle of Fontenoy ? Who is there among us who has not read the historical imprecation of George the second, on hearing the disastrous news of Fontenoy ? " O my God," said he, " what a terrible thing it is to have such accursed laws that deprive me of such subjects as these ! " On battle-fields and in legislative halls do Celtic names cast a brilliant lustre in the annals of French and Spanish history,—such names as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Sullivan, O'Donnell and O'Reilly ; moreover was not the highest office in the gift of the French Republic given to a McMahon ?

What Irishmen have done on the Continent they have also

done for England in many of her sanguinary strifes ; and be it said to the glory and credit of Irish soldiery and Irish generalship, that they were never found wanting when their honor, valor, courage or martial genius were at stake.

If England's flag is triumphantly waving over citadel and arsenal in South Africa, it is not due to any superior prowess of Britain's soldiers or of her generals. On the contrary, as of yore, her military glory rests with Irish soldiers and Irish generals. When the sun of England's fame as a martial power was fast sinking below the horizon of prestige among the great powers, and ominous clouds were rising on every side, then the sons of Ireland arose to bring England another sunlit day and to change her ebon clouds to golden.

When her armies had met with overwhelming reverses, no alternative was left, she was compelled to place her hopes in the military ability and genius of Irish generals whom she called to take supreme command, trusting in them to retrieve her losses and her prestige.

Then did the Irish generals Roberts, Kitchener and French come to the rescue, and the result of their generalship will go down to posterity in characters of gold on the pages of the world's history.

It is needless for me to add that the Irish Brigades have covered themselves with honor and glory in the present war in South Africa ; for they have won England's battles and brought back her former glory.

England, I must say, has not been slow in recognizing the merits of the Irish regiments, as her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, has publicly sent her congratulations to the Irish troops, and to the Irish generals in particular, for the glorious victories won against a brave and courageous foe in far off Africa.

Moreover, Her Majesty has ordered her Irish soldiers to wear a sprig of shamrock on their head-dress this glorious day. To-day, for the first time in the history of the British Empire, Erin's flag floats over the Mansion House in London, in recognition of Ireland's heroes.

From the towers of the civic buildings throughout Canada, is unfurled to the breeze Ireland's green flag, whose harp strings

are vibrating sweet strains, touched by the gentle fingers of the calm zephyrs, proclaiming the glad tidings to Irishmen abroad, of the chivalry of their countrymen on the sun-burned sands of Africa.

What the Irishman has been abroad, he has been at home ; for the deeds of a Sarsfield, an O'Neil and of one whose pen and voice were mightier than the sword, Daniel O'Connell, the great Liberator, are yet vivid on memory's canvass. Some people,—and for this class I have the greatest contempt,—believe that the Irish people are unfit to rule and govern their own country ; the contention might hold, if they had not proved their wonderful abilities in governing foreign states and foreign people. They have risen to the front rank in every walk of life, ecclesiastical, professional, political and commercial. Not only did European countries extend a cordial welcome to the exiles of Erin, but also did the primeval and virginal forests of the West receive them into their bosoms.

Jealous of the West, far off Australia, the Queen Isle of the Pacific, disemboweled her golden treasures to allure to her shores the sturdy sons of Erin, where by their intelligence, industry and energy, the Irish are building the foundation and structure of a great nation, and are developing the latent resources of a country that bids fair to become a strong competitor in the commercial world.

The names of a Cardinal Moran, an Archbishop Carr, a Sir Cavan Duffy and others grace the pages of her religious and political history, manifesting to the world the race from which they sprung.

But never in the history of any people has there been such wondrous intellectual development as has taken place among the Irish race in the western world. America has produced Irish-American statesmen, rivalling, if not surpassing, those of the Old World. The western world has produced her poets whose tender and sympathetic nature, whose sublime and beautiful expression and lofty inspiration have won the admiration, not only of their fellow Irish countrymen, but also of the world. The names of her orators will go down to posterity borne on the silver

current of their magic and powerful eloquence, so arousing "The applause of listening senates to command."

Has she not given birth to brave soldiers and gallant officers capable of commanding large armies on the field of battle? And have not their military achievements added a brilliant diadem to the Celtic name? The names of a Jackson, a Butler, a McDonough, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Kearney, a Barry, an Otis, a Logan and a Dewey cannot belie their ancestry; their deeds have added envious tints to the Irish name. If the Irish have erected monuments to their valor, prowess and ability on the continent, they have built pyramids in America which will be lasting structures to the glory of their enterprise, application and honesty, the magic keys that open the doors to success. But the whispering of their names, makes the heart quicken the flow of Celtic blood in our veins, and makes us pride in the glorious records of our ancestors not only on the field of sanguinary strife, but also in the Senate Chamber, in Congress and in Parliament. Many a time and oft have you heard the name of a Carroll, a Hancock, a Henry, a McKenna, a Bourke Coughran, and a John Boyle O'Reilly; these names need no comment on my part for they are known to the world.

And the "Land of the Maple Leaf" may also boast of her illustrious Irish sons, for the "Lady of the Snows" has had her Doughertys, her Currans, her Thompsons, her Blakes and her own Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of whom no more eloquent eulogy can be given than that expressed in the words of Miller: "For who are nearer to me than those to whom I have given my best thought, the best years of my life."

Not less important than military, literary or parliamentary forces are those which train the youthful intellect and direct the soul to its final end. In no walk of life does man exercise a more potent influence for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-men than in the sacred and divine vocation of the priesthood. Irish priests are too numerous to count, and among the Celtic hierarchy dispersed throughout the world, there are giants of intellectual genius whose writings and works fill pages of Church history in their respective countries. In Canada, the names of Archbishops Lynch, Walsh, Connolly and O'Brien are well known and shine

brilliantly among Irishmen abroad, but there is no man that has adorned the Irish name with more glory, nor has done more for Church and State in this country, than the late lamented Archbishop Cleary of Kingston ; and in the Republic to the South, let it be sufficient to mention Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, Archbishop Corrigan, the erudite scholar and writer, Mgr. Spaulding, and, another to whom Irish Catholics in America own a debt of lasting gratitude for the good wrought both for Church and State, I refer with pleasure to the learned and zealous prelate of St Paul, Archbishop Ireland.

Well may the Irish love and respect their priests for they are the beacon-lights and hope of Erin's sons and the guardians of the cherished inheritance bequeathed to us by our ancestors—our faith.

Standing on the threshold of the 20th. century, it is not too much to expect that the achievements of the Irish abroad in all the highest and noblest walks of life will produce a favorable influence on the conditions of Ireland's people, now that a union of the Irish parliamentary party has been effected, with John Redmond as leader.

It is an honor for the motherland to see her sons merit fame and distinction in foreign climes, and in the height of their good fortune they have not forgotten Erin, for as they stood by her in her halcyon days, so now do they succor her in days of trial and misfortune.

In conclusion, Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, let us breathe forth a message full of faith, hope and love that shall be carried to old Ireland by calm and tranquil zephyrs ; let our greetings be sincere, let the bond that unites us to the dear Emerald Isle be made stronger, and while toasting the health and prosperity of "our Celtic brethren wherever they may be," I propose a similar tribute to Irishmen in the green isle, and in the words of a patriotic Irishman abroad :

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send ;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end ;
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The past or future honors of the far dispersed Gaels ;
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

"OUR GUESTS"

was fittingly responded to by Rev. Father McKenna, Mr. Thos. F. Clancy, Rev. Bro. Fallon, and, the last toast having been drunk, Rev. Father Cornell, in a few well chosen words, thanked the students for their enthusiastic patriotism, and in a special manner, praised the Banquet Committee for the great efforts it had made and complemented it on the success attained. The speakers were likewise congratulated, and the Rev. Father then called upon the boys to sing "God Save Ireland" and amidst its stirring strains, the most successful of all the St. Patrick's Day celebrations was brought to a close.

Mr. M. A. Foley, '00, deserves great praise for the worthy manner in which he filled the chair of honor, while the Committee of management should be highly lauded for the magnificent result of their endeavors.

The folloing had charge of affairs :

Director.—Rev. E. J. Cornell, O.M.I.

Chairman.—W. P. Egleson, '00.

Secretary.—J. E. McGlade, '01.

Treasurer.—J. A. Meehan, '00.

Committee.—M. A. Foley, '00; J. F. Breen, '00; M. J. O'Connell, '00; P. J. Galvin, '00; T. S. Albin, '00; J. R. O'Gorman, '01; A. Donnelly, '01; D. O'Connell, '01.

J. T. WARNOCK, '01.



ST. PATRICK.



SAINT Patrick came a holy slave,
And to the sons of Erin gave
Christ's holy truth their souls to save,
And keep them from a heathen grave.

Fourteen long centuries are past
Since good Saint Patrick breath'd his last ;
But Patrick's faith, still holding fast,
Bears harvest from the seed he cast.

In Erin's peace, in Erin's ire,
She's kept that faith through blood and fire ;
Through hate and persecutions dire
It's handed down to son from sire.

Old Erin's faith by Patrick brought,
By Kevin and Columba taught,
By eager thousands bravely sought,
From Finn to Lee, Salvation wrought.

And they who 've left old Erin's land,
Who roam afar, an exile band,
By Patrick's faith do firmly stand,
And by it live on foreign strand.

O Patrick, Erin's blessed saint !
Help them 'lest they, becoming faint,
Thy holy heritage may taint
By raising gainst their lot complaint.

Thy faith may they keep without fear,
'Till in a future somewhere near,
By thy own succor to them dear,
Will end the strife, the cry, the tear.

WILLIE F. CAVANAGH,
Second Form.

'VARSITY OVAL.

With the advent of Spring come also the out-door games, and the various athletic sports afford a topic for general conversation among the students. And, by the way, the Oval of Ottawa 'Varsity is certainly a most inviting spot for the athlete. The old campus, now historic for the fierce football and baseball contests waged upon it, presents but a sorry spectacle when placed beside the "new field." However, if the representatives of the garnet and gray who will do battle on the Oval, will be as stalwart and indomitable as their predecessors of the old field, we shall feel proud of them. Indeed, the opening honors of ninety-nine were won there, and the good work should be kept up.

The property contains four acres, and extends from Cumberland st. to Nicholas st., a distance of over a hundred yards. The frontage on Nicholas street amounts to about one hundred and sixty yards. These measurements give an idea of the size, but the field looks larger from inside the high fence which encloses it. Around the playing field, is a quarter-mile bicycle track, of the most modern plan. The timber for its construction was chosen with great care, and the turns carefully banked. In front of the grandstand, the finishing stretch measures over one hundred yards. All around the track are arc-lights, which during the evening make the field light as day. By means of this system of illumination, racing during the evening has taken a firm hold upon Ottawa.

Enclosed by the track is the playing field, which measures one hundred and ten yards long by seventy-five yards wide. The sod is firm though not too much so, and the system of drainage is very good. Many hard fought games have already been played on the field, both in football and lacrosse. The Capital Lacrosse Club, champions for many years, have acquired the use of the grounds during the summer months.

The grandstand is in keeping with the rest of the field. It has a seating capacity of three thousand five hundred, but many more could easily be accomodated. It is entirely covered, a new departure in this line, and a very good one it must be said. A

pavilion capable of seating fifty people is on top of the stand, and is used as a judges, stand for the racing contests. Underneath the stand are large and commodious dressing rooms with shower bath appliances. Beside these are several ticket offices and a bicycle store room. Two rooms, set apart for the executives of the various teams, complete the lower part of the stand.

There are three entrances to the Oval, all from Nicholas street. This fact probably escaped the notice of many during the past football season, and we think it well to insert it. All together, considering location, stand, field and track, Varsity Oval is certainly an ideal spot for the athletically inclined student, and congratulations are in order to the University authorities for the successful termination of their efforts.



Ye fields of Sharon, drest in flowery pride,
Ye plains where Jordan rolls its glassy tide,
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crowned,
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around,
Those hills how sweet, that plain how wondrous fair,
How doubly sweet when Heaven was with us there !

Goldsmith.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 7

MARCH, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 7

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

The annual Irish banquet given by the students of Ottawa University has, in recent years, grown to be quite an elaborate affair. Indeed it has far surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of those that were responsible for its modest beginnings. The seventeenth of March has come to be regarded as a red-letter day amongst us; so much so, in fact, that in the matter of genuine student enthusiasm and enjoyment, it finds no equal during the whole ten months allotted the college year.

On the St. Patrick's Day that has just gone by, the standard of the celebration's excellence was raised rather than lowered. From a material or artistic point of view, this year's banquet was certainly on par with the very best of its predecessors, while, con-

sidered from an intellectual standpoint, we think it placed them all in the shade. The best arguments in support of this assertion are to be found throughout the large number of pages we have, this month, devoted to the various speeches in reply to the toasts proposed. Taken individually, some of the speeches delivered at former banquets may perhaps surpass some of those delivered on the present occasion, but, taken as a whole, we think that this year's work must be awarded the palm of victory.

We do not deem it at all necessary to offer our readers any apology for devoting so much space to an account of the banquet. The speeches are real essays, exclusively the work of the students, and, in our judgment, work of a very high order. We believe that these speeches will be read with interest and profit by both young and old.

A pleasing feature of the banquet, and one that added new interest to the proceedings, was the presence thereat of our esteemed Archbishop, the Most Rev. Joseph T. Duhamel. His genial laugh, and the racy manner in which he related his past experiences with the Irish, were a real treat for everyone present. We are but voicing the sentiments of every student of the University, in extending to His Grace a hearty vote of thanks.

One thing to be regretted both by ourselves and by our readers, is the fact that we are unable to publish in full the Rev. Father Fallon's magnificent eulogy of the Irish priesthood in reply to the toast, "Soggarth Aroon." The Rev. orator did not write his speech, so we are forced to leave it out. We can, however, say about it that it was one of the Rev. Father's most splendid efforts; it was truly Irish; that is to say, it was both patriotic and religious. The Reverend speaker concluded his remarks by drawing a beautiful and consoling word-picture of the Irish triumphant,—of the Irish under the presidency of their beloved Apostle, in a land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."

In conclusion, we are happy to state that the orators of the day, as well as the members of the banquet Committee are eminently worthy of our sincerest congratulations, for the decided success with which their several efforts were so strikingly blessed.

"THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN."

If there be inhabitants in the sun, or in the moon, or in any of the planets, and if these distant strangers be acquainted somewhat with the British and Irish history of the past seven hundred years, and if by some peculiar sharpness of eyesight, they be capable of distinguishing miniature objects on this relatively insignificant globe of ours, they must surely have been surprised last seventeenth of March, as Miss Earth revolved in her diurnal reel before them. Now what is the unusual sight that would have caught their attention on that memorable occasion? Why, nothing less than the temporary transformation of an empire; nothing less than an Irish flag floating from the tower of Windsor Castle, and another waving over the residence of London's Lord Mayor; and again, on this side of the Atlantic, the same dear green emblem, with its golden harp, fluttering over the city halls of Ottawa, Winnipeg and, strangest of all, over the city hall of Toronto. Moreover, they might have witnessed the same unusual display of green and gold during the whole twenty-four hours, as, one by one, the different parts of the world-encircling British Empire were presented to their view. In addition to this, as if to cap the climax of their astonishment, they would have noticed on nearly every breast or headdress throughout the British dominions, even in England itself, the long-spurned shamrock, the distinctive emblem of Paddydom. And then, upon inquisitive scrutiny they might have gleaned from various signs and signals, that all this strange metamorphosis was in consequence of a royal edict. Why such a scene was undoubtedly enough to cause a sensation throughout the whole planetary system.

Who would have dared to predict, a few years ago, the novel change that March 17th, 1900, would see wrought throughout the length and breadth of "Anglo-Saxondom?" Who would have presumed to imagine that the "mightier empire than has been" would so suddenly ford a seemingly impassible torrent, by adopting, even for a day, the emerald green as a substitute for her long cherished red? Yet such a change has come about; let us hope that it omens well. We believe that it does, and we fervently

pray that this first advance of British gratitude, sympathy and friendship, may be but the stepping stone to a free and independent Ireland.

Well, at present, we have no convenient means of discovering whether or not there prevailed, on last seventeenth of March, any particular excitement in ultra-terrestrial spheres, but we do know that many an inhabitant of mother earth, regarded the sudden change in British sentiments with at least great surprise, if not with satisfaction or any particular emotion. Seemingly strange fact however : The Irish at home were even less enthusiastic over the unaccustomed honor paid their national emblem than were their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. The cause of this coolness, however, is not difficult to discover. If the honor conferred upon their national color and national emblem by royal edict, and the honor conferred upon themselves by the royal visit to their midst, be meant as the introduction to a near-at-hand national independence, then the Irish people have reason for enthusiasm ; but, on the contrary, if these favors be meant as the only recompence for Irish valor in South Africa and on a hundred other battlefields where British prestige was at stake, then they have not a single jot of reason for rejoicing. Were Ireland placed in a position of independence such as Canada enjoys to-day, then might we expect on the part of Irishmen, a loyalty equal if not superior to that of Canadians ; then might we expect the people of the Emerald Isle to grow enthusiastic over little royal favors, and uninvited royal visits. If Irish soldiers, side by side with unfearing Scotchmen and our brave Canadians, have shown such valor in South Africa, why not, in practical recognition of their services, reward the land that gave them birth, with an independence akin to that of Canada, or to that of other British possessions ? Irishmen are generous and forgiving ; but certainly they will never be rendered insanely loyal by the enthusiasm of a single day, or by the cheap praises of a British sovereign. Let justice be done the dear little land of the shamrock, and then the British Empire will possess no more truly faithful, and certainly no more courageous defenders than Irishmen.

A NEWSPAPER SLANDER.

Everybody, even a fool, admits that it is very wicked, in fact enormously malicious, to slander the living, and who will, even for a moment, doubt that it is seven-fold worse to deliberately slander a person whose still, cold, and yet uncoffined form lies paled by the touch of recent death? Moreover, will not all, save infidels, concede that said slander is increased by a double malignity when its victim happens to be a representative of Jesus Christ Himself and a Minister of His Holy Gospel? Such, however, was the sacred character and calling of a person recently victimized by the New York representative, or representatives, of "the associated press."

One day, a couple of weeks ago, the telegraph wires carried far and wide over America, and perhaps, for all we know, over the other four continents also, the astounding news that a Roman Catholic priest had "suicided" in New York. The details furnished, left no apparent doubt that the so-called self-murder was both deliberate and premeditated. According to the slander-mongers, the priest had registered at the Ashland House under a false name; "he had shut the windows of his room, placed his coat along the crevice under his door, and turned the gas on full in a little heating-stove," and consequently, was asphyxiated.

Now, this story must surely have been real clover for the A. P. A. herd, and it must have gratified the morbid curiosity of another certain class. Nevertheless, people more intimately acquainted with the Catholic priesthood shook their heads in wise incredulity as they awaited further particulars. The news of a Catholic priest's suicide is a morsel all too uncommon for a prudent man to swallow without question, as, in the present case, the sequel proved.

The true story of the devoted priest's sad and untimely end came to us in due time, as we knew it would; not, however, through the medium of the slanderous sensational daily newspapers. It is as follows:—His death was due to heart failure, to which he had for some time been subject, and to which he succumbed in the act of lighting a little gas heating-stove in his room. The hotel register contained his correct name and address. His coat was not placed along the crevice under his door, but was found hanging on a hook where it ought to be. There was absolutely no indication of suicide.

The lamented priest's funeral service, which was presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Farley, was held in one of the New York city churches, and was attended by a large number of priests and people. Such would hardly have been the funeral of a suicide.

Now a very pertinent question is the following: Who is responsible for the circulation of such basely scandalous reports as the one we have here tried to set right? Evidently the representatives of the "associated press." Were these honorable gentlemen only a little more exact in finding out facts, instead of circulating broadcast, their own or some other fool's wild imaginings, the world would be spared a lot of sad misunderstandings. Moreover, if our daily papers were a little more sparing of their sensational head-lines, the evil effects of such a shocking slander as that herein refuted, would be considerably diminished. We wonder are the "associated press" news items about the South African war measured by the same standard of truthfulness as that very "taking" bit of of intelligence about the "suicide Catholic priest?"

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OUR CHAMPIONS.

This month we are pleased to present as our front-piece, a very good engraving of last Fall's champion foot-ball club. This picture might, perhaps, have been more in season, had it been presented to our readers at an earlier date. However, there are some good reasons why we deem it not entirely out of place in the present issue of the REVIEW. First of all, this issue of the REVIEW is decidedly Hibernian both in appearance and in substance. Consequently we consider it a very appropriate place for the owners of such names as McCreadie, Murphy, Clancy, Cox, McGuckin, McGuire and so forth. We are confident that "the boys" will feel quite at home amidst such decidedly Celtic surroundings. In the second place, this picture appearing just now when the spring practices are about to begin, may be accepted by both friends and foes as a quiet reminder that Varsity football is by no means a thing of the past, but that, on the contrary, next Fall, the invincible old garnet and gray will claim a still greater victory than

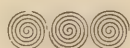
that of last season. Moreover let this picture remind all candidates for next Fall's "first team" that they must, as soon as the campus is in suitable condition, begin again to practice their rugby muscles, if they really wish to capture the coveted position.

Within the pages of this issue will likewise be found a good engraving of our new athletic grounds, popularly known as "Varsity Oval." A short description of the Oval accompanies the picture.

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EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

The committee in charge of decorations for the St. Patrick's Day banquet wish to publicly express their sincere thanks to business men and friends in the city for so kindly lending decoration goods to be used in the banquet hall. They feel especially obliged to Messrs. Blythe, St. Laurent, Poulin, McMorran Chisholm and Clarke, as well as to the St. Patrick's Literary Society, the United States Consulate, and the Reverend Sisters of Water Street Convent. We request the students not to forget the business men and friends that so kindly extended to us a helping hand.



Of Local Interest.

During the past month it was found necessary to make several changes on the Editorial staff of the REVIEW and as a result a new Local Editor has been ushered into office. Owing to the fact however, that he has lately seen heavy showers of old rubbers, etc., descending upon the heads of prominent persons he deemed it more prudent to hide his identity. To commence with, though he may state that this is his first appearance in print and therefore expects to be dealt with somewhat leniently, believing however, in that system of philosophy founded by one "David Harum" he absolutely refuses to make any promises. But, boys, if this portion of our paper affords you as much pleasure and profit as heretofore then his fondest hopes will be realized.

As the hockey and likewise the snow-shoeing season is over we have turned our attention to indoor sports not yet daring to venture beyond the threshold for fear of being carried away by the floods of melted snow and ice. The boxing-gloves have again come into requisition and the spring poet has also made his appearance. Both are proving themselves to be good entertainers.

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On the 13th inst. the students attended the "Month's Mind" Mass celebrated at their request in St. Joseph's Church for the Rev. Father Howe who lately departed from our midst. The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Fallon, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Patton and Cornell. May his soul rest in peace.

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On February 26th, the play "Falsely Accused" was presented by our Dramatic Society before a fairly large audience. The drama itself which has been remodeled from Hazelwood's "Waiting for the Verdict" is well adopted to the college stage. The cast of characters was as follows :—

Jasper Roseblade.....	Jas. Hardiman.
Jonathan Roseblade, Father of Jasper and Claude....	J. P. King.
Claude Roseblade.. ..	J. R. O'Gorman
Humphrey Higson, Steward to Earl of Milford	W. Keely
Jonas Hundle, formerly a poacher.....	M. O'Connell
Lieut. Geo. Florville.....	G. Nolan
Rev. Father Hylton, Pastor of Milverstoke....	A. Morin
Lord Viscount Elmore.. ..	J. Lynch
Lord Chief Justice... ..	J. F. Hanley
Grafton, Counsel for prisoner.....	W. Collins
Serg't Stanley, Counsel for Prosecution.....	J. McDonald
Blinkey Brown, eccentric sport.....	L. Williams
Squinty Smith, " "	J. Burke
Sir Henry Harrington, Magistrate... ..	G. Poupore
Clerk of Court.....	J. Dowd
Sheriff.....	G. Poupore
Court-Crier.....	T. J. Costello
Foreman of the Jury.....	W. Battel

Grange, Game-keeper to the Earl... P. J. Murphy
 Thorp, " " J. Cox
 Barristers, Jurymen, Officers, etc.

The play was very well staged and quite upheld the high reputation which our Dramatic Society has already gained despite the fact that many of the actors appeared before our foot-lights for the first time. The leading rôles were well sustained by Messers. King, Hardiman, O'Gorman, and O'Connell while Messers. Burke and Williams evoked much applause by their impersonation of the eccentric sports. Several of the minor characters were likewise well conceived.

Between the acts the University Orchestra entertained the audience with the following selections :

Overture.....Golden Days.....Bowman
 Waltz.Dream Faces.....Weissler
 Schottische.....Fireside.....Bowman
 March.....Herdsman.....Millooker

The actors deserve special praise for the faithfulness with which they attended practice, while Rev. Father Lajeunesse is to be highly congratulated for the success which has attended his first efforts as Director of the Society.

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The bi-monthly meeting of the Ottawa Field-Naturalist Club was held in the Academic Hall here on Feb. 20th, and an excellent programme was presented. Rev. H. A. Constantineau, Rector of the University, opened the meeting with a few remarks, in which he extended a cordial welcome to the Field-Naturalists, and pointed out the unity which exists between the Club and our Scientific Society, and furthermore invited them to visit us, and to give their lectures in our hall whenever they had the opportunity.

Vice-President McCoun occupied the chair, and in a pleasant manner, thanked the Very Rev. Rector for his cordiality and kindness, and expressed the hope that this friendly spirit would ever exist between these two societies, which really had the interests of science at heart. He then introduced Mr A. P. Low, B.A., the lecturer.

The subject was "Labrador Peninsula," and after an interesting introduction of his theme, Mr. Low proceeded to describe the land of ice and snow, illustrating his remarks with many beautiful lime-light views. These pictures were very interesting on account of their being from snap-shots taken by the lecturer himself, while exploring Labrador. During the different intermissions the Orchestra and Glee Club rendered some choice selections.

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On the 14th inst., Rev. Father Murphy repeated, before the members of the Scientific Society, the lecture which he delivered in Brockville a short time ago, on the subject "More Worlds Than One." The Rev. lecturer treated his theme in a excellent manner, and left little doubt as to the extreme probability of the the theories which he advanced. The work of our learned professor was highly appreciated by the audience, and the Scientific Society extends its thanks to the Rev. Father Murphy, while we express the hope that he will again entertain us with a treatise on Astronomy—his favorite subject.

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On Sunday evening the 25th inst., the members of the Senior Debating Society held their closing exercises. The entertainment given was not a very eloquent plea for higher education, though certainly in keeping with the encouragement which some—in fact too many—of the members have given the society during the past few months. The committee this year took great pains to have the debates both interesting and up to date, and to a certain extent they succeeded very well. Nor did those who had subjects to prepare shrink from their duty in any way, for the discussions have been, on the whole, as good as those held in previous years. Despite this fact however, the attendance was almost always poor, and in truth at the very best debate of the season, not more than *a dozen members* could be counted. It is undoubtedly a foolish step for the students to take, for if there is a society which ought to be upheld amongst us, it is the Debating Society.

"Resolved that strikes are beneficial to the laboring classes," formed the subject of a very interesting discussion in the French Debating Society on Feb. 24th. Messrs, Richard and Gingras argued on the affirmative, while Messrs Coupal and Dupuis opposed them. The judges decided that the affirmative brought forth the better arguments.

On 2nd inst., Messrs. Dechenes and Huot argued that the advantages to be derived from entering a commercial life were greater than those to be obtained from embracing one of the Liberal Professions. They gained the judges, favor, despite the many arguments which Messrs. Ethier and Cloutier brought in for the negative.

At a regular meeting on March 9th, Messrs. Valiquet and Farribault maintained in eloquent speeches that perfect freedom should be given to the press. Messrs Lapointe and Garand, however, objected to this, and succeeded, after a warm discussion of the subject, in convincing the judges that they should be the victors.

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The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great patron of learning and sanctity, was celebrated in a very fitting manner by the students and professors of the University. Early in the day the priests arrayed in their academic robes, followed by His Grace, the Archbishop, and His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, formed a grand procession towards the sacred altar where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate assisted by the Rev. Dr. Nilles and Rev. Messrs Barette and Mayard. The sermon of the day was delivered by His Grace who took for his text: "But the child Samuel advanced, and grew on, and pleased both the Lord and men." (I. Kings 11, 26.) The ceremony as a whole was very impressive and was such a one as could be seen only within the Catholic Church which has ever been renowned for the sublimity and magnificence of her religious practices.

Mass over, His Excellency, accompanied by many other distinguished prelates repaired to a neatly decorated hall where a sumptuous banquet was prepared in their honor. The afternoon was happily spent and the hours flew by very quickly. In the evening the members of the Seventh Form under the direction of

Rev. Dr. Nilles gave an entertainment in honor of the great Philosopher and Priest whose name we so highly venerate. Both the Delegate and His Grace were present and after a few introductory remarks by Dr. T. S. Albin, Mr. M. A. Foley read an excellent paper on "Right and Duty" after which Mr. G. Nolan sang "My Georgia Rose." Mr. J. C. Langlois next appeared on the stage and gave us in French a splendid article on "The Association of Ideas." But philosophical subjects do not as a rule prove great entertainers especially when the papers are many and long. However the Rev. Director in preparing the programme entirely avoided both these difficulties and we here had an intermission in which we were favored by a Chorus from the Glee Club and a song from Mr. J. Hardiman both of which evoked prolonged applause. Then a most interesting discussion followed "De Immortalitate Animæ Hamanæ" in which Mr. P. J. Galvin distinguished himself by upholding the truth of the immortality of the human soul despite the many objections which Messrs. J. F. Breen and J. A. Meehan so ingeniously offered. The programme for the evening was closed by a pleasing vocal selection from Mr. M. J. O'Connell and while the Orchestra rendered the national airs the entertainment broke up and everyone left the Hall well pleased with the efforts of the graduating class.

Too much praise can scarcely be given those who had charge of affairs that day, for never was the feast of the renowned Saint and Scholar more fittingly celebrated, and never amongst us has the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass been offered in his honor with greater magnificence and splendor. The evening's programme too was carried out in a most satisfactory manner, and the members of the class of 1900, certainly deserve great credit for the pains they took to make the entertainment a success, and may well feel proud of their achievements.

Among the Magazines.

Current History.—Fourth quarter. Forty-two pages of this number are devoted to a thorough searching review of the international and political issues of the South African war. The writer traces its important developments, in a clear and concise manner, gives an impartial and accurate explanation of the campaign incidents, and affords us valuable information on the true position of South African affairs. The article is fully illustrated with portraits of Kruger, Roberts, White and others prominently connected with the war. "The Colonial Problem," covers an extended account of the war movements in the Philippines since October last. Under the caption of "Anglo-American Relations" another echo is found of the much-vaunted understanding that "England stood ready to oppose with all the might of her empire, any anti-American coalition emanating from the courts or chancelleries of continental Europe." The proofs of this charge are so notoriously weak, and so often has the boast been exploded, that it would only be a waste of space in showing how spurious and hollow were those offers of English help and sympathy. Other important topics treated in this issue are "Currency Reform," "Isthmian Canal Question," and "The Samoan Settlement." Beginning with the March number, this magazine will make its appearance monthly, but without any change in its character, scope and general editorial direction.

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In the current issue of *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, the announcement is made of the proposed change of name of this popular magazine, and hereafter it will be known as *Benziger's Magazine*. The descriptive matter of this issue is enhanced by an interesting and concise description of places of interest in and about Paris. The writer of the "Greatest Water Power in the World" loses much of the merit of his description by giving too much attention to a statistical account of the machinery, power, etc., at Niagara Falls. "In the Gorge of the Black Despair" is certainly not insipid, but praise must stop at that, for it smacks

too much of the dime novel series, and the story should not find insertion in this magazine.

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Rev. T. J. Shahan in the *Ave Maria* of the issue of March 3rd, contributes the first of a series of descriptive articles under the title : "The Heart of Acadie." The initial contribution is a sketch of barren, desolate Sable Island. An outline of the remarkable cure of Pierre de Rudder, at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes in 1875, which created such wide-spread interest at that time, forms the opening contribution to this issue. Some spirited editorials in this number deserve careful consideration.

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Writing in *Donahoe's Magazine* for March T. St. John Gaffney discusses the attitude of the European powers to the United States during the late war and attempts to show that there was no Continental coalition against the United States. While the most trustworthy writers corroborate the truth of the leading charge of this article, the author of it brings forward only meagre proofs, in some instances they are very weak and the newspaper clippings seem to have been chosen in a haphazard manner. In two particular cases they have little bearing on the question. We are conscious of the truth he wishes to convey but if the writer wishes us to realize the importance and gravity of the article, the matter should have been presented in a better form. From an issue of the *Hamilton Times* he takes a clipping which he sarcastically says showed the appreciative spirit of Canadians during the Spanish American War. We must say he is most unfortunate in his choice if he selects that paper as representative of the true attitude of Canadians, but now a saving word even for this second class daily. This clipping falls far of the mark for it is only a simple protest against the abuse of some yellow journals whose tirades against Canadians were nauseous. Again, a journal like the *English Saturday Review* would scarcely be considered as representative of true British opinion by any reputable newspaper man. With these as a criterion we judge the other clippings and now advise friend Gaffney to use better judgment on the next occasion when he takes the clippers and paste pot in hand.

Exchanges.

A writer in the March *Xavier* summons Dr. St. George Mivart to the "bar of reason" to defend his recent professions which have caused such a stir, particularly in Catholic circles. The well-known scientist's utterance are carefully submitted to the powerful searchlight of Catholic philosophy, revealing many grave discrepancies and errors. Dr. Mivart cannot reconcile the miracles of the Old Testament with reason, though as a professed Christian he believes in the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Blessed Trinity. Is this not illogical? Following this line of argument, the conclusion of the writer is that Dr. Mivart is not sincere in his assertions, that he knows better, and is at heart actuated by what has been the ruin of so many able men, willfulness, "urged on by vanity and a desire of renown." The article in question further takes to task the *New York Tribune* which commenting on the case of Dr. Mivart, repeats that ancient and oft-refuted calumny that the Catholic Church is opposed to science. It is certainly an able piece of work on the whole. "History as a Motive to Credibility" also takes us into the domain of philosophy, and betrays much painstaking labor. A careful analysis of Mark Antony's famous oration is not the least interesting feature of this highly commendable number.

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The last issue of *St. Vincent's Journal* has two contributions of superior merit, but they do not come from the pens of undergraduates. However good such articles may be, it is somewhat of a disappointment to the reader to find at the conclusion that they are not the work of college students. The greater part of a college paper should not be filled with the writings of graduates or professors if its aim is, as it should be, to assist in the literary development of the student body. But in this case the manifest excellence of the articles to a great extent justifies their publication. "Glimpses of Cardinal Wiseman" sketches with due appreciation the work done by the great English prelate while rector of the English College in Rome. His proficiency in the tongues of the Orient, as well as his famous lectures on "Science and

Revealed Religion," are dealt with at length. Emerson and Newman are the last two authors of the quartet which have been discussed in "Four Stylists and their Influence." "Terse, epigrammatic, intellectual" sums up the sage of Concord. Newman's style is highly eulogized, quotations from eminent critics being brought up to show that it is unequalled in the language. His most remarkable qualities are considered to be "vitality, keenness of irony, tenderness, energy and directness." "The Stellar World" and "The Telephone" are papers combining no little literary excellence with much useful scientific information.

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An attractive little magazine is the *Excelsior* of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S. Its table of contents is preferable to those of many more pretentious college publications. The subjects treated are varied and interesting, and uniformly display ability of a high order. The editorials are timely and sensible, while the other departments are also up to the mark.

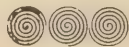
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Mt. St. Mary's Record for March is a credit to its fair editors. It publishes several excellent essays, the only fault of which in our estimation lies in their brevity. The leading article is an elaborate sketch of the life and labors of the late John Ruskin. The great art-litterateur's complex character is clearly outlined, and his chief writings touched upon in a thoughtful, appreciative criticism.

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Much of what passes for fiction in several of our exchanges is too good for the waste-basket. It must have often puzzled many like ourselves to account for the publication of such rubbish. A poorly written story spoils what may be an otherwise admirable number. Are the editors of college papers so straitened for works of fiction that they cannot afford to discriminate? We must admit that we not seldom meet with some excellent specimens of the short story, and we would like to say that this is the rule, but that the exceptions would be too numerous. Certainly it seems that the number of contributors to college journals who are able to write a good story is limited. The

present month's harvest of exchanges brought the usual few praiseworthy narratives. Of the numerous other attempts at narration, comprising all grades of mediocrity, "Kidnapped" in *St. John's University Record* calls for special remark. The first impression it conveys is that the author is a victim of the dime novel mania. Narratives of this sort are usually the products of imaginations fevered by pernicious reading of the "Nick Carter" type. Perhaps we do the gentleman an injustice by this assumption, but it is not made without sufficient reason. Not only are the incidents of the story, which include the usual heroic deeds and wonderful hairbreadth escapes of two boys among a band of savages, strained and improbable, but even in the manner in which it is narrated, is the lack of any literary taste whatever apparent. Its classification in the dime novel category would be alone warranted by what is a prominent characteristic of that style of writing, an unceasing flow of short sentences, few of them having more than half a dozen words. The word "cave" is repeated eight times in almost as many successive lines, and more than once in the same sentence. And by the way, when did "kidnapped" begin to be spelled "kidnaped"? Numerous other faults are noticeable throughout. It is a pity that this miserable composition was given space in the *Record*, since it detracts greatly from the merits of the paper as a whole.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

The editor of the department of Priorum Temporum Flores would be pleased if many of the old students would send in notes and reminiscences of bygone days. It is the intention that this column of chronicles prove interesting to the past and present students. In no way can this be done more agreeably than through the medium of the boys who once upon a time trod the weary yet pleasant route to the Pierian Spring by way of the long corridors. It is not too much to expect that a freighted mail from former students shall greet the editor for the April, May and June issues of the REVIEW.

The class of '92 as well as many friends of Mr. Dennis Murphy of Ashcroft, B.C., will be pleased to hear of his advancement in the political arena. He has been offered and accepted the nomination of West Yale for the local legislature of his native province. Hon. C. A. Semlin has retired, and Mr. Murphy will be the Anti-Martin candidate.

The REVIEW and friends wish D. M. success.

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Rev. F. L. French, '91, of Brudenell, Ont., was a guest at the University for a few days last month.

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Rev. T. P. Holland, '96, was raised to the high dignity of the priesthood last December. The REVIEW congratulates the young levite and wishes him many successful years in the Lord's vineyard.

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Mr. C. A. Bertrand, of Smith's Falls, a student in the Commercial Department last year, renewed acquaintances with his many College professors and friends on St. Patrick's Day, as "Bert" was one of our guests. Mr. Bertrand is now with his brother publishing a monthly paper, "The Jubilee Philatelist," devoted to the interests of Philately.

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The Matriculation Class of '86, will be pleased to hear that Charles Carroll, C.E., of Boston, is succeeding very well in his chosen profession.—Good luck, Charlie.

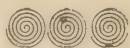
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Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was in the General Hospital here for six weeks, returned home hearty and well. Rev. Father Sexton has many friends in Ottawa who are pleased to hear of his renewed good health.

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Mr. H. Frey, of Chicago, formerly a professor in the Commercial Course, intends visiting his Alma Mater and friends in the Capital towards the middle of June. You will be made welcome, Harry.

Rev. S. C. Hallissey, of the diocese of Springfield, preached the sermon, on March 17th, in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Rev. Father Hallissey attended Varsity in the 80's.



Athletics.

The hockey season is now over. To the students of Ottawa University at least, it has been a comparatively short one, but still replete with the keenest interest. The short duration of this year's season was due to the fact that Captain Callaghan's team won four successive victories, thereby securing the title of champions for 1900. The last league-match played, however, proved the most interesting, as upon it depended the winning of the coveted title. In that game the present champions had to contest against Captain Smith's team, the second best in the league. The latter was defeated by the close score of 3 to 2. The game was a good exhibition of hockey, and free from all uncalled for roughness. The most effective players on the winning team were Callaghan and M. O'Leary ; while Smith and H. Sims distinguished themselves, although playing on a losing team. The champions were entertained at an oyster supper, given through the kindness of the Reverend Rector, on March 11th. This was a fitting close to a most successful season.



Now that hockey no longer has any claim on our attention, and the honey-combed ice heralds the approach of Spring, the question may well be asked, "what next?" No sooner asked then the answer is softly whispered in our ears, "football." Why whispered and not spoken out in a more commanding tone, that all may hear? Is it because we fear any reluctance on the part of the players, once more to don the football suits, grass-stained and mud colored, marks of past glorious achievements on the grid-iron? Or is it because in playing out of season, seemingly so, at least, we fear public censure?

No, *fear* is not the answer. If pressed for an answer, we may say that, it is because, in the Spring series of its football

games, Ottawa University has long experienced an important factor in winning championships, and it is the students' desire to keep it a secret. But it is no longer a secret, as we are told that, our rivals, wondering how it was that we could have been so successful in winning championships, have not been slow to seek the cause. To their satisfaction they have found it out, and have since followed our footsteps. That they have adopted our customs will not in the least check our college spirit. On the contrary, it will only stir us on to enter into our Spring games of football with greater determination, ever keeping in mind that, as in the past, we must defeat our opponents in the future, not so much by mere physical strength as by superior skill.



Junior Department.

On the evening following the appearance of the February REVIEW, the whole junior phalanx made a concentrated attack upon the residents of the big yard. The terrible onslaught has been immortalized by our young Poet Laureate in the following expressive verses :

THE RAID OF THE LILLIPUTIANS.

The February REVIEW is out ! and to the small-yard boys 'tis brought :
They welcome it with joyous shout ; by them most eagerly 'tis sought.
For on its page expect they not, their record-breaking sports to see,
How in the game Hull zero got, and their puck-chasers, twenty-three.

Alas for hopes in pigmy-land ! As more they read, the louder grow
Their cries of wrath ; then all that band burst forth : " On to the big yard, ho,"
With General Smith to lead them on, the Sloan Artillery forward pressed,
The Mulligan Guards, French Fusiliers, Lynch Mounted Police, and all the
rest.

A hundred thousand kids or more, the Junior Editor to seek,
Burst through our recreation door, where " Spud " O'Keefe stood, calm and
meek.

" The Junior Editor," they cry ; " 'tis he," and poor O'Keefe they seize,
But " Spud's " meek face gave lie to this, so him they did release.

Then Tommy Phillips, stout Dechenes, in quick succession down they take ;
Neither of these J. E. 'tis plain ; nought now their thirst for blood could
slake.

Then "Parson" 'hind his paper hid, and "King" Costello sought the door :
 "Bobby" 'neath a table slid ; you'd think Dick Carey saw a Boer.

And Jimmy Gookin to the yard with Fabe O'Connell went to walk ;
 O'er Billy Battle kept "Joker" guard, while "Gobbo's" face grew white
 as chalk.

"'Tis Patrick Fribbs," said big Labelle ; "for him dat place pass by, you
 call

Dat sanctum ; him de man by —;" they on poor Fribbs with fury fall.

Though by the kids no danger's seen, the great lords of the reading-room,
 Meehan, Hanley, Martin, Breen, resolve to save poor Fribbs from doom.
 With indignation do they fall on all the kids in their domain,
 And off Pat Fribbs they pull them all, and punish them with might and main.

In vain try stop that mighty rush, in vain resist Smith and Labelle ;
 Kick, smash, biff, bang, a final crush ; they're out the door, down stairs
 pell-mell.

The trouble's o'er, the thing is done, but Smith and French are angry still,
 And Bawlf, Labelle, Choquette and Sloan yet seek that editor to kill.

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LILLIPUT ON THE RAMPAGE.

MARCH 28TH, 7.20 p.m.

Scene—Hand-ball alley by moonlight.

Chairman—Joseph Smith.

MOB OF LILLIPUTIANS HOLDING AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

Resolutions,

As reported by the Assistant Junior Editor :

Resolved, that we, in the presence of this pale-faced goddess of the night *La-belle* lune, and her lovely stellar companions, who so kindly lend their light to aid our noble purpose, we—the maliciously so-called Lilliputians do unanimously, notwithstanding the howls of a good many nobodies, now place ourselves on the offensive ; not the fence, do you understand ? This unknown Junior Editor is encased behind iron-clad bars, which cannot be broken by any *Smith*. It makes us sore, and the sore is not *Healing*, and we want you to Marqu-ette. If we catch him he will *Tremblay* all o'er. They say he was in our midst on the 28th, but we could not see *La-pointe*. They tell us he was looking down upon us from a *Nich(e)* not so very far away ; if we can grab him—for he will have to stand the *Choc-gette*—his name will be *Dennis*.

He is afraid of the *Mulligan* guards, but we want him to understand the *Campbells* are coming, the *Campbells* are coming. We have seized many suspects, and they very nearly *Gaudet*. Those who know, say the junior rascal took a *Pe(e)p-in*, but say how quickly he must have *Sloan* away. He must be a *Shark-eh*? Oh, we will *Lay-on-(h)-ard* when we get hold of him, we do not care for his *Ma-(h)-er* his Pa, he will yet *Bawl-for* mercy, ere yonder magnificent elms shoot forth their green *Foli-age*.

Gentlemen, the day of retribution is near at hand; if we can catch him once upon the hip (J. E.'s small voice in the background—"If pigs could fly"), if we could only get a proof (Same voice—He's on the roof), if he would only stand (voice—Oh! wouldn't it be grand), we'd—we'd—we'd—(Chorus) run; echo—Guess you would).

Chairman—Whom do you think he is, Choquette? Speak, man, speak.

Choquette—I no tink on him, du tout.

Chairman—Do you know him, Aubry?

Aubry—Never saw him in North Bay.

Chairman—Is there anything like him up the Gatineau, Tommy?

Tommy—I caught a whale once. (Cries of Oh! Oh!!)

Chairman—Did you look for him Schimmel?

Schimmel—I think he has the contract for supplying us with beans.

Chorus—By jimmany! By jimmany! That settles him.

Chairman—Silence! Order! Quit yelling.

Chairman—What do you think of his tactics of war, Pepin?

Pepin—Bed-ticks? Bed-ticks of war? What's dat? (Roars of laughter).

Chairman—Sit down, sit down. Order, order. O tempora! O Mores!! Study your rhetoric, Alexis.

Chairman—Chocquette, once more, how shall we catch him?

Chocquette—Me no like for to talk au milieu dis august mob, but, I say, set the rat-trap in the dark-room.

Chairman—The quality of mercy is not strained, Chocquette.

Chocquette—No, just the milk is strained.

Chairman—Dennis, what say you to the proposition of Mr. Chocquette.

Dennis—I don't want the scoundrel, the black-guard, the rascal on my premises, at all.

Chairman—Say, Gervais, do they grow anything like him on the farm at Vinton, or can you tell us how to come at him?

Gervais—Naw. We have nothing like that lad in Vinton, but here's a charm that's firm and good.

Fillet of a funny snake,
In a caldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

If that doesn't catch him Smithie, well—I can't play marbles.

Chairman—O, Christmas ! This is unbearable—Adjourn ! adjourn !! adjourn !!!

Adjournment—Moved by *La-pré* Marshal ; seconded by What's-its-name-thing-y-me.

All retired in the greatest disorder singing the following popular song, to “ The Tune the Owld Cow Died Of :

“ There's Ver-o, Tee-bo and Camp-o,
They're all *French's* men don't ye know ?
But we'll pummell, Du-ham-el and Schimmel
The life out o' him don't ye know.”

Exuent omnes.

*
* * *

Nick.—Say Tom, did you hear the latest poem on the Junior Editor ?

Tom.—No, what of it ?

Nick.—O ! its a peach. You bet he'll not spout poetry on us fellows again in public. Just listen :

'Twas at the close of Patrick's day
When most the fellows were away.
There came unto his humble bed,
A youth but slim with a big head.

A great success, though he was small,
He spoke right well in banquet hall ;

Bút now the sound of comlng feet
His youthful ear does roughly greet.

Beneath the tap they placed his pate
And duck'd him well at an hour late.
Though done for joke 'twas all too bad,
In manner thus to treat our *Shad*.

*
* *

Following the advice of older editors, the chronicler of the small yard condescends to congratulate himself on the dexterous manner in which he continues to elude the clutches and claws of the young detectives. "All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights are spectacled to see him." We hope that our young friends will not take objection to this unusual display of self-praise. Considering the present enraged state of Lilliput, we cannot foresee any possibility of a profuse expenditure of compliments on the part of our short-panted youths. Encouraging all detectives to persevere in their ferret hunts, we at the same time, sympathise with those who will receive any abuse from Lilliput. May Providence bestow upon the latter a magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice for, gentlemen, "there's nothing like it."

*
* *

During the past month, were it not for the Junior Editor excitement, a general calm would have prevailed over the exterior district of the Junior Department. It is quite certain that the biting frosts and heavy snow-storms which lately visited the Junior campus, have lulled to quietude the excitable spirit of Kiddom. We can hardly reproach the Juniors for their lax enthusiasm, for, dame nature has mercilessly played havoc with their rink. She will, however, soon change her spotless mantle, don the garb of verdant green, and invite anew her frolicking youths to indulge in the lively games they love so well. We advise the juniors not to retard her coming visit by allowing the present mountainous heaps of snow and ice to obstruct her path. Smith, harness your retinue of trained colts and set them to work to cart away the last relics of winter.

*
* *

Owing to other more serious engagements, the Junior Editor was unable to be present at the Junior's Banquet on St. Patrick's

day. He sent, however, his letter of regret and he hopes that the toastmaster found sufficient time between *bites* to read it to the guests. From hearsay we learned that the banquet was a grand success. The officers in particular displayed great interest in fulfilling their respective places at the table. Among the toasts were the following :

The Day we celebrate (in Lilliput)—W. Mulligan.

Athletics (in Hull)—N. Bawlf.

Junior Editor (residence unknown)—A. L. S. Himmel.

The last speaker used very strong language in praise of the budding editor. He drank the toast with feelings of the bitterest scorn. In his peroration he expressed the hope that, on Feb. 28th, the day of his fistic encounter with the J. E., he would receive the support of his young friends. He felt sorry that such a challenge should be the outcome of his strong letter to the Editor, but, since on him rested the honor of the small yard, he was resigned to his fate. Besides, he did not consider his life so valuable as not to be sacrificed for so noble a cause. "His funeral is to-morrow."

*
* *

Were it not for the protecting hand of Providence we would in all probability, have been called upon to record the sudden demise of a prominent member of the REVIEW staff. Here is the story as told by an interested spectator.

"A delegation from Lilliput was sent to this venerable member of senior chroniclers, to kindly invite him to the University parlor. Upon entering the reception room, our curly-haired friend found it vacant, and he discovered several well armed Lilliputians tittering softly behind a neighboring door. Our chronicler immediately "smelled a rat," and with quick pace sought shelter within the hallowed walls of the fumously clouded sanctum. Fortunately he was swift of foot, for as the juniors expressed it : They were going to shave his head and call him the *Bald-headed Junior Editor*."

" Woe to the dupe that yields to fate,"
When rude little boys will shave his pate."

*
* *

The following interesting communication was recently found in the sanctum letter-box.

SMALL YARD, March 30th, 1900.

Dear Junior Editor:—

I am writing you a few lines to tell you to be on your guard against any of the boys from the small yard. We have detectives all over the house, says Gen. Smith & Co., and if once we lay our hands on the Junior Editor, "we won't do a thing to him." They are fast gaining the good graces of Father McKenna, and if you don't look out you will be discovered. I hope you were present at the trial they had on the Smoking Alley last Wednesday evening. I suppose you had the laugh on them at that time, but once more I say beware of Smith. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain,

Your true protector,

GEORGE LEON HARD.

N.B.—There was no signature to the above letter, but the Assistant Junior Editor ventures a guess as to its authorship. The J. E. wishes moreover, to thank this "true protector" for his amiable advice..

*
* *

A word to R. McC. : If in the chapel you do not hereafter sit erect and cease your talking and sleeping, I shall most certainly call upon a Prefect to order you out of your place. J. E.

*
* *

Would that a certain number of small boys would understand that, to turn around in the chapel whenever a student sings, shows a want of respect and good breeding. If they would seriously consider this advice and practice it, then perhaps some of their elder brothers might condescend to follow their example.

*
* *

We are pleased to congratulate, for once the members of the Dark Room for having seriously weighed the few remarks that we made in our last issue in reference to their apartments. They have all things in good order.

*
* *

Gleason is the only man who has so far succeeded in passing through Lilliputian forces without receiving any bodily injury.

But he protected himself with breastplates of congealed water, and was therefore rendered impervious.

*
* *

The *French* man that wears the Senior Editor's gloves curtly remarked: "The man, who catches so many reports can easily catch a hand-ball."

*
* *

Brousseau and Gervais will fight to a finish in the near future.

*
* *

Academic Hall. Tommy Phil.:—Who's dat guy dat's introduced those Boers?

M. B.—Oh, that's a *Devl-in* disguise.

*
* *

The walls have ears and even bottles speak at times. Aubry's *popped* a question on very sacred ground.

*
* *

The following hand-ball sharks, Smithy, Cafèelya, Joseph, Sharkey, Pa and Nick, intend to get up a league.

*
* *

If the Directors of the reading room don't take care they'll meet the fate of the Costellian troops.

*
* *

We would be delighted if an improvement were made in our library.

*
* *

Q. Who got April fooled?

A. Well Smith; for he was sent to the Rector's room, from there to the Vice-Rector's room, and thence back to the yard, amidst loud cries of "April fool!" "April fool!"

*
* *

Pat: Phat's the matter wid that fella?

Mike: O, I dunno.

Pat: I'll bet he hurt his *heel-eh* (Healy)

*
* *

George: Who's that fellow that talks like a Yankee?

Joe: I don't know, but I think he's a *fool-eh*? (Foley.)

Little Tommy of the small yard would like to learn from big Tommy of the big yard, at what time St. Paul's Epistle to the *Philippines* was written.

*
* *
*

Eh Oui, Mais Oui !!! Eh bien ! Ensuite !!! Etiam !!!

HONOR LIST.

MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

First Grade.—1st, Leo Laflamme ; 2nd, Philip Kirwan ; 3rd, L. P. Levesque.

2nd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Emile Langlois ; 2nd, Joseph Coupal ; 3rd, Léon Madore.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Thomas Foley ; 2nd, Eugene Renaud ; 3rd, L. P. Brosseau.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, John Parker ; 2nd, W. Leonard ; 3rd, Nicholas Bawlf.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Seguin ; 2nd, James Donahue ; 3rd, Albert Chamberland.

GRADUATING CLASS.

1st, George Babin ; 2nd, Edward Tierney and Henry St. Jacques (ex equo) ; 3rd, Cyriac Dionne.

EASTER EXAMINATIONS.

First Grade.—1st, Philip Kirwan ; 2nd, Adolphus Gamache ; 3rd, L. P. Levesque.

2nd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Emile Langlois ; 2nd, William Valiquette ; 3rd, Joseph Ranger.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eudore Thériault ; 2nd, Thomas Foley ; 3rd, Eugene Renaud.

3rd Grade, Div. A.—1st, Francis Taillon ; 2nd, James Parker ; 3rd, W. Leonard.

3rd Grade, Div. B.—1st, Eugene Seguin ; 2nd, James Donahue ; 3rd, Frank Sheridan.

4th Grade, Graduating Class—1st, Henry St. Jacques ; 2nd, John Gallagher ; 3rd, Arthur Laprés.

The four highest marks obtained by the following : 1st, Philip Kirwan, 98 ; 2nd, Eugene Seguin, 96 ; 3rd, Emile Langlois, 95 ; 4th, Thos. Foley, 94.

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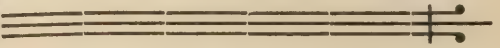
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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 8

APRIL, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 8


IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW

BY

REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

(A life-long friend and admirer of Father William J. Howe, O. M. I., who died in Ottawa University, Feb. 13th, 1900.)

 HERE is gladness in Kilburn, the Juniors have joy
To welcome among them another new boy,
Who before he has learnt to salute them by name,
Has mingled with zest in each favorite game ;
In cricket and football a champion is he ;—
William Howe is their model of charity.

There is sorrow in Belmont, the Novices mourn,
Brother Howe from amongst them is ruthlessly torn.
The vocation is there by infallible token,
But his strength is all gone, and his health is down-broken ;
He must bid sad adieu to the Oblates of Mary,
Though his heart's ardent love for them never shall vary.

Once more there is joy as he asks but to enter
Yet again as a novice at Tewksbury Centre.
His strength has return'd, but no earthly temptation
Can induce him to swerve from his life-long vocation ;
Thus he comes and is welcom'd a Novice once more,
Like a mariner saved from a treacherous shore.

And still there is gladness in Buffalo's College,
Where the Brother is sent to diffuse his own knowledge.
With what fervor he taught there, what zeal he inspired,
And his pious example, how lov'd and admir'd !
But his joy is made perfect when later in Lowell,
Father Howe mounts the Altar, the aim of his goal.

This Life is e'en chequer'd with joys and with sadness,
With sorrows to-day, and to-morrow with gladness ;
But happy and joyful was dear Father Howe,
When by holy Obedience he clung to his vow,
Then to Canada journey'd, henceforth to abide
In the great University, Ottawa's pride.

As Priest and Professor his mission sublime
He faithfully serv'd for near seven years' time ;
The good students he cheer'd with his fatherly smile,
And onward and upward he lov'd to beguile,
E'en the laggard to study, and ever to aim
At the pinnacles high in the temple of fame.

Not alone in the College was lov'd and admir'd
This good Father so saintly, who ever inspired
All around in his footsteps so holy to tread,
Nor stray far from him wheresoever he led.
In St. Joseph's grand Church he was fairly ador'd,
Where his Masses were said, and his prayers were outpour'd.

But their tears must be shed, and their anguish profound ;
The sinners he lifted are bow'd to the ground ;
The poor whom he aided are tortur'd with grief ;
Who now shall sustain them, or yield them relief ?
The children he lov'd are aweary with weeping,
Their dear Father is gone, in the coffin is sleeping.

Ah ! their grief is o'erwhelming ; the sick and the poor,
The high and the low, they shall see him no more,
But would they aspire to the realms he has reach'd,
Let them list to the word and example he preach'd,
And like him they shall learn the full truth of that word,
“ How the Saints' death is precious in sight of the Lord.”

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," says the proverb. And one of the most prolific sources of inventions has been the necessity of communicating with persons at a distance, when the use of the voice is ineffectual. To supply this need the telephone, the telegraph, the semaphore, the heliograph, and numerous codes of signals given by flags, lights and other means, have come into existence. But all these still left much to be desired. The heliograph is useless in cloudy weather ; and signals are not seen at a very great distance, nor in a fog. The telegraph establishes almost perfect communication ; but then, its usefulness is limited by the necessity of using wires over which the message is sent.

It has long been the ambition of scientists and inventors to telegraph without wires ; but their efforts were for the most part futile, or the distance to which their instruments could transmit messages was so small, that wireless telegraphy came to be looked upon as a utopian dream. One of the most successful in his efforts was Mr. W. H. Preece, who telegraphed across the estuary of the Severn between the Island of Flatholm and Lavernock Point, a distance of nearly three and a half miles. He used two large wires which he placed parallel to each other in a horizontal position, one at each station. A strong current in one wire induced a corresponding current in the other. According to the *Electrical Industry*, Mr. Preece's telegraph was still in use in 1898. But the man who has brought the subject of wireless telegraphy again prominently before the public, is Mr. Marconi. By the wonders that he has performed with his apparatus, during the last three years, Mr. Marconi has shown that he has given a practical solution to this problem of telegraphing without wires.

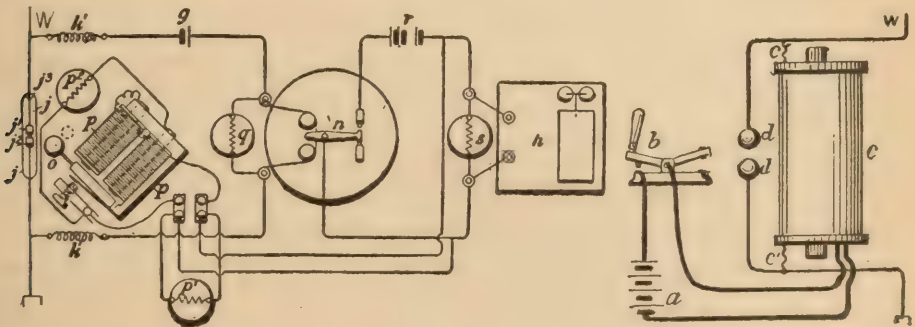
The principles of which Mr. Marconi's system is an application, form one of the latest steps in the progress of science. English scientists have generally discarded the idea of action at a distance, and, in treating of physical phenomena, have attached great importance to the action of the medium. Newton held that even universal gravitation acted through a medium. Faraday and Maxwell, in 1864, proposed a theory according to which electricity is transmitted through the same medium, that is the lumini-

ferous ether, and at the same velocity as light and radiant heat. These views were adopted and completely demonstrated by Prof. Henry Hertz, of the University of Bonn, in 1887. Hertz used an instrument which he called a vibrator. It consists of a Ruhmkorff's coil, to the terminals of which he attached small metallic spheres. When the spheres were brought close together, sparks issued between them at the rate of five billions in a second. Each spark does not correspond to a discharge of the coil, but each discharge from the coil is followed by several sparks due to vibrations caused by the self-induction of the spheres. These sparks radiate not only light, but also rays of electricity. To prove the existence of these rays, Hertz used a wire bent in the form of a circle, the ends of which nearly touch, and can be kept at any desired distance from each other by a micrometric arrangement. This he called a resonator; because, when placed at a distance of within eighty-one feet from the radiator, sympathetic sparks were produced between the ends of the wire. Using this instrument to detect the position of the rays with which he was experimenting, he found that electric waves could be reflected, refracted, polarized and would produce phenomena of interference. In fine they produced the same phenomena as light. Moreover it was known that electricity travelled with the same velocity as light. Hertz was then justified in concluding that the ether through which the waves of light are propagated, is also the medium through which electric waves travel. Luminous, thermal and electric vibrations are therefore simply waves of ether, with this difference, however, that the longest waves that produce light are $\frac{1}{50000}$ of an inch long; the longest that produce heat, $\frac{9}{50000}$ of an inch; whilst the shortest that produce electricity are nearly two feet long, and some have a length of more than a hundred feet.

Here, then, was a means of communicating at a distance. As the waves of air carry the undulations of the voice to the ear of a distant listener, and the rays from the lighthouse on the reef, vibrating through the ether, bear to the watchful mariner the warning of danger, might not the Hertzian waves, as they are called from their discoverer, be pressed into the service of man to become the carriers of his messages to distant fellow-beings? But an obstacle still remained. The eye is sensitive to the rays of

light ; the ear perceives the undulations of the air that constitute sound ; but man has no organ by which he can detect the surging of the electric waves. An instrument was necessary to supply the defect of our senses. Hertz's resonator was not sufficient, for, at a distance of more than eighty-one feet, it does not respond. The instrument required was invented, according to Mr. Marconi, by Professor Calzecchi Onesti, of Fermo, and was improved by Branly, Lodge, and others ; but other writers attribute the invention to Mr. Branly, of the Catholic Faculty of Paris. It is generally called "the coherer," and consists of a small glass tube the ends of which are closed by metal stopples. The space between the stopples is partly filled with metal filings. The tube is inserted in the circuit of the relay current of a Morse telegraph, the wires being attached to the stopples. The layer of filings offers a great resistance to the passage of the current, but, under the influence of the Heintzian waves, it becomes a good conductor, and the current passes. A rap on the tube is sufficient to cause the filings to lose their conductivity, and the current ceases to pass.

Marconi's wireless telegraph is briefly as follows : (For the accompanying diagram we are indebted to the *Scientific American*.)



The sender is little more than Hertz's vibrator. It consists of a Ruhmkorff's coil *c* with small metal spheres *d d* attached to the terminals of the secondary current *c' c'*. One sphere is connected with the earth and the other is connected with a long vertical wire *w*, insulated with tape and rubber. A Morse key *b*, is inserted in the circuit of the battery *a*, that actuates the primary current of the coil. When this key is pressed down, the primary current passes through the coil and induces the stronger secondary

current. The secondary current charges one sphere with positive and the other with negative electricity. Oscillating discharges then take place between the two spheres, and electric force is radiated through the surrounding ether. Electric waves continue vibrating in all directions, from the space between the spheres, as long as the key is kept down. These electric waves strike the coherer *j j* at the distant station to which the message is being sent, and cause the layer of filings to become a good conductor of electricity. The current of the battery *g*, then passes through the coherer and works the relay *n*. The lever of the relay makes the connection in the circuit of a stronger battery *r*. The current of this battery then circulates, and part of it works the Morse recorder *h*, whilst part actuates a rapper *pp*, resembling the hammer of an electric bell, that strikes the coherer and destroys its conductivity. Immediately the filings constitute a break in the circuit of the relay battery; the lever of the relay springs back, and breaks the circuit of the battery of the recorder; and the armature of the recorder, no longer held down by the electromagnets, should, one would think, be raised by the spring to which it is attached. Such, however, is not the case. The coherer is again made a conductor by the Hertzian waves, that continue to vibrate through the ether, as long as the distant operator at the sender, keeps his finger on the key. Another current passes through the relay, another through the recorder, and another through the rapper, which again destroys the conductivity of the filings. But in the interval between the two currents that passed through the recorder, the armature of the recorder has not had time to rise, because, being heavy and having relatively great inertia, it cannot follow the rapid movements of the light hammer of the rapper, and the light lever of the relay. The effect of these short successive currents, on the recorder, is the same as that of one continuous current, and the armature remains down as long as the operator at the sender keeps his finger on the key, so that the movements of the key are exactly reproduced by the armature of the recorder, and the dots and dashes of the Morse code. are produced on a paper ribbon, by a point attached to the armature.

Such, in its outline, is the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. Some details still however require attention.

One end of the coherer is connected with the earth, and from the other rises a long vertical wire *w*, similar to the one already described as being attached to one of the spheres of the sender. These wires greatly increase the distance at which it is possible to telegraph. It has been found that the distance, to which the message can be transmitted, varies as the square of the height of the vertical wires. If wires forty feet high are required to telegraph a distance of four miles, wires eighty feet high will telegraph sixteen miles. It seems that the advantage afforded by these wires consists in this, that the oscillating discharge, between the two spheres of the sender, causes the whole of the wire attached to one of the spheres to vibrate, and then the whole wire radiates Hertzian waves. Similarly, the whole wire attached to the coherer is affected by the Hertzian waves, and the effect on the coherer is greater than if the filings alone were exposed to the waves. A horizontal wire, used alone or with the vertical wire, adds nothing to the effect. The reason is, it seems, that the motion of the waves is perpendicular to the direction of the wire. Thus, if the wire is horizontal, the waves will have an up and down motion, like the waves on the surface of water. Consequently, they will be reflected upward when they strike the surface of the earth, and, meeting with other waves coming directly from the sender, will produce phenomena of interference, similar to the interference of light, and the effect will be greatly diminished. But when the wire is vertical, the waves have a horizontal motion and glide along with a serpent-like movement over the earth.

These wires radiate Hertzian waves in all directions, so that any person provided with a receiver can read the message. When it is desirable to send messages exclusively to one station, the vertical wire and earth connection are omitted in the sending apparatus, and two larger spheres are placed between the two small spheres. A parabolic metal mirror is placed behind the spheres, and reflects the Hertzian waves in one direction. Any metallic surface reflects the rays. A similar mirror is placed behind the coherer of the receiver, and the vertical wire and earth connection are replaced by short strips of copper that protrude from each end

of the tube. The length of the electric waves can be varied, by changing the distance between the small spheres, and by varying the size of the larger spheres. The length of the strips must be varied according to the length of the waves, and so the sender and receiver can, in a certain sense, be attuned, and any other receiver that is not in harmony with the sender, will not be influenced by the waves. With such an arrangement, however, messages cannot be sent to a great distance. So, the problem of rendering communications exclusive is not yet satisfactorily solved.

The coils $k' k'$ are what Mr. Marconi calls "choking coils" or "impedance coils." Their function is to hinder the oscillating current of the vertical wire, from passing through the circuit of the relay current, and into the earth, by the earth connection. They thus oblige it to pass through the coherer, and to produce the desired effect on the filings.

There is another difficulty that Mr. Marconi has had to overcome. It was found that the frequent makes and breaks in the currents of the relay, recorder, and rapper, produced extra currents that had a disturbing effect on the coherer, hindering it from regaining its state of non-conductivity. The strong direct extra current of self-induction especially, produced small sparks that influenced the coherer. To avoid this inconvenience, the instruments mentioned are shunted. The shunts s , q , p_1 , and p_2 are not simple wires. but apparatus resembling somewhat that which Edlund used to destroy the action of the principal current, in order to be able to measure the extra current. Here, it is the action of the extra current that is destroyed.

But the most interesting part of the apparatus is the "coherer," as it is generally called. The stopples $j_1 j_2$, inserted in the glass tube $j j$, are of silver. The space between them is but the fiftieth of an inch, and is partly filled with filings of silver and nickel; ninety-six per cent silver and four per cent nickel, with a little mercury. The pressure of the air on the filings is reduced to four millimetres. The resistance of the filings has been measured, before and after being affected by the Hertzian waves. In their natural state, the resistance of the filings is practically infinite, that is, they are non-conductors; but after the

passage of the waves, the resistance is from 500 to 100 ohms, that is, they are relatively good conductors.

Different explanations have been advanced, to account for this action of the waves on the filings. Mr. Leon de Montarlet gives the following explanation : " The electric undulations cause microscopic sparks between the filings. Such sparks are conductive. They destroy the stratum of oxide that exists upon the parts in presence of the graunles of filings, and perhaps even solder them together to some extent, and this establishes a more conductive chain. If then the tube happens to be struck, the chain will be destroyed, the filings will arrange themselves in any sort of way, and the tube will again become a poor conductor." (Translated in *Scientific American*, May 13th, 1899, from *Le Monde Illustré*.) The microscopic sparks may have been observed. But what proves that they are due to the Hertzian waves, and not to the current from the relay battery, that passes through the coherer after the filings have already been made conductors by the Hertzian waves?

Mr. Lodge's explanation is more generally received. Mr. John Trowbridge, director of Jefferson Laboratory, Harvard University, reechoes it in the following words, in *The Munsey* December, 1899 : " The coherer is not unlike the transmitter employed in telephony. The latter, in its elements, is merely two wires inserted in a mass of carbon particles, being connected with the poles of a battery. When we speak into the transmitter, the carbon particles are stirred by the vibrations of the voice, and change the flow of the battery current through the mass of the carbon. The coherer employed in wireless telegraphy can also consist of carbon particles between the wires of a battery. It is found better however to use metallic filings. . . . The electric waves, on falling on a vertical wire connected to one of the wires of the coherer, disturb the arrangement of the metallic particles, and modify the flow of a battery through the coherer. The action is analogous to that of the carbon transmitter in telephony, but the electric waves act instead of the human voice."

There are, certainly, sufficient points of resemblance between the coherer and the carbon transmitter, to constitute an analogy ; for, an analogy is simply an agreement or likeness between things,

in some circumstances or effects, when the things are otherwise entirely different. But the respects in which these two instruments differ, are such that the action of the one is, it seems to me, no explanation of the action of the other.

In the telephone the loose carbon particles constitute a poor connection between the two ends of the wires, and so the current that passes is weak. The voice causes the disk, in which one of the wires terminates, to vibrate, and by its backward and forward movement, alternately to increase and decrease its pressure on the particles of carbon, and consequently to increase and decrease the compactness of these particles. The more compact the particles are, the better will the connection between the two wires be, and the stronger will be the current that will pass. To each vibration, consisting of a backward and a forward movement of the disc, correspond a strengthening and a weakening of the current. When the current is strengthened at the transmitter, it is strengthened all along the circuit, and therefore also at the receiver or ear-piece, the magnetism of the electromagnet in the ear-piece is increased, and the disc is jerked towards the magnet. When the current weakens, the opposite happens ; the magnet loses part of its attraction for the disc, and the disc regains its former position. In this manner the disc of the ear-piece follows all the movements of the disc in the transmitter, and reproduces the sound of the voice. But the Morse telegraph is an altogether different instrument. Its action is not due to slight increases and decreases in the strength of a current already circulating, but to makes and breaks in the circuit of a current. The explanation above quoted, might account for slight variations in the strength of a current that would already be circulating through the filings, for the Hertzian waves have a slight mechanical action, and might, to some extent, pack the filings. Hertz detected this mechanical action of the waves, by causing them to strike against a small tube of gold paper, very delicately suspended in their path. But the mechanical pressure of the waves is not sufficient to account for changes in the conductivity of the filings, so great as to produce complete makes and breaks in the circuit of the relay battery.

Besides, if the action of the waves were simply mechanical like the action of sound waves on the transmitter of the telephone,

any other cause, capable of producing mechanical compression, should produce the same effect as the Hertzian waves on the coherer. Now, rapping on a vessel containing loose particles, tends to pack the particles. Rapping on the transmitter of the telephone, or even on anything in contact with the transmitter, produces a loud disagreeable noise. The reason is that the rap causes the sides of the apartment, containing the carbon particles, to vibrate, and thus to compress the particles. If the action of the coherer were of the same nature as that of the transmitter of the telephone, should not the vibrations of the glass tube produced by a stroke of the wrapper, cause the filings to become better conductors, as it happens to the carbon particles? The opposite, however, happens, for the rap destroys the conductivity of the filings.

Moreover, Mr. Branly replaced the loose filings by mixtures of filings with melted resin, sulphur, or parafine. When these mixtures hardened they formed solid masses. Under the influence of the Hertzian waves, the filings thus imbedded, produced the same phenomena as loose filings. It is hard to see how, in such conditions, the waves can pack the filings closer together.

The Hertzian waves must, therefore, have some other effect on the filings than that of compressing them, and producing greater cohesion among the particles of metal. The name "coherer," which implies this theory, is then a misnomer. It would be preferable to adopt the name given to the instrument by Mr. Branly, and to call it a radioconductor, because it becomes a conductor under the influence of the electric rays. As to the real nature of the influence exerted on the filings by the Hertzian waves, no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. In such a case it is more conducive to the progress of science to express one's 'honest doubt,' than to assert, with oracular positiveness, that this or that is an explanation. Scientists are frequently too dogmatic on very doubtful points in scientific matters, and too skeptical with regard to very certain truths of a higher order. A proper investigation of the matter might throw new light on some points of the science of electricity that still remain obscure, such, for instance, as the theoretical explanation of the induction of currents. It might confirm Faraday's theory of induction. For it is possible that the

Hertzian waves produce, in the tube of filings, what Faraday called dielectric polarization or polarization of the medium, that is, of the ether, since it is known now that ether is the electric medium. If this be true, the action of the waves would be to produce a polar chain of ether particles, extending through the tube, and thus to form a passage for the relay battery. A rap would destroy this polar chain, as a stroke may depolarize a magnet, and would restore the tube to its state of high resistance. But this is merely a conjecture.

It is not probable that, at any near date, the telegraph wires which at present cover the civilized world with a network, are going to disappear, and that, in their stead, the tenuous ether will carry the numerous communications that modern activity necessitates. The wireless telegraph, at least as it exists at present, cannot compete with the old system for the speed and the distance at which messages can be transmitted. The wireless system has not as yet accomplished the feat that multiplex telegraphy accomplishes, of sending several despatches simultaneously. Its use, on land, will therefore likely be limited to extraordinary cases. But, on sea, it will find a larger and more constant sphere of utility. By its means, ships can communicate with one another, when at sea; and, when sailing along the coast, they can communicate with light-ships and with the shore. It seems quite certain that the wireless telegraph will greatly diminish the danger of sea voyages. If it were to produce no other good effect than to render less frequent such sad accidents as that which happened to the *Bourgogne*, Mr. Marconi and those who, by their researches and discoveries, have contributed to his success, would merit to be called benefactors of mankind.

A. MADDEN, O. M. I., '98.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.



N gorgeous beauty breaks the day,
All graced with Springtime's brightest ray ;
The sun adoring, dances high ;
With deepest color glows the sky.
The birds in song break forth o'erhead,
For Christ hath risen from the dead.
O mystery sublimely grand !
Thou art adored on ev'ry hand.

II.

Yet one there is who cannot see
How man self-raised from death may be ;
Thomas doth unbelieving stand
'Till he himself may thrust his hand
Into the Saviour's wounded side ;
Then be e'en Thomas satisfied ;
For Christ, appearing, He does make
The doubting one his own proof take.

III.

O Christ, three days since Thou did'st die,
And to Limbo thy soul did hie,
Unto thy holy saints to speak,
Redemption's joyful news to break.
Thy body in the tomb was laid
And guarded there by Jews, 'tis said.
'Twas while they slept, they falsely say,
Disciples stole the Lord away.

IV.

O guard of Christ by Pilate set !
Saw ye this deed while yet ye slept ?
Ah Fools ! How could ye, with closed eyes,

See Him immortal truly rise
In radiance from his guarded tomb
To save mankind from certain doom ?
For with His Father, God was He
And Holy Spirit, One in Three.

V.

A God in grand reality,
Triumphant o'er mortality,
From Adam's deed removes the ban
And Heaven opes to sinful man,
O Saviour ours what love was thine,
That came'st on earth a man divine
Our human weakness to forgive
And in the hearts of men to live !

W. F. CAVANAGH, Second Form



UNITED BUT TO PART.



COUPLE of centuries have softly glided into the past since the time when America was a wild and untilled continent, covered with shaggy mountains and impenetrable woodlands, with yet unforded rivers and unexplored lakes interspersed in the greatest confusion. The vast continent was peopled by a race of dusky savages, so war-loving and uncivilized that the early settlers found great difficulty in treating with them. These sons of the wilderness soon mingled with the settlers, however, and many strong friendships sprang up between the two widely different races.

Among the early settlers of Massachusetts were a few Irish families who, on account of the blind prejudice of the Puritans towards their race, moved their families from the coast further inland. Having heard from the Indians some very fascinating reports concerning a valley formed by a river called in the native tongue "Connecticut," they determined to settle there if they found these rumors substantiated. So, having turned their faces westward, these exile sons of Erin set out for the land of promise. After travelling for three days, they came upon the river, and being captivated by the surrounding country, they proceeded to look about for a place suitable to habitation. Having proceeded up the river a short distance, they came to an almost ideal locality where now stands the city of Springfield. Here, in a short time they threw up a few log cabins and a fort which formed the nucleus of the now beautiful "City of Homes."

Amongst these hardy Irish exiles was a man named Cronin who, together with his wife and two small children, occupied a hut by himself some little distance from the houses of the other men. This man, owing to his characteristic good humor, became a great friend of the Indians. He always held his door open to them, and even sometimes went so far as to nurse and care for them, if they happened to fall sick or become wounded. Now it so happened that the day of the month on which Mr. Cronin was wont to visit the "post" for supplies, dawned dark and threatening, with the feeling of snow in the atmosphere. Nothing daunted, however, the

good man, much against the remonstrances of his wife, sets out on his journey of some nine or ten miles through the wilderness. Shortly after his departure the wind freshens and large flaky snow-drops whirl and toss in the air as if warning those who happen to be abroad, to seek shelter with all possible speed from the approaching storm.

Mrs. Cronin, after taking a long and silent look at the weather, closes and firmly bars the door against the increasing gusts of wind and penetrating snow. Soon the wind increases to a regular New England hurricane; it howls and beats about the little log-cabin, piling the rapidly descending snow in huge drifts. Naturally enough, the good woman's thoughts are constantly upon her husband. She earnestly wishes that he had not started and often, as she flits from place to place, her lips move as in a silent prayer for his safe return.

Whilst thus occupied, Mrs. Cronin is suddenly startled by a heavy tap upon the door. Can it be anyone?—her husband returned so quickly? No, that is impossible. Probably it is only a limb blown from some neighboring tree against the door? But, hark! this time the knock is louder and heavier than before, and is accompanied by a noise, slightly audible, of some person or object moving before the door. The children have also heard the noise and, with beseeching eyes, cling to their mother's dress for protection. The poor woman is also much frightened, but the sense of her utter helplessness, and the sight of her crying children, give her a sort of desperate strength to determine the cause of the noise.

Walking hastily to the entrance she draws back the bolt and the huge door impelled by the wind, opens of itself. As soon as the path is thus made free, a tall, fur-clad Indian warrior steps into the room and immediately closes and bars the door. As soon as he has done this, the Indian turns, and without saying a word walks to the fire-place and sits down. To say that Mrs. Cronin is badly frightened would be far from describing her true feelings. As soon as she had beheld the Indian at the door, she retreated to a far corner where, with her two little children clinging to her dress, she now watches every movement of her unwelcome guest, determined, if it come to such a point, to protect her children even at

the sacrifice of her own life. The Indian sits as close to the fire as comfort will permit, still he does not loosen his heavy fur robe, though it must keep the heat from his body. On the contrary, to Mrs. Cronin's great annoyance, though she cannot tell why, he seems reluctant to throw back the robe, but continually keeps one hand under the garment as if concealing something. Although she has always regarded the Indians with suspicion, the good woman cannot detect in the countenance of this particular one, any sign that can cause her the least uneasiness. By the light of the blazing hearth he is seen to be a young warrior, and now that the fire has warmed him considerably, his face wears a much softer expression than was hitherto noticeable.

At length the Indian moves, but it is only to arise and face the fire. Whilst standing thus, he opens his coat and allows the fire to play upon the object, which it seems he is trying to conceal. This must cause him considerable satisfaction, for his lips continually part in a broken smile.

Mrs. Cronin, with all the natural inquisitiveness of her sex, soon becomes very eager to get acquainted with the nature of the object which apparently calls for so much caution on the part of the Indian. Suddenly a terrible thought flashes across her mind, causing her to regard the Indian with renewed loathing and apprehension. Could he, in any manner, have met her husband on the latter's journey to the post? If so, how would these men, one a cunning savage and the other a Christian, take to each other?

Her husband is, she tells herself, a great friend to the Indians; moreover he is generally liked by them. But this warrior is a perfect stranger, and, to her vivid imagination, looks as though he may be on the war-path. If such be indeed the case, then her poor husband may now be lying dead and bleeding in the snow; and does this Indian possess the scalp and dare to glory in his triumph in the very house of his victim? The poor woman has worked herself into such a mood that all her fear has departed. Gliding slowly to the centre of the room, she gazes eagerly at the floor where the Indian stands. Oh God! It is wet in spots and something is still dripping from the Indian's garment. Can it be

blood? Her heart seems to stand still, and she remains gazing at the spot as in a stupor.

As she stands, the Indian turning, confronts her. Instantly a peculiar gleam shoots into his small dark eyes, and, uttering a muffled exclamation, he slowly approaches. Mrs. Cronin now thinks her time is come, so she lifts her eyes to heaven and utters a prayer for mercy. Standing in the same position, she painfully awaits the assault which she imagines so evident. Eventually she lowers her eyes. Lo, and behold a new surprise awaits her. The Indian is standing in the centre of the room, regarding her with an expression of wonder and holding in his arms a healthy looking papoose. When he sees that she again looks towards him, he steps to her side, places the infant in her almost powerless arms, and then, with a lingering and touching glance at his little child, steps to the door and passes out with not a single word of explanation.

It is some time before Mrs. Cronin fully recovers her senses. She still holds the infant in her arms, for she cannot bring herself to lay it down. The little child, now that it is warm and comfortable, commences to crow and yell to its heart's delight. Still Mrs. Cronin continues to regard it with more pity than affection. However, as the day is now drawing to a close, the child is laid on a mattress near the fire and preparations are made for supper.

The storm had continued all day but had cleared off towards night; still there was too much snow to expect the return of Mr. Cronin until some time on the morrow. The following night and day passed away very slowly. Mrs. Cronin was continually expecting the return of the Indian for his child because she did not know whether he had left it for good or not. She hoped that he had not, for as she had always mistrusted the Indians, she did not at all like the idea of adopting one into her family.

Mr. Cronin returned the following evening, and listened to the story of his wife's adventure with a great deal of amusement. Would he adopt the little waif? Why certainly, if the Indian did not return. Probably God in his mercy had directed such an occurrence for the welfare of both parties.

* * * * *

Let our story now take a jump of some thirty years. We again visit the site of the Cronin hut, but there we meet with

many changes. The village has grown to be hardly recognizable, and, from the front door can be seen a fort and settlement in the distance. The two small Cronin children are now grown up and married, and hardly do we recognize in the old and worn couple beside the porch, the once sprightly forms of Mr. and Mrs. Cronin.

But who is that tall, dark-skinned gentleman, who, though dressed in the garb of a missionary, has the characteristic look of a full blooded Indian? He, we are told, is the little Indian papoose, grown into manhood, and strange to say, into an ambassador of God. He had been adopted by the family and had been educated with the children. Moreover he had heard and faithfully corresponded with a divine call to the noblest of professions. He is now just come from the wilderness to visit for a short time the place of his primary education, and to find, if possible, some particulars regarding his birth.

Shortly after our arrival, there reaches the village vague rumors of another uprising among the Indians to the west. The rumor is followed in a few days by a runner who announces that a small band of Indians is in the vicinity. Upon receipt of the news, all is bustle and confusion about the settlement. Families abandon their homes and are quickly sent to the fort. A body of armed men now sally forth to meet the enemy and, if possible, to hold them at bay, hoping thus to protect the widely scattered huts from the torch.

The men have gone but a short time, when shots are heard in the direction they have taken, and every one knows that the battle is begun. Many are the prayers that are offered up by wife or mother for the dear ones that are thus protecting them.

The battle continues for the greater part of the day, but, late in the afternoon, the noise of the shooting dies away, and soon after sunset, the men are seen returning, bearing with them their wounded and their prisoners. When they draw near, it is seen that their only captive is an old and infirm chief, who has been wounded, how badly they have not yet determined. He was disabled and captured early in the engagement and, immediately he made known his desire to be taken to the settlement. Now that the party have reached the Cronin hut, the captive is left in

charge of the missionary, and the other wounded are taken to their respective homes. The old Indian is picked up and carried into the house. He is laid on a mattress near the fire, and the missionary quickly sets about discovering the extent of his injuries. It is soon found that he is wounded quite severely in the side, which from the loss of blood will result fatally.

The missionary at once begins to prepare the old man for the rapidly approaching judgment hour. Asked if he has ever been baptized, the old chief replies that he has not. He has heard the words of the "Great Spirit" from the missionaries of the North, still though these tidings greatly impressed him, he has never embraced the Christian religion.

"You," continues the old man, raising himself upon his elbow, "are of my race. That I noticed as soon as I saw you. How came you, a wild and red-skinned youth to be a missionary, —a dignity of which but a few faithful "pale-faces" are found worthy?"

"It was God's will I suppose," answers the missionary. "There is a strange mystery connected with my birth and early training, which I have vainly tried to solve. I have lived in this settlement for thirty years, but how I came here I do not know, nor is it likely I will ever find out."

"Aye, such things do happen," answered the old man, and he raised himself, with much pain, to a sitting position, so that he could the more clearly look the missionary over. "I carry with me," he continued, "a secret which has been tightly locked in my breast for a great many years. Now, that I am about to leave this world and seek my place in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit, I will introduce my secret to you."

"I once lived in this New England country, and while here, took to myself a squaw and built a wigwam. For three years did I live happily, but then alas! my life took a bitter course. Upon my return one night from a hunting expedition, I found my squaw very ill. Thinking however that the malady was not very serious, I did nothing for her. In two days she died. My grief knew no bounds. I buried her the next day as best I could. Then leaving no trace of the grave behind, I picked up my child, a little papoose of two summers, and though the weather was

very threatening. made my way across country, I knew not whither.

“ My desire was to get away from the scene of my great sorrow, and how far I walked, or in what direction, I cannot now recollect. However, after travelling as it seemed all day and all night, I was overtaken the next morning by a terrific storm of wind and snow. When nearly overcome by fatigue and almost frozen, I came to a log cabin in the wilderness. There I deposited my child, and after warming myself a little, I again started out to walk here, there or anywhere. I was satisfied that my child would be safe, and that was all I then desired.

“ After leaving the hut, I roamed over hills and valleys for many moons, until I finally reached the Canadas. There I remained for many winters, but lately, yearning for the support of my son, now grown to manhood, I started out some time ago with the intention of finding him.”

The effort required for this recital quite exhausted the old man, so he sank back on his pillows, and breathed with great difficulty. The missionary was greatly interested in the story, and shortly afterwards, he found an opportunity of telling it to Mrs. Cronin. The good woman was struck with the coincidence of the story's similarity to one which had long been kept firmly secret to herself and husband, namely, the story of the missionary's early life.

The good old lady, accompanied by the priest, immediately makes her way to the dying Indian's bedside, determined to investigate what was, to her mind, a very complicated mystery. But the old man, as soon as he sees her face, at once recognizes her as the woman he has so long and eagerly sought. He is, however, very weak, so can utter only some intricate mutterings, wholly unintelligible to either of his listeners.

In a short time, he seems to gather strength, for his eyes shine clearer, and, the cloudy look passes away from his aged face. Then it is that Mrs. Cronin makes known the truth to the now bewildered missionary. His quick brain, however, has had for some time, a suspicion of the truth. As soon as the good woman has uttered the words the young priest drops to his knees beside the dying warrior.

"Father," he cries, and he buries his face in his trembling hands.

"Aye," answers the fond father, though he is evidently in great pain, "I know you now. You still possess the kind eye of your mother, and I see that, from another world, she has guided you in a holier path than I have trod. I am now beyond the need of your temporal protection, for I see I am going to join the inhabitants of a brighter land. As I have never been baptized, I wish you to perform for me that sacred rite of regeneration, after which I can capture immediately the valley where reigns unfailing summer."

Then, as the priestly son baptizes his warrior father, sprinkling the holy water on his pallid brow, the old man departs this world for the untroubled kingdom of the "Great Spirit," the blessed home where reigns eternal joy

CHARLES J. DOWLING,

First Form.



There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

MOORE.



SUNSET.

The purple sunset I behold
Set in a ground of royal red ;
Clouds of silver tinged with gold,
Whose glory from the orb is shed,
Garnish the brilliant western sky ;
Lower sinks the sun and lower,
And from the sky the glories die,
As if withdrawn by some dread power ;
The glorious scene from out the sight,
Recedes beneath the shades of night.

And so it is with earthly things ;
With glory shine they for a day,
Then like to us poor fleeting things,
Their glories cease ; they pass away :
More brilliant than the sunset e'en,
And brighter than the sunlit sky,
The mighty deeds of mortal men,
With them pass off whene'er they die ;
Let us our thoughts to God then give,
For better 'tis for Heav'n to live.

—W. CAVANAGH,

Second Form.

GLADSTONE AS A STATESMAN.



AMONGST the great geniuses produced by this present dying century there are certainly none who in power, in fame and in honor, can favorably compare with Sir W. E. Gladstone, late Prime Minister of England. True it is that his oratorical abilities were a great source of his influence both in parliament and over the people; still it is evident to anyone who studies his whole career, that he was not the mere rhetorician that his enemies represent him to be. He certainly was, in himself, a fountain of new policies and of new ideas. Such has been the lasting impression made by him in his dealings with England's foreign policy, as well as in the administration of her domestic affairs, that, were the memory of his great oratorical triumphs to completely pass away, he would ever be remembered on account of the many marks he has left on her statute-book, and because of the changes he wrought in her constitution.

From the first moments of his appearance on the political horizon, he seemed destined to become the leader of that nation, whose superiority in some respects is recognized by all the great powers. Not only his actions in his home policy command the admiration and gratitude of all British subjects, but even his foreign policy, though felt only at intervals, was on several occasions, wondrous, and has left abiding results in the history of the world. Volumes would be required to describe at length the very many acts that he carried through parliament. However, they may be reduced to three principal groups, as his great labors were comprised in three chief spheres.

The first of these groups represents his home policy, in pursuance of which he brought in his financial reform bills between the years 1855 and 1860. These measures were comprised in several budgets, the preparation of which Mr. Gladstone was wont to describe as entailing the greatest mental strain he had ever undergone. In the first place a bill was brought in and passed reducing the customs or duties. This measure certainly caused a deficiency in revenue, but said deficiency was provided for by the re-settling of the income tax and by a succession duty on all real estate. The

last mentioned bill he piloted through the House, gaining the entire number of votes. The budget of 1860 abolished the duty on paper. On this occasion, Gladstone was very bitterly opposed from all sides. The paper manufacturers raised a cry, on the grounds that such a bill was against the interests of their own trade. They dreaded the idea of a free system under which they were certain to have many rivals. As Justin McCarthy says, "the House of Commons is governed directly by interests." Such was certainly the case at the time in question, for Mr. Gladstone was opposed on all sides of the House. The movement excited the hostility of even the House of Lords, who, with very little consideration, threw out the measure. But although the many oppositions were more than sufficient to overcome any man of ordinary courage and ability, the gallant leader was not to be outdone. He knew that the passing of his bill would prove a great boon to the press, and it was this that stimulated him to so energetically force the House of Lords to submit to his demands. In a word, we may say that if modern England's industrial and commercial prosperity has been largely promoted, if her national debt has been immensely reduced, she can ascribe to no other minister than Mr. Gladstone, so large a share of these successes.

Next in order came Gladstone's two great Parliamentary Reform Bills of 1866 and 1884 and the Redistribution Bill of 1885. "Of these three statutes taken together it may be said that they have turned Britain into a democratic country, changing the character of her government almost as profoundly as did the Reform Act of 1832."

The second group of Gladstone's legislative acts consists in a series of Irish measures, dealing principally with Ireland's three difficulties, namely, the state church, the land agitation and the system of education. To these we may add the two great Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1896. All of these received Mr. Gladstone's especial care both in their preparation and in their introduction to Parliament. However, his Home Rule Bill was not at all pleasing to his followers. It excited the dissatisfaction of Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and of others less notable, who broke away from him, and finally were instrumental in crushing the measure.

Amongst Englishmen that were convinced of the justice of awarding a fair measure of self-government to Ireland, Mr. Gladstone was easily chief. In his first Home Rule resolutions he made the greatest declaration in favor of equality and justice for the Irish people ever recorded in the British House of Commons. There, standing before the eyes of the world, is a venerable man of seventy-seven years, lifting up his mighty voice and battling with indomitable perseverance and unconquerable energy for the rights of a long-oppressed people. Perhaps he has sacrificed past political pre-eminence ; it may be that a great party of followers will become estranged from him ; peradventure his social position has been lowered by his unique stand ; finally, may he not be greeted with laughter and ridicule as the leader of a worthless party ? Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone keeps firmly to his purpose ; when justice is at stake he fears not the scorn of those who differ from him in opinion ; It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the Emerald Isle will again possess such another vigorous champion.

The third catalogue of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary work, enumerates the achievements of his foreign policy. We get a faint glance at his wisdom and prudence in 1870, when, on the outbreak of the war between France and Germany, he concluded a treaty with Belgium in order to save it from the disaster of being drawn into the strife. Moreover, no one will question his integrity, when in 1871, he concluded the treaty of Washington, which dealt with the "Alabama" claims. Better by far was it to conclude a treaty than run the risk of a war which, considering England's condition at the time, might have proved very disastrous to her commerce.

Mr. Gladstone has, however, been blamed by many for the struggle which sent General Gordon to his reward, gave Khartoum to the Mahdi, and, as the author of the "History of Our Own Times," says, "left so many brave and famous Englishmen and Irishmen the victims of the Arab spear." Such blame may indeed seem merited, but a little investigation will prove that these sad calamities could not be averted by Mr. Gladstone, as the circumstances in which he was then placed, arose from unavoidable misunderstandings with Russia.


It has often been said that Gladstone was the devoted friend of the oppressed, and that his great desire was to obtain for all peoples their rights. A good proof of this we find in reading over the history of the far-famed Transvaal, in its relations with Great Britain. On several occasions he was its mediator and intercessor, and once obtained for it a conditional independence.

It is perfectly clear that the nineteenth century has not produced another man who could so well have fulfilled the mighty and many duties of prime minister. Where is the statesman who can boast of such a noble record? He was the vigilant pilot who safely steered the gallant ship of state through the turbulent breakers of insular dissensions, foreign intrigue and political discord, which at various times lifted all-powerful forces against the stability of the British Empire. Rightfully and truthfully does he deserve to be called, "England's grand old man of the century." The history of Great Britain during that long period of his brilliant administration is but one long record of his illustrious deeds, and is moreover a just tribute to that master mind which destined him to be the greatest statesman of "A vaster Empire than has been."

JOHN DOWD, '03.



University of Ottawa Review.



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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 8

APRIL, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 8

A WORD IN SEASON.

THE REVIEW begs to place under the serious consideration of both students and parents a grave mistake that, nowadays, is altogether too prevalent in the sphere of higher education. We refer to the foolish step taken by those boys or young men that enter upon the study of law, medicine, etc., before having completed such a preparatory course as is necessary to properly fit them for said professions.

Now, especially at the beginning of the twentieth century, this mistake,—and it cannot be called by any milder name than mistake,—is one requiring immediate attention and amendment. The young man that audaciously takes upon his shoulders the multiplex responsibilities of a profession without having com-

pleted a thorough course of preparatory studies, is destined to spend the warm summer, the vari-hued autumn and even the hoary winter of his existence in the dull, cheerless realms of mediocrity, if he have the good luck to rise even to that, the most unenviable of positions. Moreover, his very life and actions in that sphere of semi-maturity will be a real menace to the well-being of society, which, in our days, requires on the part of its professional men, a thoroughly trained and well balanced intellect, capable of forming a correct judgment regarding the various particular cases that come under its consideration.

The present age doesn't want any more quackery. Dear knows, there is far too much of that already in our midst, threatening our happiness, aye our very lives. The generality of people, in their hours of illness or perplexity, no longer have recourse to impostors or to wheedling empirics. Nevertheless, the market is overcrowded with this pestiferous refuse. The public health and the public peace would be immensely promoted, if at least a half of our so-called doctors and lawyers were shipped off after Cronje to St. Helena. Indeed the day must be fast approaching, when the grand majority of these semi-starved pretenders, famine driven, and weary of inactivity, will have to betake themselves to quarters such as used to be inhabited by the budding literary men of old England,—to quarters akin to the unheated, unventilated and unlighted garrets of Grub Street and Shoe Lane in London, where, two hundred years ago, the ragged, hungry, penniless poets eked out the most miserable of earthly existences.

Nevertheless, sad to say, even in our days, many a misguided student, in his break-neck haste to get "finished up," is preparing for himself a life of unavoidable charlatanry. The Ottawa University boys, we reluctantly acknowledge, are by no means blameless in this respect. As soon as they have got their matriculation certificates, off many of them go to study law, medicine, etc., at McGill or elsewhere. Aye, some of them have the hardihood to enter upon these professional studies after matriculation year, even when they have not succeeded in obtaining any certificate at all. Now, such a foolish course may perhaps be, at least partly excused in the particular case, where a boy's parents are too poor to keep him any longer at college. Nevertheless, even in

such instances, some other way out of the difficulty should be sought and followed up.

The age in which we live seeks in its representative men, and exacts of them, that excellence which can spring from no other source than from a thorough education. At the present time, no man can hope to make his mark in any of the professions unless he be a master in his art ; and a master he will never be unless he has previously laid the foundation of true excellence by making a thorough classical and a profound philosophical course of studies. Moreover this complete course of studies may prove very useful to him in various ways. It will enable him to spend profitably his leisure hours. It may even enable him to make a living independently of his profession, in case, as often happens, his professional duties leave at his disposal, a considerable amount of free time. Hence no matter what may happen, the thoroughly educated man can live in quiet independence, always sure of enough to eat at least. Then again, the well educated professional man can greatly assist his patrons, even in matters not pertaining to his profession.

Students of Ottawa University, whatever may be your object in life, never be satisfied with aiming at mediocrity. Always remember that there is no position too good for you, and, with a little energy and perseverance, there is no position beyond your reach. Let the standard you purpose to attain be the highest, the best, the noblest. If you have decided to become a doctor, then strive for the very first place in the medical ranks ; if your object is to become a lawyer, then try for eminence in the forensic art ; if God, by a special act of love, has chosen you from amongst many to be His own ambassador on earth, then labor with all sincerity to acquire early that sanctity and learning of which the saints have left us such grand examples. Always remember that your success in any walk of life, will never rise higher than the mark at which you aim. Remember also that you can never reach the coveted goal of excellence in any profession unless you finish well your classical and philosophical courses. It matters but little where you make that course, provided you patronize a Catholic institution ; for it is only in a Catholic institution that sound philosophy can be had. Our advice to you is meant entirely for your own

private benefit, and for the good of that community amongst whose members your future days of God-like usefulness must be passed.



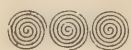
IS HE "STUCK" ALREADY ?

Lo, and behold ! just as we go to press, their pops into our humble sanctum that eagerly awaited visitor from Toronto, *The McMaster University Monthly* for April. Trembling with ill-concealed anxiety, we tear off rather hastily its pretentious looking wrapper, and search for some deadly weapon with which to sever the uncut pages. Alas !!! dire—deep—dark disappointment !!! The long promised quotations from the world renowned Angelic Doctor, in support of Dr. Newman's sweeping statement in reference to truth-speaking in the "Roman" Catholic Church, are nowhere to be found !!! What can have become of them? Can it be possible that some ultra-loyal postman, eager for fresh weapons against "popery," has confiscated them on their way to Ottawa? Ah, no ! that cannot be, for, among the "Editorial Notes" in said *Monthly*, we find a very puny attempt to crawl on all fours out of a mighty deep hole, in which *The Monthly* suddenly found itself upon receipt of our February issue. Up to the present we have accorded both the *Monthly* and the distinguished institution it represents, at least some credit for open straightforward dealings, but, until present clouds are cleared away, we are reluctantly forced to with-hold all such benign concessions.

Dr. Newman in his article on "Truth-Speaking," whether wittingly or unwittingly we know not, made a grossly slanderous statement about the "Roman" Catholic Church. It was his business to substantiate that statement by unanswerable proofs as soon as it was taken objection to ; or otherwise, to politely apologize if he were accidentally led into error. Of course, as every Catholic child knows, it was utterly impossible for him to prove what he had written, and we presume he was too self-conceited to take the other alternative. Consequently he has had recourse to the hide-and-go-seek method of argument, so popular amongst Protestant sects.

What on earth does Dr. Newman wish us to do now? He published a long, high-sounding list of authorities from whose writings he proposed to furnish quotations in support of his statement regarding truth-speaking in the "Roman" Catholic Church. We immediately chose the most illustrious name on the list, that of St. Thomas Aquinas,—and have ever since been waiting for the promised extracts,—that is to say, for about two months. We have, even, been thinking of preparing a little nook for these famous extracts in our new museum, so rare and valuable must they be! Is the illustrious and divinely inspired Doctor of McMaster University, trying to waste time till June, so that, through the intervention of vacation, he may be spared a cutting humiliation? Really we see no other explanation of his present course of action.

Hurry up Mr. Newman; bring along your "St. Thomas." We are really edified to hear of such a "popish" volume existing under a Protestant roof in loyal, Orange Toronto. But then, perhaps your edition has been revised by Martin Luther, Jack Calvin, or John Knox? At any rate, bring it along; you must use it to defend your position, or else surrender honorably. Please don't delay the extracts too long, for we are very busy in Ottawa just now, and have but little time to devote to such miserable, musty trifles as the dead embers of an old and oft refuted calumny.



GALA DAY.

Four years have passed since our Athletic Association has held a Gala Day, and the announcement that a revival of the good old custom would be inaugurated this year, was received with considerable pleasure by the student body. Monday, June 4th, is the date selected for the sports. Between now and that time, it behooves our athletes to get themselves into condition for what is likely to prove a day of close and interesting contests. Among the events that will be called off are the following:—short and long distance running; hurdle races; long and high jumping; pole vaulting; putting the shot; bicycle races, etc.

And now a word about what is required to make the Gala

Day of this year a great event. Its success, from an athletic point of view, must depend upon the contestants, and, on this account, the students should enter into the spirit of the affair with that enthusiasm which has always characterized athletic contests at Ottawa College. Those that intend to compete, — and their number should be large, — must employ all their spare moments in good faithful training ; remembering that training is not by any means the least important factor in success. From an athletic standpoint, Ottawa College has a reputation to uphold ; this is a sufficient reason why the campus should be well lined with students in training during the few weeks that now intervene before June 4th.

Another feature upon which the day's success will depend is the kindness that will be shown by the Ottawa City friends of the Athletic Association in the way of donations to the prize list. Remembering, however, the former favor, we have received from city friends, and the eagerness they always display in assisting anything calculated to encourage matters classical or athletic at our University, we have little to fear so far as prizes for the various events is concerned. We bespeak, then, a favorable reception for the canvassing committee ; and from those whom it may not be possible for the members of that committee to see, we respectfully request a donation to be given as a prize on that day.

The different committees appointed to arrange matters in connection with the Day's sports will enter upon their work at once, and in our next issue we shall give a detailed account of the sports that will take place. In the meantime let everybody do what is expected of him so that the Gala Day of '99-'00 may be one worthy of the association under whose auspices it is to be held.



A COSTLY WARNING.

The terrible calamity that has recently visited the city of Hull and the western portion of Ottawa should serve as a warning not only to the Capital of Canada, but also to many another city on this continent. There is, if we mistake not, a stringent law

against the storing of explosives within the city limits. Why should there not be a similar law prohibiting the piling of lumber within the same boundaries? Why should there not be enacted an ordinance forbidding the multiplication of wooden buildings with shingle roofs? The shingle roofs were as great a source of mischief during the fire, as were the lumber piles. Surely it would require an immense amount of explosives to cause one third the damage wrought by the memorable conflagration of April 26th last.

Ottawa, at least as far as its leading industries are concerned, has indeed been dealt a severe blow,—a blow, from the effects of which it will not recover for many years; still the citizens should be very thankful to the Almighty for being spared the greater calamity that, for hours, threatened them. It was nothing but the strong hand of a kind and all-wise Providence that saved our city from complete destruction.

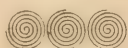
We are pleased to inform such of our readers as are unacquainted with Ottawa, that the great fire raged in that part of the city farthest away from the University. Consequently, during its progress, our buildings were in no immediate danger. Quite a number of our students, however, were rendered homeless by the catastrophe. To them especially, and to all the sufferers, THE REVIEW extends its sincerest sympathy.



LACK OF ENERGY.

We have noticed in recent years that a number of students could not sum up enough energy to present themselves as candidates for the various examinations which are required as stepping-stones towards a B. A. Now this downright outcome of unmitigated laziness,—for it is nothing else,—should scarcely be found in any institution of higher education, and especially in Ottawa University. Any boy of fair talent, that has followed our course of studies properly from the First Form up, needs not dread an examination. If he has employed his time, as a conscientious boy should employ it, he needs not spend a single hour at extra study, in order to pass any of the examinations with honor. It is invari-

ably the case that the boys who do not present themselves as candidates for Matriculation are just the very ones that have wasted their time in the First Form and probably in the Second Form also. Of course they give the accustomed excuses about the uselessness of matriculation, etc., but anyone can easily see through the sham. They never paid attention in class, and, out of class, they neglected study. No wonder these "honorable gentlemen" quake with fear, at the very idea of an examination. Any boy or young man of even ordinary spunk would be ashamed to be one of their number. We sincerely hope that these few remarks will tend to remedy the abuse for the future.



THE COLUMBIAN CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

(The following communication has been sent us by the Secretary of the Columbian Catholic Summer School with a request for its publication :—)

The programme for the session of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, at Detroit, Mich., from July 10th to August 1, has been practically completed.

Cardinal Gibbons will visit the school, as will also a number of Bishops and Archbishops.

The lecturers thus far engaged are as follows :—Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph. D., the well known psychologist, will give three lectures on "Psychology." Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Canada, will also give three lectures, on the following subjects: "Alfred Tennyson," "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," and "French Canadian Life and Literature." Hon. Joseph Donnelly, the author of "Jesus Delaney," will deliver one lecture on "Mexico." Rev. H. M. Calmar, S. J., will give a course of three lectures, as well as the eminent convert, Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D. D., of New York.

Rev. M. A. Waldron, O. S. D., D. D., and Rev. W. J. Kerby, D. D., of the Catholic University of Washington, will give three lectures. The subjects of Dr. Kerby's lectures are, "The Labor Movement," two lectures, and "Socialism."

Those who have attended the school will be pleased to learn that Rev. M. S. Brennan, A. M., of St. Louis, will give one of his popular lectures.

The general subject of education will be treated in a course of lectures by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University.

"The triumph of Christianity" is the subject of a lecture by Rev. J. P. Carroll, D. D., President of St. Joseph's College, Du-buque.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., and 'Hon.' M. J. Wade, of Iowa City, Iowa, will each give two lectures, subjects not yet announced.

Rev. B. F. Kuhlman, D. D., Professor of Philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Very Rev. P. R. Heffron, D.D., president of St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, will each deliver one lecture.

It is expected that Henry Austin Adams, and Most Rev. Archbishop Keane of Rome, will each deliver a course of lectures.

This list will be enlarged by the addition of several other well-known speakers. This is undoubtedly the best programme yet presented to the friends of the Summer School. The local committee at Detroit, are making all possible arrangements to care for the large number who will attend the school. Everything will be done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure. The Chairman of the Committee is Rev. M. J. P. Dempsy, and the Secretary, Mr. Frank C. Cook.

A large illustrated circular giving full information in regard to lectures, entertainments and attractions will be ready in a short time. For copies of this circular address the Secretary, John A. Hartigan, 1957, St. Anthony Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Of Local Interest.

We notice that of late the Junior Editor has been encroaching upon the sacred precincts of the Big Yard. We would request him, however, to keep to his own side of the fence and reserve all his spare wit for the Lilliputians, that is, those of them who inhabit that territory east of the hand-ball alley.

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The remarks which Sir James Grant made with reference to gymnasiums caused us to think of our own structure which goes by that name. The dilapidated condition of this so-called gymnasium is certainly very much to be deplored especially when we consider that Gala Day is near at hand. But even were such an event never to take place, a thoroughly equipped gymnasium would be a great factor in causing the students to take plenty of healthy exercise. We therefore consider that it is not asking too much from the proper authorities when we invite them to take a hand in the matter and remedy, as far as possible, the existing evil.

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The French Debating Society held its closing exercises on the 15th inst., presenting a fairly good programme. Mr. J.C. Langlois, '00, President of the Society complimented the members on the success which they had attained in their debates this year and also moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Director. Among the numbers on the programme was a contest in elocution. In this Messrs. Ducharme and Bourque took highest honors thereby gaining two handsome prizes. The dancing-master of the small yard closed the entertainment and pleased all by his performance.

The members of the French Dramatic Society gave a *soiree* on April 16th. Two comedies, "Rodolfo le Brigand," and "Un Caissier," besides appropriate musical selections, made up an excellent programme. The large audience appreciated very highly the work of the students who deserve indeed great praise. The following was the cast of characters.

 RODOLFO LE BRIGAND.

Rodolfo, chef des brigands... A. Campeau.
 Le Comte de Lansfeld ... N. Farribault.
 Frederic, 12 ans. } fils du Comte ... { A. Pepin.
 Alfred, 10 ans. } ... { A. Bastien.
 Pietro,, lieutenant de Rodolfo..... O. Cloutier.
 Sterno, brigand L. Talbot.
 Brigands, etc.

UN CAISSIER.

Fourmidor, riche banquier.... J. C. Langlois.
 Isidore Feuille, son caissier U. Valiquet.

Between the Acts the Orchestra rendered several fine selections. A well-rendered chorus, "O Canada," closed the entertainment.

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On the 4th inst., the Scientific Society held its regular semi-monthly *seance*. Mr. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, was the lecturer of the evening and read an excellent paper on "Spectrum Analysis." Though the lecture was somewhat brief the subject was thoroughly treated and showed clearly to all the great importance and practicability of this new mode of analysis.

"Canidae" formed the subject of a very interesting lecture at the next regular meeting, April 18th. Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, '04, handled the question in a succinct but very complete manner. Rev. Father Lajeunesse supplemented the lecture with a few delightful stories containing his experience of the sagacity of the canine tribe.

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Under the auspices of the Scientific Society Sir James Grant gave, on the 24th inst., an excellent lecture on "Health and How to Preserve It." After a short discussion of the rules of health, the speaker proceeded to show how we should preserve this all-important blessing. He recommended physical exercise and declared therefore, in favor of *well-equipped* gymnasiums. The lecturer warned the students to pay special attention to this as it

is doubtless the best means that can be taken to preserve health when having to undergo severe mental labor.

He then proceeded to show the effects of water, alcohol, and milk on the digestive system.

The drinking of ice-water before eating, he rightly condemned. However he strongly advised all to use plenty of water and to pay an occasional visit to some of the many mineral springs of which Canada can boast.

The use of alcohol, except when ordered by a physician, he thought quite unnecessary and in many ways very harmful.

In discussing the milk question, Sir James drew a striking contrast between the article which used to be on the market and that which we find there at present. Bad milk he considered as one of the greatest disseminators of diseases especially of consumption. Though at present there is an advancement in the purity of that important article of food, there is even yet room for improvement.

In conclusion Sir James advised the establishment of sanitariums. He enlogised the skill of the medical men of Canada and showed how in Ottawa, there were institutions and medical assistance for the sick, second to none in this North American Continent.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. M. E. Conway, '01, President of the Scientific Society, thanked Sir James in behalf of the members and of the student body at large for the excellent and scholarly dissertation which he had delivered.



Among the Magazines.

The current issue of *The Gael* opens with a humorous travesty on the much-glorified Anglo-Saxon race. The writer of this skit introduces Thorwald, the Saxon, as the hero of this skit, and in a most facetious manner traces the origin of the race. "History of the County of Antrim" aims rather at description than at a recital of the country's historical episodes. Three splendid illustrations accompany this article and add considerable to its inter-

est. Father Dollard (Sliav-na-mon) puts a dash of Irish humor into his writings that is perfectly irresistible, and nowhere is this better instanced than in the descriptive article entitled "The Moondharrig Hurlers," the second part of which appears in this issue. "Green Bushes" is a particularly delightful poem full of Irish love and pathos.

Among the important contributions to the Easter number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, we call attention to that which bears the signature of Dr. DeCosta. "Young Men and Personal Service" does not require the fame attached to the author's name, but will stand on its own intrinsic excellence. Dr. De Costa has been able to seize many points which are direct menaces against the progress of Catholicity among young men. The indifference and apathy of our young Catholics are, in the opinion of the writer, of momentous importance and deserving of most serious consideration. He concedes that there is a visible improvement in the country but draws the rather sweeping conclusion that the attitude of the majority is unsatisfactory, and with this latter statement we take issue. In both Canada and the United States, it can safely be said that the majority of our young men are doing meitorious work in the various Catholic religious, fraternal, charitable and educational societies. Thousands of these societies here in America have the co-operation of the clergy and are doing a mighty labor for the spread of Catholicity. Then consider the number of young men graduated from our Catholic Colleges, and not with a sham, superficial education, but with a thorough training, which renders them scholars and gentlemen. These are the men that are prepared to battle with all the errors that threaten the stability of the church. Added to this is the work of parochial schools, wherein are trained that class of Catholic youth demanded at the present time. Such influences cannot but help to swell the ever-increasing body of practical young Catholics whose mighty power is felt in every direction. According to the writer, the insatiable craving for wealth, imperfect training of youth, overwork, and bad literature are some of the causes that militate against the advancement of our Catholic youth in matters both spiritual and temporal.

An excellent article entitled "Porto Rico and Its People," which appears in this issue, places before the reading public some of the

complex problems which must be dealt with by the United States. Many points grossly misrepresented by the over sensational scribe find truthful representation in this paper. "Holy Week in Florence is a descriptive article of especial interest. The serial, "The Hand of the Crusader," comes to a delightfully thrilling close in this issue. Rev. James B. Dollard contributes to the poetry of this number. "On Kenmare Head" is a short poem but one full of tender pathos. The delicacy of touch in this tale of sorrow, its fervency and easy grace show the touch of a genuine artist.

The Sacred Heart Review, of the issue of April 14th, contains many interesting and instructive papers. "My Inner Life," a recent publication by J. B. Crozier, is critically reviewed by Dr. Turner. "The Folly of Atheism" is a short paper, full of sound, practical advice in the matter of one of the greatest evils of the century. The editorials are bright and furnish most interesting reading.



Exchanges.

A new face has made its appearance in our sanctum. To our long list of exchanges we have now to add *Echoes From the Pines*. The stranger hails from the Ursuline Academy of Chatham, Ont., and it furnishes another instance of the admirable work done in our Catholic convents. The "echoes" seem to have retained some of the delightful fragrance of their evergreen home, and their charming freshness appeals strongly to the reader. They fill forty-three pages in this, the Easter number. The seal of merit is plainly stamped upon every contribution, but deserving of particular mention is "Poetic Tributes to Our Lady." Several illustrations adorn the pages of the "Echoes," among which is a very fine group of the editorial staff.

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Another publication making its first visit to Ottawa is the *Laurel*, from St. Bonaventure College, Allegany, N. Y. St. Bonaventure is of especial interest to us, since His Excellency Mgr.

Falconio, the Papal Delegate, at present residing in our University, was for some years connected with that institution. The *Laurel* has not completed its first year in the field of journalism, though it bears all the marks of a veteran. It appears as yet but quarterly. We trust that the editors will always retain the high literary standard which they have set for themselves in their first numbers. All the contributors seem to be thoroughly conversant with their subjects, and they handle them in a forceful and pleasing style. "Nathan Hale," the only poem in this issue seems to be rather an ambitious piece of work. It is written in blank verse and is very lengthy. But though possessed of certain undeniable merits, this poem is marred by some scarcely excusable blemishes. Not only is the metre often faulty, but the author is more than once guilty of "mixing his metaphors." The first lines contain a glaring blunder of this kind :

"The *granite* frown of cruel war
Belched forth dread phantoms o'er the peaceful town."

Again mark the obscurity of this sentence :

"His boat, that happy goal
That *plies salvation* from its briny oars."

Such faults are, however, generally the result of negligence and inattention more than anything else. They are not of a serious nature, and we hope that by thus bringing them to the notice of the author, their recurrence may be prevented.

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Spring, ever so fruitful a subject for the aspiring poet, is responsible for several gay carols in the *April Mount*. These "Spring Warblings" are of a superior quality, and cannot be classed with the numerous miserable productions usually begotten by this season. We are pleased to see that the young ladies of Mt. de Chantal appreciated the series of lectures on Literature delivered in their Academy by our distinguished alumnus, Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, M. A., '82.

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The *Sacred Heart Collegian* always provides an interesting table of contents. The March issue has several well-written es-

says on interesting subjects. "Ireland" deals particularly with those two chief ornaments of the Irish people, their faith and their literature, the undimmed brilliancy of which is to-day the proud boast of Erin's sons.

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The students of the University of New Brunswick publish a Centennial number of their *Monthly* to mark the hundredth anniversary of their Alma Mater. The University received its charter in February, 1800, and is accordingly one of the oldest colleges in Canada. Graduates contribute largely to the make-up of this number, reminiscences of old college days being the all-absorbing topic.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

At the Annual Commencement exercises of Queen's University, Kingston, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on two of the old boys, Messrs. W. Proderick, '94 and A. McConville, ex-'98. Their many friends will be pleased to learn of their success, and THE REVIEW wishes them a prosperous career in their chosen profession.

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During the month, three former students of the Commercial Course were married: Messrs. M. Lapointe, '94, and J. Tobin, '95, both of Ottawa, and W. McCosham, '94, of Bryson, Que. THE REVIEW extends congratulations and best wishes to the newly married couples.

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Mr. R. Lafond, ex-'00, who is studying medicine at Laval University, Montreal, recently called at our sanctum to renew acquaintances with his old classmates and friends.

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Mr. A. Lapointe, graduate of the Commercial Course of '97, has started business in the city. Success Albert.

It would be very agreeable to many, if the Alumni Association would assemble in June and reorganize. There are many former students who would enjoy meeting old college friends ; this can be done only by putting the Alumni Association on a firm basis, and by holding regular annual meetings during commencement week. Messrs. A. Gow, Stewart street, Ottawa, Ont., and A. E. Lussier, corner Rideau and Sussex streets, Ottawa, Ont., are the joint Secretaries and all communications on the matter should be addressed to them.



Athletics.

The regular annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Easter Monday. After the Treasurer, Mr. Meehan, had made known to the members the financial standing of the Association, Secretary Egleson read, in his own happy style, the report of last year's achievements. Financially, the association has not been as successful as in past years ; nevertheless we have every reason to feel proud of the fact that it has not only retained its former prestige among its rival associations but has even added new honors to its already brilliant record. In the election of officers that took place at this meeting, Mr. T. G. Morin, last year's President of the association, declined a re-nomination for that office. In consequence of this Mr. James E. McGlade was the unanimous choice for that position. Mr. Morin was called upon last year to fulfill the double duties of President of the Athletic Association and of Manager of the Quebec Rugby Champions ; it is to avoid such a task in the future that prompted him to decline the re-nomination.

The executive committee for the coming scholastic year is constituted as follows :—

President.—Jas. E. McGlade.

First Vice President—T. G. Morin.

Second Vice President—J. J. McGuckin.

Treasurer—J. Donnelly.

Corresponding Secretary—D. McTighe.

Recording Secretary—J. J. Smith.

Councillors—P. J. Murphy, H. J. Fay.

The installation of officers took place on Sunday, April 22nd. Words of encouragement and advice were heard from Messrs. M. A. Foley, J. A. Meehan, W. P. Egleson, and J. F. Breen, all members of the class of '00, and of last year's executive. In recognition of their past services to the association, a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Morin and seconded by Mr. Donnelly. We all know how much of the past success of our association is due to their generous efforts, and it only remains for the present committee, in order to insure success in the future, to labor as faithfully as they have done.

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It is gratifying to note the marked interest that is taken in the spring series of football. Four student teams have been organized with Messrs. Murphy, McGuckin, Cox, and Callaghan, members of the Quebec champions, as Captains. Each member of the victorious team will be presented with a handsome group photo.

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The following schedule has been arranged —

April 18—McGuckin vs. Cox.	April 21—Cox vs. Callaghan.
do 22—Murphy vs. McGuckin.	do 25—Callaghan vs. Murphy.
do 28—McGuckin vs. Callaghan.	do 29—Cox vs. Murphy.

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The first game in the above schedule was postponed on account of rain. On April 21st, Cox and Callaghan opened the spring series of football games. As one might expect, it possessed none of the characteristics of a championship match. This, however can be easily accounted for. The day was one of those sultry days of spring, when the effect of heat is felt the most, while the players themselves were in a poor condition for such physical efforts. Consequently the ball could not be kept in continual motion, and besides, the referee's whistle would repeatedly call the players' attention to infringements of the rules, especially by those who had donned the football suits for the first time. But, after all, the object of the game is to train new material for the fall

season, and, with this end in view, all present shortcomings are overlooked.

Although the game as a whole was a poor exhibition of football, still it would be unjust to say that it lacked interest. In this game, Harpelle, a new wing man, secured two touch-downs for the winning team. The score was 17 to 6 in favor of Captain Callaghan's team.

* * *

On April 22nd, the third scheduled game was played. In many respects it was the contrast of the game played the day before. The weather was cloudy and cool, while neither team scored. It was a closely contested game from beginning to end. In the first half, Captain McGuckin's team held the ball near their opponent's line for eight minutes without being able to secure even a rouge. In all probability they would have scored had not their efforts been frustrated by the timekeeper calling half time. As in the preceding game the play was mostly scrimmaging, which by the way, is a general feature of the spring games. The result would have been different had the half-backs been given more chances to handle the ball, as it was evident that most of the gains made by either team was due to the long punting of McGuckin and Morin.

Mr. T. G. Morin acted as referee in both matches.



Junior Department.

This month the Poet Laureate of the small yard contributes the following on the Junior Editor :—

Beneath my window casement lies,
 A land o'erarched by nought but skies,
 Where 'bides a clan of humble size,
 Whose honor none can question.
 Yet still a scribe of unknown fame,
 The Junior Editor by name,
 In legends stale and accents tame,
 On them has cast reflection.

Some time ago this scribe awoke,
(No doubt disturbed by "sanctum" smoke,
So pregnant with th' unfettered joke),
 And hied into seclusion.
From whence proceeds a monthly lot
Of puns and satires, ill-begot
To represent my friend, the tot,
 And throw him in confusion.

This scion of the Shakespeare tribe
By inuendo, humor, jibe,
Sarcasm, and—perhaps a bribe,
 Has sought to spoil their glory.
By stealthy visits to their halls
And surreptitious midnight calls,
He learns whate'er the youth befalls
 And turns it into story.

Their hallowed customs are not safe
Against this malefacious waif ;
The masters of the dark room chafe,
 To know his vile cognomen.
And Smith and Bawlf and Lynch have said
(They've sworn it by the sheared head
Of him who carries pans of bread)
 They'll give this warning omen.

E'en Iliud, so meek and pale,
Whose name so oft "adorns a tale,"
Declares he'll make this scribbler quail,
 If they meet in Montreal.
For there his "Hoplites" stand their ground,
His "Slingers" throw hard missiles 'round,
His "Peltasts," brave and sure, abound
 To make this punster fall.

Ye men of learning ! Ye the staff !
Oh ! What a merry, merry laugh
Will shake this world—at least a half—

When Iliud calls his nation.
 Adown the gloomy depths of night,
 The Junior Editor will bite
 The dust, and say he cannot fight,
 And mourn his reputation.

*
 * *

Both the Senior and the Junior Editors are very grateful to a few young friends of the small yard. These youngsters, a week or so ago, had it in their power to make things generally unpleasant for the Junior Editor, but were too conscientious to take a mean advantage. We are proud of their conduct, and think it might be imitated with advantage by some of their more pretentious seniors.

* *
 *

" 'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills !
 Like torrents gush the summer rills ;
 Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
 The bladed grass revives and lives,
 Pushes the mouldering waste away,
 And glimpses to the April day."

The Junior Editor is highly pleased to welcome again the return of the long-looked-for visitor, Spring. Many a time during the cold and desolate state of the Lilliputian compus, he felt sorely grieved that the inhabitants of Lilliput should be obliged, on account of the inclement storms, to remain inactive sportsmen in the gymnasium. Not unfrequently his little soul glanced wearily at the starry vault of heaven, and appealed to the bright stellar attendants of Miss Moon to His Royal Highness, to drive away the sullen murmurs of the North, and to call back the soothing zephyrs of the South. This persevering prayer has been heard, and lovely Spring skips along chanting her own familiar hymn :

"I come, I come ! ye have called me along,
 I came o'er the mountain with light and song :
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violets birth,
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."

Already there is a marked change in the youthful spirit of our boys. There is a glowing expression of deep gratitude stamped on the countenances of each short-panted junior, as he rushes forth into the welcoming brightness of the night. The long dormant spirit of Mr. Sport is again revived, and all our young friends are glad once more to take part in the games that have so long remained buried in the Dark Room. One crowd is assembled in the "smoking alley" contending for hand-ball honors, whilst another is watching the future members of their baseball team as they toss the ball from one to another. We are pleased to note also that one of the professors has kindly deigned to show us a few of the games that he used to play when he was a small boy; (he's barely out of knee pants yet). One of these recreative sports is called "relievo," and has drawn the attention of many knickerbockers. Several other amusements, such as "Run Sheep Run," "Bar's Off," "Lill, Lill," find many supporters among the inhabitants of kiddom.

Many of the boys indulge in vocal music, and they tantalize the ears of not a few of their comrades. Denis' favorite is: "There'll be a hot time in the old town." His accent is rather *buttermilked*. Choc Ette sings "*Just one boy*." Tommy S. chants "Oh I wish I were a gander."

These songs are full of music, and are more or less pleasing to the ear. But we wish to remind a certain click, headed by the smallest but most old-fashioned *camp bell* in the yard, that they are not justified in sitting at the gate to scandalize the passers-by by singing hackneyed songs to the air of sacred music. If such gentlemen (excuse the word) have no respect for themselves, they should at least have some concern for the institution and for the music that they sing.

* *

A few nights ago Capt. Moonlight met me, the Junior Editor as I was about to take a short stroll during the quiet stillness of the night. Mr. Orb flashed one of his silvery gleams through the neighboring trees and immediately attracted my attention. He accosted me with one of his suspicious grins and twitched his face as if trying to wink. I recognized the sign and immediately directed my way to the sanctum. I was not long there, before the

pale-faced Captain entered and started in all haste to recount the following incidents. He felt very much abashed to begin his story for, as he said, one would hardly credit such carelessness to young or old students. His story runneth thus :

“ I have been often obliged to deal unmercifully with my young terrestrial midgets. I am satisfied, however, to learn that they consider deeply the few remarks that I sometimes make. I extend to them my sincere congratulations and hope that they will always possess the spirit of sincere and holy submission. During the past month I made a few observations as I passed through their noisy campus, and much to my surprise, I learned that many are lacking in that necessary quality, neatness. I chanced one day to catch a glimpse of two young men that were playing marbles in the mud. Not only the marbles were covered with this water-clotted earth, but also their hands. Being very interested in their game, I remained a spectator until the college bell called them to the study hall. When they had finished their game, instead of rushing to the nearest water tap, they wiped their dark and thick stained hands on their coats and on the white-washed fence.

Another day I was shocked to behold three or four frisky gentlemen waddling through several puddles of muddy water, and then kicking at one another the soft earth that cleaved to their shoes. I felt like choking them.

Nor shall I forget to say a word about the lovers of vogue, that admirable guide of society's fashions. I often hear these young vanity delvers talk of all the latest styles in hats, shoes, stockings, ties, etc. I was much pained, however, to listen to a list all the grand dress ornaments that they are going to wear during the coming summer. They talk in such strains, and at the same time parade through the yard with several inches of blanced linen flying loosely through the dark textures that circumscribe the upper portion of their crural members. It often happens also that those who delight in praising the latest style of stockings, allow their tibial coverlets to give protection and warmth to the external casement of their pedal extremities.

Others, the lovers of clean faces and Paderwiski hair dress, summon up enough vanity to polish their shoes, and are unable to apply the strong wisps of a broom to their coat and hat. In the

dormitory, the looking-glass finds many idols among this class. It is reported that one nice looking chap, when at study, keeps a face reflector on his book in order to note his different features, and to observe the hairs as they stealthily fall from his glossy pate. "What a sweep of vanity comes this way."

Not having time to finish all his remarks, the old Captain left the sanctum to continue his journey through the ethereal skies. Boys, a word to the wise is sufficient. The above remarks need no comment.

* *
*

Now that the ethereal mildness of the spring has softly dawned upon us, we hope that the juniors will take advantage of the many approaching congé days to engage in their annual sports, lacrosse and baseball. As there are not many who know the secrets of the former game, we would advise our young friends to form a few teams of baseball. The games should be scheduled to be played on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Your admirer, the Junior Editor, will not fail to witness the games, and take special notice of the plays and players. You might also send out challenges to the teams of the city, and win for yourselves laurels before the public eye.

* *
*

Some small boys paste upon the bulletin, very classically written notices. We have not however met one that surpasses the following in English dress:—

"I lost or was taken, a coat. If the coat is found, return it to the one who owns the coat."

We forbear to give the name of the author. He is big and old enough however, to be seen in the senior department.

* *
*

The following notes were found on the Editor's file, and were signed :

C. H. JUETTE.

Last night I read the college book,
The junior column, first I look,
So many name, what for all that ?
That poet talk way up his hat,
All time he tell the lie much big
And fun at me he like to dig.

He laugh behind the post all day,
And watch the boy in yard at play.

Dear Editeur,—I see you receive the letter of my friends. I like much that what is said to you. You no like to show you ugly visage on the college field for I do tell to you something. Your life is in our danger. What you talk about me on the Junior Department? My friends carry me to the hall of the recreation for to ask me my sentiment. I give all I had in little words. And you make the speech of one hour. You talk in your hat. You no good! If I see you in the yard I will throw you the stone.

Good bye,

C. H. JUETTE.

*
* *

Some of the small boys show a great carelessness in keeping in proper condition, the articles that they receive from their parents. No later than last week, a small boy was riding on his bicycle over the spiked walk in the yard. Having been warned by one of his more sensible companions, that he would puncture the wheel, the careless bicyclist remarked: "Oh I can only puncture it, and then get another." Yes young friend you *can* puncture it, but you *may* not. At least this is what your father would most likely say.

I *
* *

During the coming month the deacon of the small yard will hold special evening services under the glimmer of the electric lights.

*
* *

They say that the rain has *ruane-d* our football field and our former *pitcher*.

*
* *

The Scientific Society was notified last week that there would be a lecture in the third form class-room, April 18th. The subject of the lecture was—"Canidae." On reading the above title, Tommy remarked: Dat guy don't know how to spell *Canada* yet.

*
* *

SYMPOSIUM FROM MOORE.

"O Blame not the Bard," that Joe rose "Oft in the Stilly

Night," with a "Tear and a Smile in His Eye" to gaze upon "The young May Moon" beaming upon "The Last Rose of Summer," to sing "Believe me if all those Endearing Young Charms."

* *

"Oh won't you please memorize me? You memorized the other boys; I would like you to memorize me."

* *

French to the waiter—"Why didn't you give me a piece of brown bread this morning?"

* *

K—Why do the Philippine Islands resemble a decayed tooth?

S—Don't know.

K—Because there is a cavity (é) in both.

* *

I'm mad, I'm really mad! If you were a girl I'd throw a kiss at you! I can *lick* you anyway.

* *

Non est miraculum, hoc! Eh oui!! Non! Mais oui!!!

* *

Come along Jim. I think we'll have to go back, Jim.

* *

After the conclusion of a very dry piece of wit:—Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! Pas mal, père—Crapaud chien!!! * * * *

* *

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade.—1st, L. P. Levesques, 2nd, Geo. Laflamme; 3rd, P. Kirwan.

Second Grade A.—1st, Joe Coupal; 2nd, Emile Gagnon; 3rd, L. Leonard.

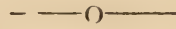
Second Grade B.—1st, L. P. Brosseau; 2nd, Thos. Foley; 3rd, E. Theriault.

Third Grade A.—1st, John Parker; 2nd, Francis Taillon; 3rd, W. Leonard.

Third Grade B.—1st, E. Seguin; 2nd, Jas. Donahue; 3rd, Jas. Healey.

Graduating Class.—1st, Cyriac Dionne; 2nd, Arthur Laprès; 3rd, Geo. Babin.

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 9

MAY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 9

MAY'S PRIVILEGE.

[Written for the UNIVERSITY REVIEW.]



COME, winsome May,
Command thy shine and rain
To touch the willing earth with vernal stain;
Come, and call forth unto the warm, sweet day
From clammy prison cells and chains of night
The hungry buds to drink thy lifesome light.

Come, vocal May,
Come with thy train that high
On leafing maples pour their melody,
Or wheeling from the flock-filled fields all gay,
Throng glens apart on aptest echo calling
'Mid hymning woods and singing waters falling.

Come, sunny May,
Protend thy laughing beam
What time the stricken mists melt on the stream
And bees to pollened blossoms wing their way ;
While music, light and sweetness are thine
Oh, weave and waft them round Queen Mary's shrine.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE GENIUS OF WEBSTER AS PORTRAYED IN HIS SPEECH AGAINST HAYNE.

The character, and propensities of every master mind are portrayed in his works. His style is inimitable because it is individual. We feel his genius ; he seems to speak to us. Intellectual vigor renders us sensible of his mighty grasp, of his all comprehensiveness, of his keen, piercing understanding, The force and beauty of his figures, the pleasing ecstasy of his metaphors, his winged imagination strike us spell-bound, while deep passion makes us feel as he does ; we are borne along irresistibly by the same torrent-like gush of feeling. Sensibility and imagination thus march in the train of intelligence, and intelligence is subject to a powerful strength of will. In proportion to the degree in which these four faculties combined are found, exists the true greatness of a master-mind.

Webster's argument in reply to Hayne was intended as a defence of his political position, as a vindication of Massachusetts, as an exposition of constitutional law and as a vindication of the true policy of the country. In this speech he has united, in a greater or less degree, work of the four above-mentioned faculties. A self-sustained intellectual might is expressed on every page. The profound knowledge and clear arrangement, the mastery it exhibits of all the weapons of dialectics ; the wit, sarcasm, splendid and impassioned eloquence, which pervade and vivify, without interruption, the close and rapid march of the argument ; the earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and the massive strength of expression which characterize the whole speech, are a brilliant reflection of his genius.

His powerful grasp of the subject is peculiarly distinctive. His is not a one-sided, narrow-minded, egotistical view ; he follows not rivers and mountains and lines of latitude, to find boundaries beyond which, public improvements, such as a canal or railway do not benefit him. On the contrary, he has a broad, general, all-embracing, national scope ; a scope as far reaching as

that of Hayne's is restricted; a scope embracing within its sphere, the mutual happiness and common renown of the whole Union.

A no less broad stamp of individuality marks his manner of treatment. No tasteless word-piling, no wasted verbiage, at once planless, extravagant and senseless; no rhetorical tricks are had recourse to by Webster. His intellectual eye pierces instantly beneath the show of things to the things themselves and seems to behold the truth in clear vision. No matter how cunningly hid in metaphor or formula his opponent's arguments may be, they cannot stand for a moment the scrutinizing glance of his intellect.

"Why, sir," exclaims Webster, referring to Hayne's remarks, "he has stretched a drag net over the whole surface of perished pamphlets, indiscreet sermons, frothy paragraphs, and fuming popular addresses; over whatever the pulpit, in its moments of alarm, the press in its heats, and parties in their extravagance, have severally thrown off in times of general excitement and violence. He has thus swept together a mass of such things as, but that they are now old and cold, the public health would have required him to leave in their state of dispersion. For a good, long hour or two, we had the unbroken pleasure of listening to the honourable member, while he recited, with his usual grace and spirit, and with evident high gusto, speeches, pamphlets, addresses, and all the etceteras of the political press, such as warm heads produce in warm times. This is his war!"

Many extracts exemplifying this power of exposing seminal fallacies, incompatibilities and false analogies, and showing his exact analysis and force and clearness of conception, might be quoted. Every page of the speech is replete with them. It suffices but a glance at the "Spectre of the Coalition," at Colonel Barre's quotation, at "Internal Improvements," at Messrs. Dane and Dexter.

Webster's intelligence, however, displays itself in all its grandeur in the elucidation of the constitutional policy of the United States. There is a marked gradation between the vindication of both himself and New England and the vindication of the home government. His style in the latter is more precise,

severe, energetic ; a grave restraint on his words indicates the prudence of his sound principles, and the still more absolute confidence he places in them. The judgment, the tact, the skill, the wisdom with which he elucidates each and every clause, forces the mind to acquiesce to his superior genius. Aloof from technicalities and unfettered by artificial rule, such a question gave opportunity for that deep and clear analysis, that mighty grasp of principle which so distinguishes Webster's higher efforts. The earnestness of his own convictions wrought conviction in others. One was convinced and believed and assented, because it was gratifying, delightful to think, and feel, and believe in unison with an intellect of such evident superiority.

But to proceed with the argument. Mr. Hayne maintained that any State Legislature deeming an Act of the General Government plainly and palpably unconstitutional, could in virtue of a right, existing under the constitution, lawfully decide whether an Act of the General Government transcended its powers, and, if so decided, veto or nullify the action, as for instance, in the case of the "Tariff" or the "Embargo and non-Intercourse Acts," which were both considered as plain downright violations of the Constitution. Mr. Hayne's principles, evidently, could lead to nothing but the subversion of the government, and the destruction of the whole Union.

Webster's quick perception sees this at a glance. And here is where he brings that depth of thought, that sharp logical ability and skillful arrangement of argument, that large inductive method of refutation, so characteristic of his greatness, to bear upon the mind of his audience. He reduces the whole doctrine to two main propositions. Whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws ? Whence does South Carolina derive the right of vetoing or arresting the proceedings of the government ? Is the government the creature of the people or the agent of the states ? His answers to these interrogations expound the argument and show the liberality and clearness of Webster's views respecting the just powers of government and the rights of the governed.

"It is observable enough," says Webster, "that the doctrine for which the honorable member contends leads him to the necessity of maintaining, not

only that this general government is the creature of the states, but that it is the creature of each of the states severally ; so that each may assert the power for itself, of determining whether it acts within the limits of its authority. It is the servant of four and twenty masters of different wills and different purposes, and yet bound to obey all."

Therefore, the constituted authorities of the United States are no longer a government, if they be not masters of their own will ; they are no longer a government, if an external power may arrest their proceedings ; they are no longer a government if acts passed by both Houses and approved by the President, may be nullified by state vetoes or state ordinances.

" It is, Sir," continues Webster, " the people's constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people. The very chief end, the main design, for which the whole constitution was framed and adopted, was to establish a government that should not be obliged to act through State agency or depend on State opinion or State discretion. The people have wisely provided in the constitution itself, a proper suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law, by declaring, sir, that " the constitution and the laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Moreover, " that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States."

Hence any law which comes in conflict with the constitution is not valid, and the general government alone has the exclusive prerogative of deciding on the constitutionality of the laws.

Webster's unerring regularity, force and intelligence, in vindicating the home government having been thus clearly illustrated, we might hazard a few remarks on the wonderful felicity of expression, the wealth and simple beauty of style, emanating from the amplitude of his learning. The very nature of his mind required a proportionate degree of influence over language. Words shape themselves to his thought ; he is not mastered by them ; he has none of the faults which spring from verbal fluency. It is his ponderous wield of syllables which makes his sarcasm trenchant and pungent ; it is his graceful manipulation of expression which gives a good-humored coloring to his words ; it is the simple enunciation of his reasoning that makes his arguments clear and tenable to the least comprehensive mind ; it is the pure, ennobling, lofty diction, springing from his deep sensi-

bility and lively imagination, which softens, thrills and overpowers us.

By an easy and natural transition we pass from Webster's intellectual to his imaginative powers. In the speech under consideration, imagination is not predominant, though all through the reply, we feel the freshness and life it imparts to his words. Neither is it spontaneous, as if gushing out in a stream of passionate feeling under the influence of uncontrollable excitement, but rather studied and weighed, and rendered subservient to reason. Instead of weakening or otherwise obscuring his arguments, it gives them point and clearness; instead of leading him astray, as it unfortunately does many orators that sacrifice logic to embellishment, it illumines his reasoning. It is not that of a poet, lofty and flowery, but rather an oratorical imagination, if it may be so termed. His intelligence has a powerful grasp of a subject; his imagination presents itself to clothe his ideas in suitable language. The quotations from Shakespeare and Butler, and the allusions to Holy Scripture, are felicitous instances. The wisdom of his principles and the spontaneous utterance of his sentiments, especially where energy and sensibility are combined, receive an additional embellishment from a vigorous imagination. This is noticeable in the practical application of the "Nullification" doctrine, but particularly where the burning eloquence of his loyal, patriotic heart burst forth into the spirited eulogium upon the old Bay State :—

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will be forever. And Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under necessary and salutary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that union by which alone its existence is made sure; it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; and it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who

gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest moments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

We have incidentally seen in these remarks, that Webster's sensibility, though not absolutely predominant, is deep and strong. In truth, a profound, convulsive passion permeates the whole speech. When thoroughly roused he is like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst from the intensity of his feelings, were it not for the supremacy of his will. And it is this stout manly courage and resolution, this firmness of character, this strength of his own 'right arm,' that made Webster the man. It is this rare union of a piercing and comprehensive intellect, of ready imagination, of deep passion, with great force of character, which enabled him to pour forth from his lips, the masterpiece against Hayne.

Sensibility and intelligence, as I have just stated, walk hand in hand, one the ally of the other. His deep feeling sharpens his intellect and lends a fiery vehemence to his language. The more susceptible he is of impression, the clearer becomes his logic, the more smiting his words, especially when taunted with a participation in things offensive to his pride or dignity. This is shown in his personal vindication. His darts of scorn quiver in his opponent's flesh all the deeper ; and the hissing irony, the cool retort has more effect than if he were to stalk across the floor and make a practical application of his very words, "blows to take as well as blows to give." Many passages might be selected in which the felicity of expression, and the keenness, and satirical twinge of contempt united, produce this effect. The passage on 'Coalition,' or his retrospective glance at the pedigree of 'Federalism' are two of his happiest veins.

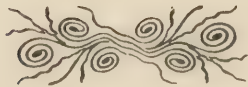
Though biting and stinging when thoroughly roused ; though his big, dark, intellectual eye seems to bore a man through and through in the heat of passion, Webster is yet more powerful in his sweetness, more charming in his condescension, more affecting when his eloquence is the outburst of his generous patriotic heart. We feel the man. We are transformed into Daniel Websters. *Unus in uno*, we are thrilled by the same sentiments, emotions, passions—the same pains, the same pleasures. We feel the largeness, the comprehensiveness of his heart. 'Our country, our

whole country ' is what it says to us and impresses on our mind. Interests common, associated, intermingled ; glory, honor, fame renown, all for the common fund.

I thank God," he exclaims. " that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood ; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country ; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth !"

This generous national feeling pervades the entire argument, and reaches its climax, where the great American statesman and orator closes his effort in a gush of ennobling spirit-stirring eloquence ; eloquence inspired by the love and affection of a true son of Massachusetts ; eloquence inspired by unalloyed zeal and devotion to country ; eloquence inspired by patriotism—but a patriotism which looks "before and after"—eloquence worthy of the large, warm, manly heart ; worthy of the great soul of that immortal genius, Daniel Webster.

W. CHAPUT, '03.



STATESMAN AND NUN.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.



LOWLY the organ pealed a march,
That sad grand march in "Saul,"
As through the cathedral's marbled arch
Came the funeral *cortege* all ;
And the noblest in the land were near
Where the dead statesman lay,
And a nation wept for that great career
Above his lifeless clay.

He had served his county well and long,
And she gave him a love as true
As that which made him ever strong
For her to dare and do ;
And now in that minster's time-worn walls
Brave men with bated breath
List to the praise which his life recalls
And which follows him in death.

And the poet's pen and orator's tongue
Paid tribute to his fame,
And in far-off lands his praise was sung
Amidst the crowd's acclaim ;
And his name was heard in the rich man's hall
And in the peasant's home,
Where his memory was as loved by all
As o'er the ocean's foam.

II.

They laid her to sleep in a narrow bed
Outside their convent walls,
Where the earliest primrose lifts its head,
And the morning sunlight falls.

In the plain black robes she loved so well
She went to her early rest,
On her lips a smile as sweet, they tell,
As the lillies on her breast.

The busy world ne'er heard her name,
Nor of the souls she won,
By God's great grace from sin and shame,
Before her sands were run.
And to serve one's land is surely well,
And its people's praise is sweet,
But to save a soul from the flames of hell
Is work for an angel meet.

His name shall lead in the unborn years
To deeds of high emprise,
And a nation's love with a people's tears,
Shall his work immortalize.
She brought her works in her fair, white hand
To lay before God's throne,
Where a host of ministering angels stand—
Works done for him alone.



THE MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR.



IN all the annual round of Canadian farm-work, by far the "sweetest" occupation is maple sugar making. Perhaps the farmer himself may not entirely relish the routine entailed by this first business of the dawning spring ; pecuniary motives, however, render him deeply interested in its success. There is, nevertheless, one personage that regards the maple sugar season with unmixed delight, and that personage is no other than the happy-souled small boy. He it is who first announces to his industrious parents the wealth-promising news that "sap's runnin' ;" he it is that considers the manufacture of maple sugar the most agreeable item on the long list of farm-life duties, and the one that gives the quickest and most satisfactory return for the expended labor.

Leaving profit out of the question, the making of maple sugar has a certain attraction for the aged farmer also ; it is his nearest approach to the work done by the great manufacturing houses of the big cities. The necessity of having a special building expressly for the production of this popular article of commerce, awakens in his breast a kind of pride ; for, on this account, he is in reality a manufacturer on a small scale, and has a monopoly of at least one species of production.

The maple sugar season, as a rule, begins about the third week of March, and extends as far as the second or third week of April. Its commencement and duration, however, vary somewhat every year, according to the conditions of the temperature. Bright days with warm sunshine, and cold frosty nights, constitute what is considered the best "sap weather."

As we have said, the ever active small boy is the first to discover the arrival of the maple sugar season. As soon as the March sun becomes bright and warm, his sugar-searching instinct is on the alert ; every fine day sees him in the "bush," where, with jack-knife in hand, he tries the trees. At last his watchful patience is rewarded ; his quick eye catches sight of the sweet liquid as it runs freely from the incision made by his knife.

He hurries home where, out of breath, he announces the good news that "sap's 'runnin'."

Then begin active preparations for a few weeks of life and work in the snow-carpeted woods. The various appliances required for the manufacture of syrup and sugar, are brought down from the store-room, where for ten or eleven months, they have rested undisturbed. The sap-buckets are carefully washed, and then placed at the south side of the house to dry and be sunned. Broken spiles are replaced by new ones, and buckets in which there is a leak are sent to the tinsmith to be soldered.

All these preliminaries having been duly attended to at the farm-house, all the articles required for collecting the maple sap, and for changing it into syrup and sugar, are loaded on a sleigh. Then the start is made for the scene of most agreeable activity.

When the "sugar bush" is reached, all the implements not required for collecting the maple sap, are unloaded at the "sugar camp," which is made the headquarters for all needed supplies during the season's work. The sleigh is then driven through those most open parts of the wood, where trees large enough for "tapping" are to be found. As it proceeds, a number of men provided with augers, go from tree to tree, boring a small hole in the side of each tree, and driving a spile, that is to say, a kind of small spout, into each hole. To the spile they attach a little hook upon which a bucket is hung. Whilst the men thus advance, "bringing the whole maple wood into subjection," the horses are stopped from time to time to wait for them and to rest. At this season of the year, the snow is very deep in the woods, and consequently the "breaking" of a new road is quite a hard job for the horses. Afterwards, however, the horses' part of the work is not so difficult, as the same route is always followed when the sap is being gathered.

Modern invention has reduced to a minimum the labor involved in the manufacture of maple syrup and maple sugar. In the good old days of our grandfathers, things were not thus. Then, all the implements were "home-made." Instead of the neat steel spiles of our day, our progenitors had to use clumsy hand-made wooden ones. Instead of our tin or zinc buckets, they employed a sort of trough, made Indian fashion, by hollowing

out a block of wood. For boiling the syrup, they used three large caldrons, slung side by side over three separate fires upon a stout pole by means of chains. The pole was supported at each end either by "uprights" having natural crutches at the top, or by the crutches of two adjacent trees. One of the end pots was for heating the sap, the middle one was for boiling it until it began to taste somewhat like syrup, and the third pot was for continuing the boiling until real syrup would be the result. The transferring of the sap from one pot to another was a rather slow process, as it had to be done by means of dippers.

Whenever there was on hand a sufficient quantity of sap to "boil down" the fires were kept burning constantly under the three pots. The heat was confined within as small a space as possible by means of huge logs placed at each side of the pots. Be it added that in those pioneer days, the whole operation of maple syrup making and sugar making was carried on in the open air. The vault of heaven was the only roof those primitive factories boasted. Nowadays, however, nearly every farmer in possession of a "sugar bush," has erected among his maples, a snug, commodious frame building, known as a "sugar camp," in which is carried out the comparatively easy operation of reducing sap to syrup and sugar. The small boy is sometimes left at night as the overseer of the work. How strongly his position as watchman contrasts now with that of olden times! Before the luxuries of a "sugar camp" were known, he was forced to remain in the "open" all night, chilled by the penetrating atmosphere of our cold Canadian spring, and having no means of shelter. His position then recalled the thrilling experiences in the lives of backwoodsmen, of whose strange adventures he had heard or read. As he crouched for warmth near the seething pots, every sound, such as the crackling of a branch, or the hooting of an owl, brought terror to his heart,—a terror such as even maple sugar could not avert. As, hour after hour, he peered blindly into the surrounding darkness, he half expected every moment to be attacked by some ferocious denizen of the woods, or, peradventure, to be petrified by the advent of some visitor from another world. His fear found relief only when, before the "peep of dawn," the men arrived from the farmhouse to begin a new day's labor. Then what a narrative he

had to tell, of all he had seen and heard during the "wizard hours !" Natural noises, rendered supernatural by his youthful imagination, and hairbreadth escapes from wild beasts, formed the subject of his thrilling story. But, let us go on with our essay. The whole process of maple sugar making, as carried on at present, may be briefly described as follows :

We have seen how spiles with buckets attached, are inserted in auger-holes made in the sides of the trees. The sap flows quite freely through the spiles into the buckets. Then, when the buckets are nearly full, or when there is danger of their overflowing during the night, a large puncheon is placed on a sleigh with horses attached, which is conducted through the winding roads among the maples. As the sleigh makes its rounds, the men go from one tree to another, emptying the buckets into pails, which, in turn, when full, are emptied into the puncheon. The amount of sap collected during one of these circuits, of course depends chiefly upon the number of trees "tapped" ; but it likewise depends in a great measure upon the condition of the weather. As stated above, frosty nights and warm sunshine during the day constitute the most favorable conditions for a good "run." The ordinary farmer taps about two hundred trees ; this is about as many as he can attend to properly. With the sap yielded by this number, he can make syrup and sugar enough for the use of his family, and, moreover, sell a considerable quantity. Some farmers that make the manufacture of syrup and sugar for pecuniary purposes their chief object, often tap as many as two or three thousand trees. Of course they are obliged to have several hired men to aid them in the work.

When the sap has been collected in the puncheon, it is brought to the above mentioned "camp," where the work of syrup and sugar making then begins. The old log-confined fire is now replaced by a furnace of stove and brick, and the work done by the three large pots above referred to, is now usually performed by two pans, in one of which the sap is heated, and in the other of which it is made into syrup. Lately, however, a new style of pan has been invented. Into one end of this pan the raw sap enters slowly, but continually, and issues from a spout at the

other end in the form of syrup. This is evidently an immense improvement on the old three-pot-and-ladle system.

As a consequence of these improvements, "boiling" is a far less tedious operation now than in former times. The pans, owing to their shape are much more readily heated than the big pots of our ancestors, and, in them, the sap "boils down" much faster.

Nevertheless, now, just as in former days, one man is kept constantly busy attending to the fire, and seeing that the sap does not boil over. In order to help in keeping the seething mass of sap from overflowing, a rind of pork is floated in it, or is hung in the steam over the pans, as was done formerly with the big pots, in such a manner that the heat is just sufficient to keep the fat continually dropping.

After evaporation has reduced the quantity of sap to a small fraction of what it was at first, the mass is transferred from one pan to another till it is all contained in one. Then commences what is in reality the "boiling down" process,—that is the reducing of the fluid substance to maple syrup.

As a matter of course, the small boy has his own little pot or pan in which he carries on the "boiling down" process. For this purpose he takes a small quantity of the hot liquid from one of the large pans. One of his delights is to cook eggs for his dinner or supper in this thickening mass; moreover he enjoys drinking the sweet fluid instead of tea.

When the "run" continues good for two or three days, it is often necessary, as we have said above, to continue the "boiling" process all night, or at least until late. On such occasions, the watchman can pass the long hours quite pleasantly. He may lock the camp door and stretch himself in comfort upon a rug beside the furnace, but, of course, he must not fall asleep.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of sugar-making fun, is what is known as a "taffy pull." This special feature is attended to, only when visitors honor the camp with their presence; when, for instance a sleighing party from some neighboring town or village, comes to the farmer's house to enjoy the good man's ever ready hospitality.

In order to have a "taffy pull" the maple syrup is boiled until it becomes thick enough to form a sort of wax when poured

upon the snow. Large pans are lined with snow, which is carefully packed down so as not to allow the hot syrup to pass through it. When cool enough this peculiar wax is eaten with a fork ; it is so sweet that most people cannot enjoy it very much.

If a person unaccustomed to eating this taffy, chances to put a rather large piece into his mouth, he soon presents a most ludicrous sight. Immediately his teeth become so firmly fixed in the waxy substance, that it is utterly impossible for him to move his jaws. It's no use trying to swear ; all he can do is sit down and await patiently until the troublesome mass melts sufficiently to set his teeth at liberty. Then he may formulate such good resolutions as he thinks fit.

Nothing pleases the mischievous small boy better than to throw a lump of this enticing taffy to his unwary dog. The unsuspecting animal of course grabs it tightly in his greedy mouth, and consequently remains lock-jawed for the time being. He tries to howl, but failing in this, he turns around and around, and performs all sorts of contortions, of which a dog is capable. Master knee-pants enjoys the fun, but, needless to say, the doggy doesn't.

In the manufacture of maple sugar, the syrup has to be boiled somewhat longer than for taffy. It has to be kept on the fire until it is so thick that it hardly drops from the ladle. It is then poured into dishes and allowed to cool, after which it is quite hard and brittle.

From a pecuniary standpoint, it may be said that the manufacture of maple syrup and maple sugar is always a success. Of course, however, the amount of profit derived from the season's "run" depends in great measure upon the number of trees "tapped" and upon the weather conditions. When the season is short or unfavorable, the price of sugar and syrup is much higher than otherwise it would be. Ordinarily, syrup is sold at one dollar a gallon, and maple sugar brings about ten cents a pound. From this it can be seen, that, although the manufacture of these commodities is regarded by some farmers as a very tedious process, nevertheless it is for them one of the quickest means of money-making, without a too great expenditure of labor or capital

THOMAS DAY, '03.

MAY.

Whenever shorter grows the night,
And sturdy winter's course is run,
When grow the days more long and bright,
Yet ere doth shine the summer's sun,
There comes a month so full of cheer,
All warmed by Sol's advancing ray
'Tis welcomed most of all the year,
The longed for, merry month of May.

Old mother earth in mantle green,
All beauteous do we behold ;
On ev'ry plant are blossoms seen,
All pink or blue, or white or gold,
While birds o'er forest stream and mead,
With blithest songs and plumage gay,
Permit nor any gloom or shade,
On human mind in merry May.

Such lovely month 'tis surely meet
In piety to consecrate
To Virgin Mother, pure and sweet,
Our blessed queen immaculate.
Then let us deck her altars all
With lilies white, and let us pray
To her whom each of us doth call
Most rightfully the Queen of May.

WILLIE CAVANAGH,
Second Form.

THE RULING PASSION IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."

The more the general movement of a drama, and hence also the conduct of each individual character, is promoted by the natural passions of men, rather than by merely accidental occurrences, so much the more will the production exhibit the genius and insight of the author. Nothing indeed instills so great an amount of vigor and spirit into any work of fiction, and nothing renders it so much the object of pleasure and enjoyment to the reader as the making of the subject-matter consist largely in a faithful portrayal of the emotions of men—the workings of fear, anger, despair, ambition, love and jealousy, as observed in the common scenes of everyday life. In this art of infusing living interest into his pieces, Shakespeare is unquestionably a consummate master. We cannot read a single one of his plays without being impressed with this fact. But in each play we will observe that different passions stand out with unusual prominence. In "Macbeth," for instance, it is seen at a glance that the ruling passion, which incites the Thane of Cawdor to such deeds of bloodshed, is "vaulting ambition," an inordinate thirst for power and fame. Again in the drama entitled "Julius Cæsar," which we consider in the present essay, the ruling passion is found to be fear, ranging all the way from a shrinking from mere corporeal pain to terror of mind, which borders on frenzy. In all their actions and impulses, most of the principal characters, Casca, Cassius, and Brutus, as well as Calpurnia and Portia, appear in a great measure to be affected by it.

Amongst all these, Casca is the only one who is the victim of physical fear. He has the misfortune of being a coward of the meanest sort. How he shakes and trembles when he meets Cicero and Cassius amidst the disorder of an unusually violent thunderstorm, which he himself, in his fear, describes as "a tempest dropping fire!" Casca's cowering and craven appearance on this occasion does not escape the ridicule of Cassius.

" You look pale, and gaze
And put on fear, and ease yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens,"

Though Casca makes a clever attempt to defend himself by saying that

“It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us,”

yet, on every occasion, he gives like evidence of his pusillanimous and timorous nature. A fit man is he to give the first dagger-thrust of the assassin to the unconscious Cæsar, even then, not daring to look his victim in the face. “Like a cur,” as Anthony fitly puts it, he stabs Cæsar from behind. For this single act, the fervid promises and active support of his fellow-conspirators lent Casca sufficient audacity ; but alarm at the consequences, I suppose, never permits him to show up again in the play. What a woeful specimen of humanity he is ! If Shakespeare wished to illustrate the principle, of which he gives expression in “Julius Cæsar,” that

“Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once,”

he could not have made choice of a more abject coward than the insidious Casca.

Cassius, however, is quite a different man from Casca. Following up the principle of his stoic philosophy, he constitutes himself a stranger to bodily fear. It is admirable to hear him exclaim to his terror-stricken friend :

“For my part I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus embrac'd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunderstone ;
And when the cross-clue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of Heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and flash of it.”

On one occasion only, does Cassius show a momentary alarm, and that is when he has an intimation that the bloody plot that he is hatching against Cæsar has been discovered—

“Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.”

Dread of other things influences the general conduct of the

arch-conspirator. Endowed by nature with but mediocre talents, and enjoying an inferior position in the Roman Commonwealth, his greedy and jealous mind involuntarily recoils before the obscurity and oblivion into which the poor Cassius must sink in the presence of Cæsar's superior genius and grandeur. He well knows that, as the glory of the grent Roman Dictator increases, his own meanness becomes more apparent.

" This man
Is now become a God ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him."

For this reason Cassius becomes a man of action. He stirs up the smouldering coals of Roman liberty and makes them burst into flame ; with his heart full of bitterness and care, " he has a lean and hungry look ;" nor does he "sleep o' nights," but walks the streets of Rome wholly regardless of darkness, omens, or storms ; he makes speeches, gathers the conspirators together and matures his bloody plans of murder and assassination—and all this because he dreads Cæsar's extraordinary greatness.

Cassius' friend and associate, the magnanimous and truly noble Brutus, is likewise actuated by uneasiness at Cæsar's growing popularity and power, but in a somewhat different manner. His is no selfish fear, no jealous regret at the loss of personal emoluments or individual fame, but rather sorrow at the woeful subversion of his country's liberties. He is possessed of the unbearable presentiment that the stately and time-honored republic, for which his illustrious ancestors dared so much, and to which the Romans still looked with such feelings of mingled pride and reverence, will at last become the dishonored spoil of Cæsar's ambitious pretentions. This conviction gives Brutus untold anxiety and, even before Cassius approaches him, he has been brooding over the matter :—

" Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours."

He is actually "at war with himself" and "forgets to show of love to other men." Even his wife Portia comes in for a share of his neglect as she herself complains.

“Yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about
Musing and sighing with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped your foot ;
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an impatient wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you, so I did ;
Hoping it was but the effect of humour
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep.”

To such straits as these has fear and agitation of mind driven the philosopher Brutus. Nay, it provokes him with bloody and remorseless hand, to break through the dearest ties of friendship and affection. He is finally led to think Cæsar, “as a serpent’s egg, which hatch’d, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,” and therefore he must “kill him in the shell.” The man who is his best lover must bleed because Brutus fears “he would be crowned.” Fear then is certainly a powerful factor in Brutus’ case. For despite his professions of the highest and most ideal principles, fear makes him assist in the vile deed of assassins.

Yet we must say that Brutus is a very brave man. Such projects as he undertook, required no small degree of personal bravery. No doubt he feared to encounter no human enemy. But we see that his courage is put to a severe test when he receives a visit from Cæsar’s ghost.

“How ill this taper burns !— Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?”

From his own confession it is clear that Brutus quakes with fear. The ghost comes to him at a trying time in his life, when he has just received the sad news of Portia’s death, and when his multiplied misfortunes engender remorse for his crime. In his woebegone condition does it seem surprising that the sudden appearance of the spirit of his murdered friend should “make his

blood cold and his hair to stare ?” Yet Brutus does not make an attempt to avoid the spectre, but struggles manfully against his weakness. When the ghost accosts him with, “Thou shalt see me at Philippi,” Brutus gives proof of his returning courage by the resolute and emphatic rejoinder :

“Why I will see thee at Philippi then !”

Few people, I believe, would receive a visitor from the tomb with such evident warmth, and see him depart with such regret as Brutus expressed in the two last lines of his address :

“Now that I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.”

Because of the masculine minds of Brutus and Cassius, we are not so deeply impressed with the extent of the suffering they endure on account of fear, as we are with the affliction of Calpurnia and Portia. Upon the delicate and sensitive temperaments of the two latter, the tortures of dread and terror have a more marked effect.

Shakespeare, however, does not give a very complete view of Calpurnia's sufferings. She appears only in a single act, when gloomy forebodings of her husband's portended fate overhang her soul. The strenuous efforts she puts forth to persuade her lord to remain at home and escape the threatened danger, plainly portray her great distress of mind.

“Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air ;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.”

Yes, Calpurnia has a shrinking horror of all these omens, which, together with the terrible dream she has had of Cæsar's

statue running blood, surely foretells the death of her beloved spouse. But her endeavors to restrain his departure are vain. Bathed in tears, as a last resource she entreats her husband,

“Let me upon my bended knees prevail in this.”

Cæsar, the inflexible conqueror of nations and dangers alike, at length becomes so impressed with her strange uneasiness, that in pity of the devoted lady, he promises for that day to avoid the precincts of the Capitol. Calpurnia's fears are quieted for the moment. But the entrance of the conspirator, Decius, whose hand will soon be red in Cæsar's blood, quickly affects a change in the Dictator's determination ; so that Calpurnia's grief soon returns in all its proportions. The brutal fellow does not scruple to make scorn of Calpurnia's fears by the sarcastic remark,

“It were a mock,
Apt to be rendered for some one to say :
Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”

The poor wife's apprehensions, which the event alas ! proves to be too well founded, become doubly bitter when she sees them thrust aside and counted as nothing by the very object of her solicitude.

“How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !
I am ashamed I did yield to them.”

Silence is her only solace, poor indeed to ease the anxious cares that prey upon her mind.

Great though the distress of Calpurnia may be, it sinks into a place of secondary importance when compared with the agony and anguish of soul with which the generous-minded Portia follows her husband's fortunes. The ever watchful eye of love from the first perceives the weight on Brutus' mind ; for he can neither “eat nor talk nor sleep.” The tender wife rightly dreads that some event of great importance to herself and to her consort, is about to happen. But she likewise has misgivings as to a woman's firmness of character and a woman's ability to keep a secret. To prove that she, unlike others of her sex, will remain constant, she gives herself a voluntary wound before she dares interrogate her Brutus concerning the dread secret, a complete knowledge of which, she conceives, will afford her some relief

from her anxiety. Just the contrary turns out to be the case. The magnitude and reality of the danger which her husband is about to undergo, only serves to increase her alarm. And when Brutus leaves her on the momentous Ides of March, she is divided between the wild fear of divulging her secret to the boy Lucius, and a nervous terror as to the probable fate of her absent spouse.

“O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Let a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue,
I have a man's mind but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

.
Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is !—O Brutus
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : Come to me again
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.”

These incoherent utterances and disjointed sentences, prove beyond a doubt that Portia's mind is well nigh unbalanced by fear. She scarcely knows what she says or does and really betrays her husband's secret. If Portia's distress of mind is so overwhelming at this stage of her husband's fortunes, we can judge of her condition when Brutus proves unsuccessful in his foolhardy enterprise, and is compelled to flee from Rome into the far distant provinces of the empire, as his only means of safety. In truth the continual strain proves too much for Portia's feeble strength and, in her adverse fortune, she has recourse to the usual last resort of the ancient pagans,—suicide. In this respect Brutus and Cassius do not hesitate to follow her example when the occasion demands.

Portia is the last and by far the most notable example in “Julius Cæsar,” of a person acted upon by fear, all of which, with their accompanying mental tortures, serve admirably to display the noble and heroic qualities of her mind.

But there remains still another point to be discussed in connection with fear. If we consider the self-murder of Portia, Brutus and Cassius, though we must admit the act required no small

degree of physical courage, yet in our maturer judgment, we will pronounce it also the result of fear. In a sense, it is true that

“Life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.”

But it is likewise true that a man who seeks to avoid future ills and tribulations by laying violent hands on the life that the Creator gave him, lays himself open to the charge of moral cowardice. He shows that he wants the courage to triumph over his adverse fate and come out victorious in the end. And certainly Portia, Brutus, and Cassius would have given us examples of braver and more ideal virtue, had they unflinchingly withstood to the end “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”

From the foregoing exposition, somewhat cursory though it be, the reader can comprehend to what an extent the workings of the single ruling passion of fear are interwoven with the texture of the play of “Julius Cæsar.” Fear, indeed, is prominent throughout, but a closer examination will reveal the fact that at every turn, it is assisted in its action by the other passions. Yet nothing forced or unnatural appears in any of the impulses or of the effects produced. Everything tends to demonstrate Shakespeare’s unrivalled power in delineating the emotions of his fellow-men.

S. MURPHY, '02.



“Come Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From thy bright heavenly throne ;
Come, take possession of my soul
And make it all thine own.”



A COMMON STORY.

At midnight on the bridge he stood,
His traitor friends hard by,
Whilst deeper, darker than the flood
Scowled every comrade's eye.

Much money there amidst those "friends"
All guileless did he hold,
But ah, how soon false friendship ends !
They coveted his gold.

A murder foul that night was there,
A scuffle and a fall ;
One shriek that rent the midnight air,
Then silence over all.

His body from the bridge they threw,
One moment gazed below,
But God alone their dark crime knew,
And still alone doth know.

They took his gold and hied away,
Far from that horrid scene;
We know them not unto this day,
They know themselves I ween.

With stricken conscience must they roam
O'er strange and distant shores ;
For them no more a place at home,
Though memory thither soars.

Three days since they had shed his blood
Our murdered boy we found,
And took him gently from the flood
While *true* friends stood around.

We placed him in a churchyard nook,
Then, weeping, turned away,
A parting prayer, a backward look,
Then longed for Judgment day.

—C. W. F.

A TRUE STORY.

The following occurrence, which took place when I was about twelve years of age, gave me the most acute and terrible mental strain, that I have probably ever experienced.

One night in the spring, being tired and sleepy after the play and pleasures of the day, I decided to retire early. Since the night was cool, I raised the window of my room about two inches, as a means of ventilation, and having said my prayers, I got into bed and was soon fast asleep.

About two o'clock in the morning, as far as I could reckon afterwards, something awakened me. I opened my eyes, and strange to say, I beheld a man—a real flesh-and-blood man—standing not more than five feet from my bed. At first sight of him, I stared wildly at what I thought was a deception, but the more I gazed, the more confirmed I became in the belief, that my eyes were not deceiving me.

A cold shiver stole slowly down my spine, as I observed that the intruder was in his shirt sleeves. "Can I yet be laboring under the influence of an excited mind?" I asked myself. No, such was impossible, for there were the same walls, and the same articles and pictures hanging upon them, as I was wont to see during the day; my washstand was in its accustomed place at the head of my bed, and, beyond it, was my trunk upon which I noticed the stranger's coat. The sight of the latter object gave me the impression that he was going to perform a work, that would require some physical exertion.

So many visions passed before my mind, of what this work might be, and of what business he might have in my humble chamber, that my fear increased to terror. When I considered that perhaps I lay at the mercy of a murderous villain, without any chance of escape, my agony was frightful. I thought the best thing to do under the circumstances, was to lie motionless with my eyes closed, as if in a deep sleep, and to trust for something to turn up.

The minutes seemed hours as I lay there on my back praying for relief and trying to follow the movements and actions of

the strange man, who seemed to me, through my partially closed eyes, like a spectre. Now and then however, when he had his back turned, I opened my eyes sufficiently to get a good view of him.

By this closer observation, my fear was somewhat lessened, for I soon noticed a strong resemblance between his looks and actions and those of our village butcher. I had just summoned enough courage to speak to him familiarly, and to ask him kindly what had brought him there, when I suddenly changed my mind.

He had produced a pen-knife—one of the largest I had ever seen—from his pocket, and began wielding it dexterously over a strap, which he had attached to a nail in the washstand, now and then examining it, to see if it were coming to an edge.

At the sight of this dangerous looking weapon, all my former terror returned. "What could our friendly and jocose butcher want up here, with such an ominous face and such a dangerous looking knife?" The only response I could find in my agitated mind, was, that he must have become insane during the night, and probably, for some slight previous misdemeanor on my part, which it was impossible for me to recollect, he now wished to take revenge.

I felt the hair rise on my head, and a heavy oppression settle on my breast, as this new consideration flighted through my excited brain. The only motion in my body was my heart beating violently, which seemed to me so loud, that I even wished that I had been able to control it also.

In this confused state, seeing that it was foolishness to try to escape, I thought, as a last resort, that I might protect myself to a certain extent, by pulling the blankets and coverlet up over my head; it would at least spare me the pain of seeing him at his dastardly work,—for, I had at last become reconciled to a death by assassination. But such an action was too risky, for I imagined that if I gave any sign of consciousness, he would only have consummated his wicked deed the sooner. In this frame of mind I awaited my only hope.

Sam, our old chore-man, who slept in a room off the kitchen, was in the habit of lighting the fire in the kitchen stove every

morning at about five o'clock. As my room was directly over the kitchen, and a stairway ran down to it, I intended, if something would only delay the murderer in the proceedings, to raise a desperate yell for help as soon as Sam approached the stairway : for he generally came for matches to the little box which hung near the stair door.

After my would-be slayer had whetted his knife sufficiently, he took a tobacco pouch from his pocket, and proceeded to cut some of the weed from a plug. When he had cut enough, he took his pipe from his pocket and began filling it.

He had just arrived at this stage of the work, when the clock struck five. I had counted the minutes and hours over and over again, and now I made no mistake in counting the five strokes. They sent a thrill of relief through my person, and each second afterwards my hope increased. Still, each moment, I thought might bring me nearer also to a violent death.

This was the condition of my mind when suddenly I heard a faint noise below. Then shortly afterwards, came the sound of steps, and lo ! the store door is opened. Yes, it is Sam. Now, he approaches the stair door. I hear his hand on the match-box, and immediately with all my pent-up energy, I scream terrifically, "Sam ! Sam ! Come quick ! Come here quick !" Then almost simultaneously I hear him lift the latch and cry in a voice hoarse with fear, "What's the matter ? What is it ?"

As I open my eyes, for I have had them closed entirely—at least during the last half hour—and look towards the stairway, I see Sam's head just above the floor. He stands there motionless for a minute, like one unable to move any further, with his two eyes bulging from their sockets, and his face very pale.

"There's a man up here wants to kill me," I reply. "Where?" Sam asks, and then I look around for the man, but he has vanished. "Well, he was here until you came up," I answer, and looking at the window, which is still in the position I had put it in the evening before, I add that he must have escaped through said window.

Sam had by this time recovered enough courage to come up stairs, and to go to the window and examine it. This he was satisfied, had not been opened during the night, and casting a

hasty glance around the room, he calmed my suspicions by saying that I had had the nightmare. But this explanation could not convince me, that such was the case, so after relating to him all I had seen, and telling him, that the man was either the village butcher, or a man who looked just like him, I vowed never to sleep in that room again. So, after dressing myself quickly, we went down stairs together.

It was not very long before all the members of the family were made aware of my "narrow escape," but, although the younger ones heartily concurred in what I told them, and gave expression to their feelings by looks of terror, the older ones could not be induced to believe as I did, and simply explained the matter as a dream or the nightmare. Here is a hint as to the true explanation of the mystery :

It chanced that on the day previous to my ghostly experience, a neighbor woman well versed in the art of relating sensational incidents in a manner most favorable for working upon one's imagination, had visited our house. Here is the bit of news she communicated on that occasion ; it explains itself, and shows how our good natured butcher was so quickly transformed into my unwelcome visitor.

"A villainous-looking tramp went into Mrs. V——'s yesterday, and almost scared the life out of herself and daughter, Mary. He entered the house without knocking, and took a chair, without asking for one ; then he made himself quite at home by taking out his pipe, tobacco, and a very large knife, and by proceeding to cut the tobacco and to fill the pipe.

His boldness in thus entering, and his downcast wicked look made the women uneasy. When they spoke to him, he replied in such a gruff and fierce voice that they almost fainted from fear, and when he produced that ugly knife their terror knew no bounds.

A hurried consultation was held in the back kitchen, and then the young woman, leaving her mother to watch the actions of the tramp, ran to the house of N——— L———, the village butcher, who was the nearest neighbor, to have him come up and expel the dreaded stranger.

The butcher readily consented to come, and try to put the man out. When the sour-visaged fellow saw the butcher,

believing him to be the man of the house, he lost much of his abrupt manner, and when the former spoke to him in a short, angry tone, he took the hint and left the premises. Such was the incident that gave occasion for my strange nightmare.

Since that memorable night I have had the nightmare several times, but never to cause such mental fear as on that occasion, the experience of which has been to me a proof, of how far the excited brain and agitated mind may wander during sleep, and of how strangely it sometimes confuses the various facts of a previous actual occurrence. I have frequently heard young persons tell of having seen ghosts and of having heard frightful noises during their sleep, but I have my own opinion concerning the reality of such spectres and noises.

TED^{ing}



All the hosts that never knew Me,
E'en the foes that mocked and slew Me,
I will draw all men to Me ;
Men and spirits in commotion,—
Like the tide-swept, moon-led ocean,—
Drawn by love to Calvary.

Henry N. Dodge.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 9

MAY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 9

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

Last month we ventured a few practical hints in reference to the advantages possessed by young men that have completed their classical and philosophical courses before entering upon the study of a profession. In connection with this same subject, there is moreover, another matter, upon which a word or two may be well in season.

During their classical course, some students are in the habit of changing too frequently from one college to another. They are restless oddities, absolutely incapable of being satisfied or of giving satisfaction anywhere. Like skittish steeds, they must be continually "on the go," at the same time shying at every imaginary ghost along the wayside. They haven't got backbone enough to lift them over an obstacle, and so they try to avoid it by

running in the way of another greater one, or by taking a long round-about way, in which all sorts of reverses are to be encountered. Consequently their course of studies becomes a sort of hide-and-go-seek affair, for the exact naming of which we have no suitable word in the English language.

In one college the rules are too strict for these gentlemen ; their delicate constitutions require more liberty. In a word, they allow their strong republican tendencies to master their common sense. The next institution that has the misfortune of receiving them within its walls, doesn't provide them with good enough food, or, perhaps, said food is not cooked in a manner suitable to their highly refined palates. Alas, they feel themselves in conscience bound to move somewhere else ! But a third college, although tiptop in its disciplinary and commissariat departments, is, for them, deficient in its course of studies. Now what in the world are the poor fellows to do ? How are they to be satisfied ? Must they live martyrs to college mismanagement, or be forced to die hod-carriers ?

Well, we may begin our answer to these questions with the plain unvarnished statement, that these chronic miscontents are the most unhappy and most idiotic of mortals. Moreover, we may supplement this assertion by saying that these young men had better turn a new leaf, and look at things with less utopian eyes, or, otherwise, let them be off to heaven at once in a hand-basket, if they can find such a conveyance sufficiently fireproof to withstand the scorching it is likely to be subjected to on the way. Let them keep vividly in mind that it is only in the land of everlasting bliss that one can find *everything* exactly in accordance with one's taste. Moreover it might be well for them to remember that even heaven will not be theirs unless there be a radical change in their general make-up, before the time of their passing to another world.

There is evidently much to be lost, and absolutely nothing to be gained by this restless moving about from one college to another. Every additional change, besides entailing a great loss of time, is a positive drawback in a boy's course of studies. It is like beginning the previous year's work all over again. Everything is new,—the location of the college, its buildings, the professors,

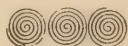
companions, rules, and even the system of teaching. It takes the newly arrived student nearly a whole month, if not longer, to get passably acquainted with this unusual order of things. In a word, upon arrival at this new institution, he feels almost as much "lost" as he did the very first day he entered a boarding school. The unavoidable result, therefore, is a considerable loss of valuable time at a critical part of the course of studies, and, consequently, a retrograde movement in what should be the uninterrupted march towards honorable proficiency. Moreover, this changing from place to place, imperceptibly leads a young man to desultory habits, to a want of perseverance, which will certainly be very prejudicial to him during his whole after life.

On the other hand, the student that adheres perseveringly to the college of his choice, avoids all these disadvantages. On the very first day after his return from vacation, he can enter both the class-room and the compus without waiting for an introduction. He can shake hands with well known professors, and loved companions, and has the happiness of renewing old friendships instead of having to form new ones. Then, under the guidance, and with the unstinted help of kind benefactors, he can march right onward uninterruptedly in his course of studies towards the longed for goal, the object of his hope.

There are, however, exceptions to every good rule. It occasionally happens that certain very earnest students, after their first or second year in the classical course, propose to themselves an end that can be more satisfactorily attained in some other institution. These boys may, and should change to the place that suits them better. But then, these are the exceptions to the rule. They are seeking a higher, not a lower level, and so must not be classified amongst the chronic growlers, and inveterate miscontents.

We strongly advise the students, especially those of the First, Second and Third Forms, to take these few remarks into serious consideration. Let them understand that we are not giving this advice merely to further the interests of Ottawa University, though that in itself would be a most laudable end. Let them keep in mind that they will never derive benefit for themselves by changing to another institution before they have

obtained a B.A., no matter what anybody may say to the contrary. Our chief object in publishing these few words is the greater welfare and happiness of the students themselves, both in college and in after life, and even in that other truer life beyond the grave, the life that knows no ending.



NOTHING NEW.

Recently we have noticed some very favorable press comments on the heroic self-sacrificing devotedness of the Reverend Father O'Leary, Catholic chaplain of the First Canadian Contingent to South Africa. From accounts to hand, we learn that the good Father has been most untiring in his ministration to the spiritual and temporal needs of the brave boys over whom he exercises his gentle jurisdiction. After referring to his much regretted illness, to his noble work at Paardeberg, and to the possibility of his receiving the Victoria Cross for bravery on the battlefield, the *Ottawa Free Press* speaks of him as follows :—

"The news of the self-sacrificing deeds of this humble missionary of God, as well as the tributes paid to his work in the letters written home by scores of Canadians, have been read with interest and pride, while his own graphic and interesting letters, telling in simple and modest words of his labors among the dead and dying, have caused many a silent prayer to be offered up for the protection of that good man from the fatal bullet of the enemy, so that he might be spared to continue in the noble work and, at the close of the war, enjoy the honors and respect that rightly belong to him and which Canadians will not be slow to bestow."

This eulogy of the heroic work done by Father O'Leary is indeed a valuable tribute both to the brave priest himself, and to the grand old Church he so faithfully represents. Still, for us Catholics, there is nothing either strange or new in what Father O'Leary has done. On the contrary, we would have been painfully surprised had he acted otherwise. Every Catholic priest, under similar circumstances, should do in like manner ; such is his duty, and did he shrink from that duty, he would be utterly unworthy of his sacred calling. The Catholic priest is a man that has renounced the world ; he has separated himself from its ways ; he has abandoned all in order to walk in the footsteps of

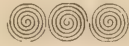
his Divine Master. He regards this world with its ups and downs, with its wars and political changes, as a mere passing shadow. He has no object in life save his Master's glory as promoted by the salvation of immortal souls. For this he labors at all times and in all lands, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof. The livery he wears obliges him to risk and sacrifice everything most dear, even life itself, that he may bring the sweet consolations of God's true religion to them in direst need. Did any one presume to enter the Catholic priesthood with an end in view different from this, that is to say for mere temporal advantages, he would be guilty of a sacrilegious usurpation. On the bloody African veldt, or at any other post of danger, where souls are hourly passing away into the home of their eternity, the Catholic priest stands unmoved by any thrill of dread. Ever since his infancy, the religion he professes has stamped indelibly on his soul, an absolute confidence with regard to the beatitude of that mysterious future which lies beyond the grave. He well knows that the whistling bullet or the fell disease, which, if God so wills, may, at any moment, stop forever the beating of his truly sympathetic heart, must merely bring him home from a painful exile to his Father's house. He feels that on the dismal African plain, his God is ever present, ready to place upon his brow the unfading laurels won by strict fidelity to duty. Without the least reserve, he has already, on the day of his ordination, consecrated his life to God. How easy it is for him to surrender that life into the hands of its real Owner, whenever, or under whatever circumstances it may be called for. How could such a man really fear the transient dangers of a battlefield?



NO GALA DAY THIS YEAR.

On account of the disastrous fire of a few weeks ago, by which a large number of Ottawa people were rendered practically homeless, this year's Gala Day has been declared off. Such a course was thought necessary in view of the fact that the citizens of Ottawa, who always contribute so largely to the Gala Day prize list, and would have been asked to do so again, are now

being taxed to a considerable extent in rendering aid to the fire sufferers. After considering this state of affairs, the committee could not see their way clear to go on with the arrangements, and hence the course taken. It is a matter of sincere regret indeed, that we shall have no Gala Day this year, but we are of the opinion—in fact it is a general opinion among the students—that the action of the committee is highly commendable.



Of Local Interest.

This season of the year finds us busily engaged preparing for the June examinations, and it is gratifying to see how well the “free studies” are being patronised. All seem to be well imbued with the fact that “to learning, there is no royal road,” and hence are making mighty efforts. Accordingly, let us offer a word of encouragement and wish those who try, all kinds of success.

* *

On Wednesday, 9th inst, the Scientific Society held its last regular meeting for this season, and the members were entertained by Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02, who delivered a splendid lecture on “Coral Reefs.” The subject was very exhaustively treated by the lecturer, who described the various kinds of polyps, and showed how these microscopic beings grew together to form the great coral barriers of the world. The beautiful lime-light views which were used to illustrate the speaker's remarks, added much to the interest of the subject.

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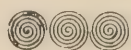
Rev. Bro. Fallon has advanced one more step towards the sacred priesthood, for on Sunday, 20th inst., he was ordained Deacon by His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, Papal delegate. No doubt the Rev. Brother feels highly honored at having received the sacred order from the representative of His Holiness, and while we unite with him in rejoicing, we also extend to him our heartiest congratulations.

May 7th, being the Very Rev. Rector's feast, the Dramatic Society gave a *soiree* in his honor. A number of well chosen vocal and instrumental selections, together with the short drama "Expiation," made up an excellent programme. This is likely the last entertainment which the Dramatic Society will give this season, and it was indeed a fitting close to a successful year's work. The leading rôles were well taken, as were also many of the minor characters, though we are inclined to think that Mr. J. Hardiman deserves special praise for his impersonation of the cruel and treacherous Count.

The following is the caste :

Count Flavy..	J. HARDIMAN.
Loredan }	Two knights..	{ GEO. NOLAN.
Gerard }		
Rinaldi, the Count's intendent.....		M. O'CONNELL.
Beppo, Captain of his guards ..		W. COLLINS.
Robert of Lusigny, a boy captive ...		J. CAMPBELL.
Jean le Chauve, the innkeeper.....		J. P. KING.
Ghost, Crier, Etc		T. J. COSTELLO.
Assassins, knights, guards, etc.		

The programme was completed by two good recitations from Messrs. Morin and Williams.



Book Notice.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES, by the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. *New York: O'Shea & Co., Barclay Street.*

A book is in season when it corresponds to the needs of a portion of humanity. Now this book of Mgr. Vaughan is indeed seasonable.

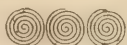
Many Christians, even many Catholics, have, in our times, lowered the level of their hopes ; they look for less than God. This is why they fail to partake of the joys of this world in a more spiritual manner. Religious indifference, which is, at least in germ, the soul's separation from God, springs from naturalism as from its proper root.

Men no longer take notice of their God,—of God's love and of His infinite perfections; they cease to meditate upon the mysteries of Jesus, our Divine Master ; on those poems of the divine love.

Now to place before these forgetful souls, in a modern and attractive form, the leading truths of Catholic theology ; to study the perfections of God, His wisdom and His infinite love ; to unveil that love, hidden in the mysteries and symbols of our altars, and in the outpourings of God's grace—such is the work of an apostle. Is not this the great work of the Church throughout the succeeding ages? Mgr. Vaughan has added one more stone to that edifice of the Apostles.

We sincerely wish that his book may find its way into every Catholic family, to replace there those light productions devoid of doctrinal value, that nowadays nourish the torpid curiosity of so many Christian souls.

Everybody can understand this book, and, upon reading it, each one must feel his or her faith made stronger.



Among the Magazines.

Writing in the May issue of the *Catholic World*, A. A. McGinley outlines the theory, scope and benefits of the Catholic Social settlement movement, and makes a strong plea for the extension of this new scheme of social betterment. Viewed in the light of previous failures among plans of this nature, the new movement presents so many important features, that the highest hopes for its successful advancement will doubtless be realized. The whole movement from its formal inception in London to its most practical exemplification in New York, is traced in the opening pages of this issue. Considerable work of this nature has been done both in England and in America, but there still remains a large field for active work. Whether as an adjunct to parochial work, or as an auxiliary to the missions for non-Catholics, the Catholic Social Settlement movement has an exalted mission, and is certainly destined to have a beneficial and far-

reaching influence. One of the leading contributions to this number is a critique of Dr. Toy's Duddleian lecture of 1899, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Fox, of the Catholic University. The purpose of this lecture course founded by Judge Dudley at Harvard was to "detect, correct, and expose the idolatry of the Romish Church." However, the lecturer of '99 (Dr. Toy) ignoring the traditional store of lies and notorious falsehoods usually hurled at the Catholic doctrine, made an honest endeavour to find out the real teachings of the Church, and devoted considerable time to a study of the encyclical letter of Leo XIII. He endeavored to be fair and honest in his assertions, but considers that Catholicity destroys individuality through an overawing dogmatic authority. In a masterly, scholarly way, Dr. Fox discusses this important point, and defends the individual conscience and its position under the Catholic system. Katischer has certainly contributed much to the science of political economy of our time, but his article in this number has the merit only of an excellent presentation of ideas, which are not unknown to students of this science. Very few new points are brought out. "A Sketch of Theodore Schwann," the eminent German Catholic biologist, is interesting and instructive. The final chapter of the "Song of the Lord" is reached in this issue. With singular success, Miss Gilmore has entered the field of portraying the grander and nobler characteristics of the Italian in America. The better side of this much-maligned emigrant is beautifully unfolded in the story of the faithful love and devotion of Bianca, and Vandyke Courtland.

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* *

The current issue of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains many excellent contributions. With a warmth of enthusiasm and admiration which does not, however, preclude an impartial criticism, D. J. Donahoe writes of the "Catholic Poets of America." Doubtless a future article may be written which will embrace a review of some of those lesser Catholic singers whose work, though of a high order, is under-rated and often overlooked. "Development of Character in Students," a paper read at the Convention of representatives of Catholic Colleges in April,

finds insertion in this issue. It is a masterly article and shows clever thinking and logical reasoning on matters of vital importance to students. Treating of discipline, he has some strong words against a system which, alas! is not uncommon in some Catholic colleges. Lest the veracity of any statement might be doubted the whole paragraph is given for consideration :—

“Supervision is good and necessary but if carried to excess it becomes an evil. While admitting that there should always be proper safeguards for innocence, and protection against bad example and the contagion of wicked companions, *I have no patience with a system which watches a boy narrowly from the time he gets up in the morning till he goes to bed at night. Never feeling that any confidence is reposed in him, he naturally becomes a sneak and is imperceptibly transformed from the manly, frank, honest, straight-forward boy into a time-server, sycophant and hypocrite.* What is the result? Deadly haters of religion and Christianity, which in the persons of its representatives cast a blight on youth, tyrannized over their years of growth and took all the freshness and bloom out of life.”

Readers of this magazine expect something better in current fiction than “In the Wake of the Green Brigade.” The author of this story should spare his readers the delectation of the portrayal of Irish valor co-existing with and stimulated by drunkenness. This type of a hero is repulsive and vulgar, and as the author presents it, is acceptable to only the maligners and libellers of the Irish race, especially to those who continually hurl the false and unjust charge of inebriation at our people.

*
* *

Benziger's Magazine for May is bright and cheery full of interesting articles, and most of them treated with fulness and accuracy of information. Owing to the great circulation of this magazine among our young people it is reasonable to expect a large amount of fiction within its covers, but it is no exaggeration or toadyism to affirm that in the matter of supplying moral, elevating and entertaining fiction it has far surpassed many of the old and tried publications issued for our boys and girls. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the opening pages which Father Finn occupies with what promises to be his best contribution to juvenile literature. Since continental Europe will claim many of the restless army of summer tourists, the numerous interesting and illustrated articles

descriptive of Rome, Paris and other cities, likely to be visited by the American globe-trotter, are timely and acceptable. The leading events of the past month such as the opening of the Paris Exposition, the Queen's visit to Ireland, etc., are treated in a terse manner but with sufficient completeness to make most satisfactory reading.

*
* *

Current History of which the May number is now at hand, is the one complete and reliable periodical history of our times. This publication confines itself to chronicle the world's progress and with a conscientious purpose, to tell facts and not opinions or conjectures. The present number covers the entire range of the world's important doings; in war particularly the South African Campaign; in diplomacy it outlines the Boer peace commission and proposals, Anglo-American relations, the Delagoa Bay Award, etc.; in science it covers such topics as the Arctic Exploration, Multiplex Telegraphy and the Antarctic Exploration. In fact it gives a comprehensive view of every leading question and incident in a clear, crisp and luminous style.



Exchanges.

The *Mountaineer* for April has a timely and sensible article on "Irish Character in Fact and Fiction." The Irish have certainly; more than any other race, suffered at the hands of the caricaturist. In many present-day novels, and even more so on the stage, the Irishman is generally an absurd exaggeration of the "Micky Free" type, the laugh-maker and laughing-stock. And what is more apparent than the falsity of these representations of Irish life? As the writer remarks: "Travel from the Cove of Cork to the Giants' Causeway and you will not find a counterpart to those ludicrous creatures that we see in some of the houses of amusement, and to the ridiculous delineations so frequently met with in those pernicious publications, the comic papers." There are as well, very few novels that give a true idea of the Irish character. This article points out that Lever, Lover and Carleton "had to cut

their cloth to suit the English taste," but that there are very good pictures of Irish life in later works such as "Knocknagow" and "My New Curate." It is not the least lamentable consequence of this evil, the writer goes on to say, that "the youth of Irish ancestry in this country have unfortunately in many cases erroneous ideas of the land of their forefathers." This long-existing abuse cries loudly for redress, and it lies in the hands of the Irish in this country to apply the necessary remedy. Unfortunately it is a subject very seldom discussed, and we are glad to see that the writer in the *Mountaineer* has endeavored to set the ball a-rolling.

*
* * *

To the weary ex-man who has waded through a pile of magazines of all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, the sight of the *Tamarack* cannot fail to bring an unusual sense of pleasure. The articles are without exception breezy and interesting. The stories are above the average, though the two on Indian topics smack somewhat of a lack of originality. "The Beginning of Seasons" is cleverly conceived and proclaims its author to be of a highly imaginative turn of mind. On the subject, "Resolved, that the United States should treat its foreign possessions as it has treated its territorial possessions," the speech which won the prize in the Skinner Debate is given in full. The speaker, on behalf of the affirmative, presents his arguments in a logical and forceful manner.

*
* * *

"Thoughts on Tennyson," in *Vox Wesleyana* is a meritorious and instructive paper. It shows that the great Laureate's poetry is universal in its popularity, for it appeals to all classes, "from the little child to the grey-haired man," and that moreover its marvellous beauty depends largely upon the good principles which as a rule it inculcates. Thus Tennyson fulfils the true mission of the poet, to elevate, for "by recording noble acts and expressing noble thoughts he helps us in our daily needs and raises us to higher things." Another article in this journal which will repay perusal is that on Arthur Henry Hallam. The writer endeavors to show that Tennyson did not exaggerate the merits of his dead friend in "In Memoriam."

The *Dalhousie Gazette* prints an interesting biographical sketch of Rudyard Kipling. "The Beginnings of Literature" evidences no slight acquaintance with the writings of the ancients on the part of the author. There would seem to be a dearth of poetic talent among Dalhousians, for the present issue does not contain any verse at all.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

Among the many Reverend visitors at the University during the month, we were pleased to see a good number of our former acquaintances.

Among others were Rev. W. Cavanagh '93 of Metcalfe, Rev. D. McDonald '89 of Greenfield and Rev. P. O'Brien '91 of Madoc.

* * *

Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99, who is successfully pursuing his law studies at Laval University, Quebec, called at our sanctum to see his many friends. L. E. O.'s visits are always welcomed, but the Review Staff and Mr. Payment's other numerous friends were grieved that the present visit should have been occasioned by the death of his mother. We extend our heartfelt condolence to Mr. Payment in this sorrowing hour.

* * *

Messrs. E. Gleason '98, D. McGee '97 and E. J. Doyle '99, were among some of the callers at Alma Mater during the month.

* * *

A. Ross, ex. '02 is now in San Francisco, but it is likely that Sandy will be numbered among the students next Fall.

* * *

Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D. '92, is now stationed at the Cathedral, Portland, Oregon. The Rev. Dr. is Secretary to His Grace Archbishop Christie.

Rev. T. P. Holland '96 writes to our Sanctum from Port Henry, N. Y.' where he is stationed. THE REVIEW wishes him every success and happiness in the sacred work to which he has devoted his life and talents.

*
* *

From the far-off auriferous regions of the Klondyke, comes agreeable news from Messrs. J. P. Smith '93, and F. McDougall '93. Both are dealing out sound principles of Blackstone, and are accumulating the nuggets. Success is the wish of THE REVIEW.

*
* *

Pleasant and interesting news reached our sanctum during the month, announcing the engagements of two former students. The one that of a western citizen, of the class of '94, to an eastern lady ; the other, that of a resident of the Banner Province, of the class of '84, to a lady of the Island Province. We shall keep our eyes open and report later.

*
* *

THE REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to an "Ottawa boy" and former student of the University, the Reverend Father C. J. Smith, O.M.I., Pastor of St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas, on the happy occasion of his Silver Jubilee, which was celebrated on May 22nd. *Ad multos annos.*



Athletics.

This year's spring games of football, are now events of the past, while the disturbances of temper that they might have caused at the time are now forgotten, and we have to recall only the pleasing incidents that they have occasioned.

From the last issue of THE REVIEW it will be noted that Mr. Murphy is credited as captain of one of the contesting teams. We are sorry to state, however, that owing to some transient illness, he declined to take part in any of the games, and consequently his team was not only considerably weakened, but apparently left without a leader. This placed a damper on the bright hopes the

players had of winning the trophy, but did not quite extinguish them. They soon evinced a determination not to let such a misfortune deprive them of securing a trophy, which would be the more appreciated because of the difficulties surmounted in striving to obtain it. Their first step was to select a captain from the members of the team. They were unanimous in appointing Mr. McGlade, thinking that if he were capable of guiding the destinies of the Athletic Association, he likewise could lead a team to victory. Henceforth their almost blighted hope soon assumed a new aspect and increased with each successive victory until ultimately realized in the final game, played on April 29. This game, in which the present champions had to contend against Captain Cox's team, proved the most exciting, as well as one of the most closely contested games of the series. The "rooters" for Captain McGlade's team, on that day, were in the minority, as the larger number who took much pleasure in looking on, well knew that a victory for that team would decide the championship and prevent them from witnessing other similar exciting contests. The present champions did not view it in that light, since in victory they were to reach the goal of their ambition.

The score at the end of the first half of the game stood 3 to 0 in Cox's favor. Shortly after the second half had commenced, the umpire was accused, by several players on Captain McGlade's team, of exceeding his authority. A dispute arose, the outcome of which was that the team in question, had to play the remaining time of about fifteen minutes with one man less. The effect was that the umpire was made conscious of a right sense of duty, while the players with great pluck and determination renewed their efforts, and within five minutes play secured a touch-down thus making the score 4 to 3.

Then Captain McGlade resorted to Ottawa Varsity's old tactics of killing time and keeping possession of the ball until the end of the the game, thereby securing the coveted trophy without having sustained a single defeat. Although we would have enjoyed other similar games, still we were on the other hand well-pleased to see perseverance combined with unity of purpose, resulting so triumphantly.

The following names are those of the champions :—

Full-back, Verdia ; *half-backs*, O'Brien, A. Morin, Ruane ; *quarter*, Eves ; *Scrimmage*, Seguin, McGlade, L. Morin ; *wings*, Donnelly, Smith, Hanley, Gillis, Heston, Golden and Cheuier.

The following is the standing of the teams :—

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	Points.
Captain McGlade..... ..	2	0	1	5
" Callaghan..... ..	2	1	0	4
" Cox	1	2	0	2
" McGuckin.. .. .	0	2	1	1

There only remains to inform all admirers of the Garnet and Grey that, perhaps never before in the history of the Association, has there been such available material in our midst for a championship team. It is only necessary to mention the names of Eves, Keely and Nolan as *quarter-backs* ; McGuckin, Callaghan, A. Morin, Halligan, O'Brien and Blute as *half-backs* ; and Cox, Murphy, Fay, Smith, McCosham, Maher, Larkin, Harpell, Donnelly, Seguin and Harrington as *forwards*, to convince anyone of the above statement.

* * *

As the Ottawa Valley Baseball League, for some reason or other, could not be reorganized, baseball during the coming season will not be characterized by the interest of former years. Our rival clubs in the league tell us that the Hull and Ottawa fire has made it impossible to reorganize the league. Poor fire ! for what a multitude of omissions is it not made to account ! This is not the true reason for not wishing to re-organize the league. We know, however, that since the first season of its organization the Ottawa University Baseball Team won every pennant, and we are equally cognizant of the fact that a like repetition would greatly humiliate our opponents. Well, if those clubs think that they can rest upon the glories of their past achievements, it is quite evident that the "Varsity's" base ball team may, if it so choose, enjoy the same privilege with equal impunity.

But the true sportive spirit is not dormant in us, and the fact that we have a reputation to uphold will not allow us to remain idle. Accordingly, our energetic manager, Mr. McGuckin, has already been successful in arranging exhibition matches with local

teams, so that all lovers of the most popular of games, may be favored with several good matches before the holidays. We have very good baseball material in our midst at present and with the possible exception of the pitcher, this year's team may compare favorably with any of the preceding years.

Mr. P. F. Ruane has been selected Captain of the team.



Junior Department.

During a very exciting game of baseball, in which Choc Ette took part, our Poet Laureate sat on the neighboring picket fence, and wrote the following verses.

CHOC ETTE AT THE BAT.

Through Lilliput I stole one day, where things to seniors strange occur ;
But this the subject of my lay, is fit all sporting blood to stir.
You've surely heard of young Choc Ette, the Lilliputians' pride and joy,
For he's the small yard's dashing pet, and he's a very sporty boy.
T'is at the bat that he does shine, though baseball's not his only game,
But batting's his peculiar line, for field and bat are not the same.

With sleeves rolled up and nostrils wide, with bat in hand, he takes his place,
To hit that ball and then to slide to first with scanty show of grace.
The ball it whistles through the air, but Choc Ette doesn't strike at all,
The referee who's never square, in deep bass voice sings out "one ball."
With knowing wink and cute grimace, Choc calls the pitcher "one big fou"
And Satan's sneer plays o'er his face, when referee calls out "ball two."

But now his yell more loud and shrill than e'er was laugh of "*Killaloe*,"
Proclaims a dead ball didn't kill our hero ; nothing that could do.
But limping off from out his place, he asks some Lilliputian friend
Instead of him to take first base, and Choc retires until the end.
Then when the game is lost and won, his team he doth congratulate
On their getting "fifteen big run" against the other fellows eight.

"Ma frens, you is de much best team ; you play well good de odder mans ;
"You no was beat ; to me it seem, dat game she come right to your hans.
"Me do much work, me make some run, den me get hit avec de ball ;
"But still me help dat game to won, for on de base me coach you all."
Choc Ette unto his team thus spake, while, lying hid behind a post,
We note of all the fun did take, though risking much a small yard roast.

No big yard man of any sense, who doesn't want both bruise and maim,
 Will stay beyond the picket fence, 'cept when the kids do watch a game.
 So we dug out whene'er that game was done and Choc Ette's speech was o'er
 Our swift departure do not blame, else had we seen a game no more.
 While backward to our yard we hied, Choc Ette we saw born high in air;
 His team triumphant did in pride, their hero on their shoulders bear.

*
 * *

We hope that the Juniors that intend to present themselves for the examinations, will employ to the best possible purpose, all their spare moments in order to receive at the end of the term, the proffered diploma. Let it not be said that some of the Lilliputians were "plucked" for lack of energy.

* *
 *

On Wednesday, May 16th, the Knickerbocker Nine crossed bats with the Third Team of the big yard. By heavy batting and clever team work in the field, the small boys piled up 24 runs, while their opponents could only score 5 runs. The features of the game were the mesmeric twirling of Thibault, the Lilliputian pitcher, and the steam rolling coaching of Mr. Rouleau, the big yard talker.

* *
 *

On May 20th, the first team of the small yard battled with the second contingent of Gulliver land. The former excelled their older opponents in every position on the field. After a very exciting game, our young Knickerbockers carried off honors by defeating the Gulliver team in a score of only 35 to 13. Bravo, boys! Nothing like the small yard!

*
 * *

The Junior Editor extends his words of sympathy to Messrs. J. French and J. Campbell. He hopes that they will soon recover from the effects of the recent accident they met with, while bicycling on Varsity Oval. To the consideration of all bicyclists do we offer the following proposition: No two wheels can occupy the same space at one and the same time; neither can they pass each other on the same line in opposite directions. Proof—the Infirmary during the past couple of weeks.

Some of the seniors are anxious to discover the Junior Editor. They endeavor to persuade their most intimate friends to disclose the secret of his identity, but their attempts are useless. The few remarks in our last issue relative to the vogue, produced a smart that seemed to trouble their cherished little vein of vanity.

*
* *

On May 23rd, the members of the Junior Athletic Association held their annual pic-nic at Chelsea.

*
* *

We invite all the inhabitants of Lilliput to take a look at the beautiful group-picture that Dennis lately received from a chief of the Pottawatomie tribe.

*
* *

Lost,—a hat, somewhere between Concession Street and Ottawa University. We hope that said hat will not find its way to Marquette, Michigan.

*
* *

Scene :—*C. A. R. Depot.*

Last farewells. The big brother turned down. Quoth Joe W. "I'll bet a dollar that she won't refuse me."

It would not be right to let Joe lose his money, so,——!!!

Curtain falls as Prefect rounds the corner.

*
* *

Gentlemen, in the college field, there is a red hat that has a very interesting history.

*
* *

Prof. How is it that you have not finished your set ?

Tier. I lost *my balance*.

*
* *

Latest definition of man. *Homo animalì ratione.*

APRIL 1900.

ROLL OF HONOR, COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade.—1st. L. P. Levesque ; 2nd. P. T. Kirwan ; 3rd. L. Bourque.

Second Grade, Division "A."—1st. Joseph Coupal ; 2nd. E. Langlois ; 3rd. Lionel Leonard.

Second Grade, Division "B."—1st. L. P. Brosseau ; 2nd. Eugène Renaud ; 3rd. E. Thériault.

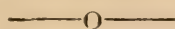
Third Grade, Division "A."—1st, Francis Taillon; 2nd, John Parker; 3rd, James Higgerty.

Third Grade, Division "B."—1st, E. Seguin; 2nd, Jas. Donahue; 3rd, Jas. Healy.

Graduating Class.—1st, Cyriac Dionne; 2nd, Paul Benoit ; 3rd, H. Dufour.



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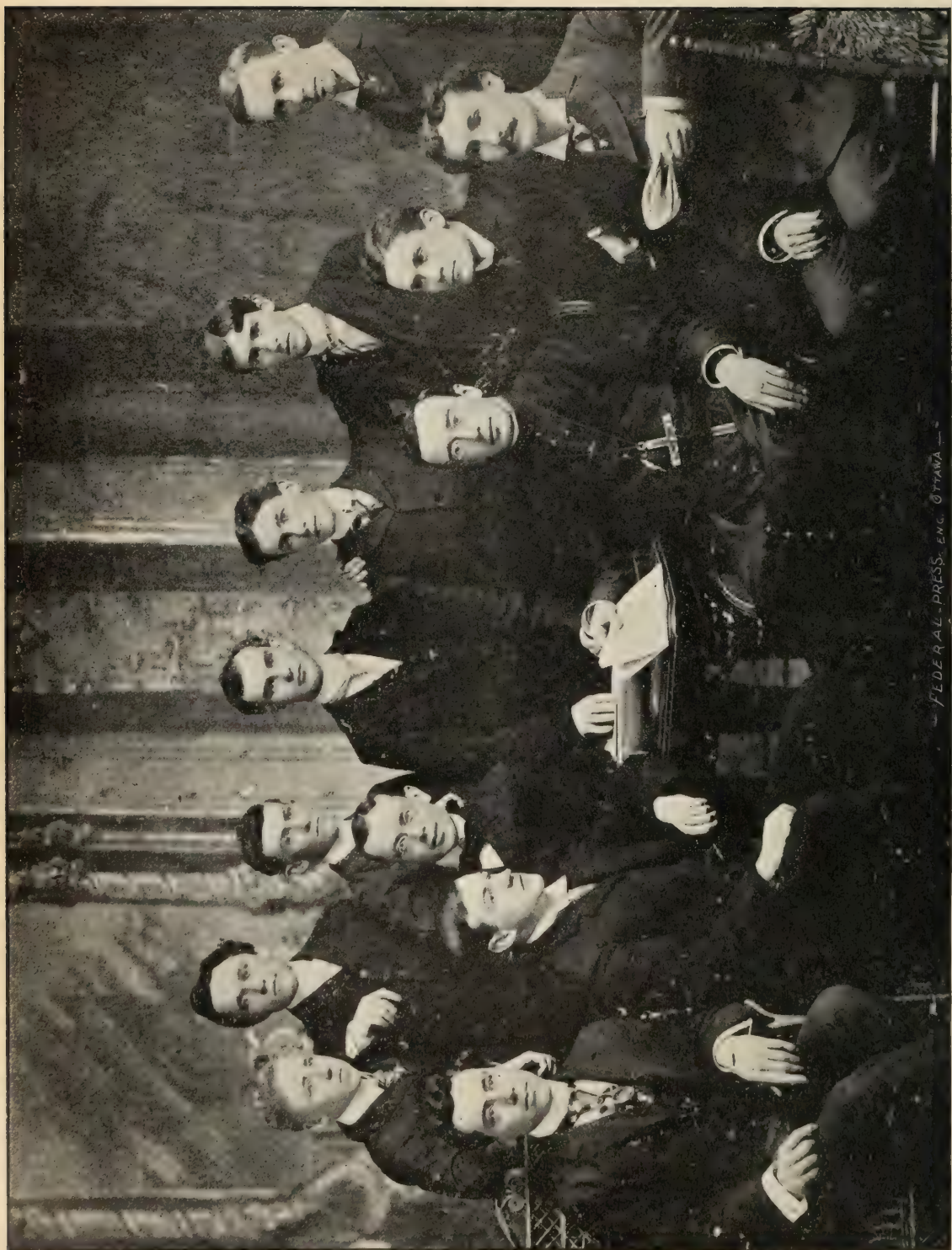
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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 10

JUNE, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 10

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.



SABLE mantle, clasped with gold,
Around the slumbering world is rolled :
A heart of music seems to beat
In the dark universe, and sweet
Its breathings of refreshing balm
Life's troubled passions soothe and calm.

My heart is like a harp whose strings
To harmonies of thanksgiving
Resound : my life is like a rose
By zephyrs lulled to soft repose :
My soul is like a crystal glass
Filled by the elixir of grace,
Or precious vase for frankincense,
Its odor rare exhaling thence ;
For in the heavenly Sacrament
This day my soul with Christ's was blent.
O Lord of Love, at Thy dear feet
I lay that rose !—if it is sweet
Thine be the praise, as Thine the power,
To change a weed into a flower.

E. C. M. T.

THE EYE AS AN OPTICAL INSTRUMENT.



OF the five external senses, with which man is endowed, and by means of which he is directly cognizant of material phenomena existing in the world around him, the sense of sight, by reason of its immense range of action, of its perfect presentation of the geometrical relations of the universe, and of the delicacy of its other cognitive aspects, stands first in order as an instrument of objective knowledge.

But although the eye and vision should have been interesting subjects for investigation, very little was known about this organ or its manner of working until the end of the eighteenth century, when Kepler discovered the passage of light through the eye. Soon after this discovery, the organ of sight was found to be nothing more or less than an optical instrument, of very complicated and ingenious construction.

The eyeball is a nearly spherical body containing within it, three masses of gelatinous substances called humours. These are so arranged as to form a compound lens. The shape of the eye ball is secured by an outer coating called the sclerotic, the chief function of which is to protect the eye from injury, and from external pressure. The sclerotic does not envelop the whole of the eye ; the transparent circular tunic forming the anterior segment of the eye is called the cornea. This is nothing more however, than the continuation of the sclerotic forwards ; and in consequence of its greater convexity, it projects beyond the line of the sclerotic. It is beautifully transparent and, though apparently homogenous, it is composed of five layers clearly distinguishable from one another. Under the sclerotic is a second covering, the choroid coat, a dark coloured, vascular membrane, which supplies the nourishment necessary for the chemical, and physiological processes concerned in vision. Over the anterior surface of the choroid coat, towards the back of the eye, is distributed the retina. This is a transparent network composed of several layers of fibres and nerve cells, and connected with the choroid by a layer of rods and cones. These latter seem to be the properly

sensitive apparatus. In the centre of the retina is the yellow spot which is the most sensitive part of the organ, and here the rods and cones are packed in greatest abundance. From the retina, slightly to the left of the yellow spot, the optic nerve proceeds to the brain. The only property, apparently, of the retina, and of the optic nerve, is that of receiving and transmitting to the brain, the impression of external objects. These organs have been cut and pricked without causing any pain to the animals submitted to those experiments, but it is generally supposed that irritation of the optic nerve causes the sensation of light. Behind the cornea is found the iris, an annular opaque diaphragm, which constitutes the colored part of the eye. It is perforated by an aperture called the pupil, which varies in shape in the different species of animals. The iris is composed of a large number of muscular fibres, which are so arranged, that one set of these fibres effects when necessary its contraction, while another dilates the pupil.

It now remains to describe the transparent media that occupy the interior of the eye-globe, and through which the rays of light must pass before they reach the retina, and form on it the images of external objects. Immediately behind the cornea is the aqueous humour, which fills the anterior, and posterior chambers, that lie between the cornea and the lens. As its name implies, it is very nearly pure water, with a mere trace of albumen and chloride of sodium. Opposite and behind the pupil, lies the crystalline lens. In form, this is a double convex lens with surfaces of unequal curvature, the posterior being the most convex. It is enclosed in a transparent membrane called its capsule. A microscopic examination of the substance, or body of the lens, reveals a structure of wonderful beauty. Its whole mass is composed of extremely minute, elongated, ribbon-like structures, commonly called the fibres of the lens. These fibres are arranged side by side in lamellae; they are so placed as to give to the anterior and posterior surfaces, the appearance of a central star with meridian lines. Towards the centre, the lens gradually increases in density, and at the same time, in refracting power. To the anterior surface of the capsule, near its margin, is fixed a firm transparent membrane known as the suspensory ligament.

This ligament exerts traction all around the front surface of the lens, and renders it less convex than it would otherwise be, and its relaxation plays an important part in the adaptation of the eye for sight at different distances.

The remaining refracting medium, to be next spoken of, is the vitreous humour, which lies in the concavity of the retina, and occupies about four-fifths of the posterior portion of the eye. The vitreous humour contains about 98 per cent. of water, and a small portion of albumen and salts, its refracting index being therefore almost the same as that of water.

. With this knowledge then of the anatomical structure of the eye, it will be readily understood how this organ is really an optical instrument, and projects images of external objects on a screen, the retina.

The different refracting media, which go to form the organ of sight,—the cornea, the aqueous humour, the crystalline lens, and the vitreous humour,—may be considered as together forming a compound lens, through which the rays of light pass when the sensation of vision is had. The rays passing from a luminous body, fall upon the sclerotic and the cornea. Those falling on the former are reflected, and take no part in vision. The more central ones impinge upon the cornea, and, of these, some are reflected, giving to the surface of the eye its beautiful glistening appearance. Others, however, pass through the cornea, are converged in so doing, and enter the aqueous humour, which probably exerts no perceptible effect on their direction. Here again, those rays which pass through the outer, or more circumferential part of the cornea, are stopped, and are either reflected or absorbed by the iris. Those that fall upon the more central part of the cornea, pass through the pupil, and impinge on the crystalline lens, which by the convexity of its surface, and by its greater density towards the centre, very much increases the convergence of the rays passing through it. They then traverse the vitreous humour,—whose principal use appears to be to afford support to the expanded retina,—and are brought to a focus on that tunic, forming there an exact, but inverted, image of the object.

The two causes that tend to mar the sharpness and

distinctness of an image formed by lenses, are spherical, and chromatic aberration. The latter is practically corrected in the eye, although it is doubtful whether it be entirely absent. The provision, however, on which achromatism depends, has not been determined with certainty, probably because we do not yet know the relative refractive and dispersive powers of the cornea and humours of the eye. But there are two means by which spherical aberration may be prevented; and these illustrate very well the wondrous mechanism of the eye. Professor Wharton Jones describes them as follows :

“The surfaces of the dioptric parts of the eye are not spherical, but those of the cornea and posterior surfaces of the lens are hyperbolical, and that of the anterior surface, elliptical—configurations found by theory fitted to prevent spherical aberration.”

“The density of the lens diminishing from the centre to its periphery, the circumferential rays are less refracted than they would be by a homogeneous lens, with similar surfaces. This elegantly simple contrivance has been hitherto inimitable by human art.”

A question now naturally suggests itself : How does the eye adopt itself to distinct vision at varying distances ? This is indeed a remarkable power of the eye, and numerous attempts have been made to explain the mechanism, by which its focal length admits of alteration under the influence of the will. The explanation generally given and adopted is, that the suspensory ligaments which surround the crystalline lens are relaxed, or contracted by the ciliary muscle, which thus allows the front surface of the lens to assume greater, or less convexity. Certain other less important changes occur, tending to make the lens more or less convex and to push it forward ; these cannot, however, be explained, without entering into minute anatomical details.

The two well known forms of defective vision arising from some known or unknown peculiarity of the optical apparatus, are myopia or short sight, and presbyopia or long sight. For a normal eye the distance of distinct vision, of small objects, varies from 10 to 12 inches. But in myopia, the rays which ought to come to a focus on the retina converge to a point more or less in front of it. The cause of this defect is usually attributed to the over-convexity of the cornea, or of the lens, or to an imperfect power of the eye to adjust itself to objects at varying distances. Habitual

contemplation of small objects, imperfect illumination, a stooping position while studying, in fact anything which tends to congest the eyes, and cause an unequal strain on the muscles of convergence, may produce short-sight. Myopia is most common in young people, and when once acquired, tends to become hereditary. In countries where education is becoming more advanced, the percentage of myopes is constantly on the increase.

The optical remedy for short sight, obviously consists in concave glasses of a focus suited to the individual case. The concave lens causes the rays entering the eye to diverge, and, in consequence of this divergence, the rays come to a focus farther back, the myopia is neutralized, and a clear and distinct image is formed on the retina.

Presbyopia is due to the physiological weakness of the accommodating mechanism. Donders maintains that the term presbyopia is to be restricted to the condition in which, as the result in increase of years, the range of accommodation is diminished, and the vision of near objects is interfered with. It is impossible, however, to fix any limit as to the commencement of presbyopia, since from youth up to old age, the vision of near objects becomes, progressively, more and more difficult. In ordinary presbyopia, the defect is at once remedied by the use of suitable convex glass, which by converging the rays, bring the point of near vision to eight inches.

From this brief description of the organ of sight, and of the manner it receives images of objects, it will be readily understood how the eye is aptly and rightfully termed a camera obscura. In the eye, the sides of the box are represented by the sclerotic ; the dark inner surface has its parallel in the dark choroid coat ; the opening in the box is represented by the pupil of the eye ; the convex lens by the crystalline, and the cornea ; the retina, like a prepared photographer's plate, receives the image. "But why we see—beyond the fact that we do see—no one can explain. Science is dumb on the subject. Thought and consciousness elude our grasp, and, as Professor Tyndall says on this subject, we stand face to face with the incomprehensible."

J. F. BREEN, '00.

THE BLACKBIRD OF NOENDRUM.*

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.



RIGHT green are the woodlands on Lough Cuan's
shore,
And blue is the lake as the lark ere flew o'er,
And sweet is the song of the lark in the spring
For the first baby buds or the sloe's blossoming
Into milky white flowers.

And the lark's song is sweet, as a lark's song will be,
Sing he soft from a cage, sing he loud from a tree ;
But the sweetest bird notes heard from forest or lawn
Can be heard in Noendrum's green alleys at dawn
In her green shady bowers.

'Tis a blackbird that sings in the spot, as they say,
Where the centuries once seemed to be as a day ;
I'll tell you the legend, so rest in the grass
Where the long shadows linger awhile as they pass,
As if loath for to leave it.

St. Mochae, they tell, by St. Patrick's blessed hand
Was tonsured, and preached the new faith in the land ;
And the crozier he bore, by an angel's hand made,
Fell straight on his bosom one day as he prayed,
So our people believe it.

O'er the rude island home, where his monastery stood,
'Mid the fairy sea caves and the far-spreading wood,
He looked round one morning and planned where the
church
Should be built of the boughs of the poplar and birch
On the ridge in the centre.

* These lines are based on an ancient legend told anew in the Most Rev. Dr. Healey's work on the Saints and Monasteries of Ireland.

And forth the next morning his young men and he
Went out to their labour with hearts light and free ;
But the Abbot went further, till, by a white stone,
In the shade of a beech tree he rested alone,
Where the glare did not enter.

And a bird, 'mid the bloom of a whitethorn bush,
Gave far sweeter music than chaffinch or thrush,
And while the saint listed unto the bird's lay
The years, all too fleetly, were passing away
'Mid the cool leavy arches.

It sang once and twice over, and three times it trilled,
And his ears with the wondrous melody thrilled,
Till at length, with a flutter of wings in the light,
It soared far away out of hearing and sight
Through the beeches and larches.

And Mochae, arising, took up his green load,
And sought, half in sadness, his peaceful abode ;
But he met but strange faces and sights on the way,
And a church on the ridge was all ivied and grey,
As if years had passed o'er it.

In wonder and terror around him he gazed,
And the monks heard his story surprised and amazed ;
They had heard of his name as an Abbot long dead,
Yet fresh were his wattles, unsilvered his head,
And right firmly he bore it.

But the youngest of those who had bent at his call
Were sleeping in silence beside the church wall,
Or far, far away from Noendrum's blessed bound
Sought rest from their labours in sanctified ground
From their teaching and preaching.

And Mochae spake slowly as one in a dream,
Or as men speak that stand on the brink of a stream
That divides them from heaven—"A century long
Has been bound by God's power into a bird's song-
A song that's far-reaching.

“ And think for a moment how God in His love
Gave to a winged creature the notes from above,
To make the long years like an hour of spring ;
What must be the joy where such birds ever sing
In God’s own blessed dwelling ! ”

He died in their midst, and they buried him there
In the church on the ridge, with loud chanting and prayer;
And that is the reason by Lough Cuan’s side
The blackbirds sing sweeter than elsewhere beside,
And all song birds excelling.



FECIT MIHI MAGNA.

Thus He, the Mighty One, hath wrought great things
On me, the lowly, from whose heart upsprings
Into the empyrean of pure harmony
This stammered tribute of my love and praise,
Unto the silent nights, the listening days,
That sweep behind me to Eternity.

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.



WILLIE-THE-WISP.

BY SEUMAS McMANUS. (MAC)



IN the grand old times, long, long ago, there was wanst a blacksmith, and his name was Willie—and he was notorious over all Ireland for the drinkin', sportin' way he spent all of his life—and it was often and often prophesied for him that he'd never come till a good ending. He had come of good family, and besides his thrade—which was in them days, a profession for a gentleman—his people had left to him great properties both in houses and in lands. But all these properties Willie very soon drunk and sported away,—and all melted like snow in summer. When it come to that he had only his, trade Willie had purty hard times of it ; for he didn't like to work, and he didn't care to starve,—and he found it purtikilarly hard to have no money to sport and spend, as he was used to do. He worked as little as he could, but he wanted as much as ever ; so things went on from bad to worse, and his chances of thrade even was laivin' him, for no man could be sartin whether he'd oblige them or refuse them (accordingly as the mood was on him) when they'd bring a horse to shoe or a plough to mend. And at long and at last, wan mornin' that he got no breakfast, bekase he had neither money nor means, he was standin' leanin' against his own forge door with his heart in his boots, and he wonderin' what was he ever born for anyhow—an' debatin' with himself whether dhrowndin' or hangin' would be the laist throublesome daith, when all at wanst he hears the noise of hoofs, and up there rides a grand gentleman entirely, mounted on a great black charger. "Helloa, Willie," says he, "what are you so down in the mouth about this mornin' ? Ye look as lorn as a March graveyard." "Small wonder I would," says Willie. "And if you had the same raison, it's not such a spruce jaunty lookin' gentleman you'd be this mornin'." "I'm mortal sorry for ye Willie," says the gentleman, "Can I help ye?" "I dar'say ye could ; but I don't expect ye would," says Willie. "Don't be so sartin of that," says the gentleman—"What is it ye need?" "Money," says Willie, "an' plenty of it." "How much of it ?" says the gentleman. "Och, a

roomful," says Willie, that way careless. "Well, a roomful," says the gentleman, says he, "you'll have—on wan condition." "And what is the condition?" says Willie, says he, brightenin' up. "It's this," says the gentleman, "that you'll consent to give yerself to me and come with me in a year and a day from now." At this Willie's eye went down and caught sight of one of the gentleman's feet, an' he seen it was cloven. "Phew!" says Willie, says he, "is that how the hare sits?" "It's a grand offer," says the gentleman. "Just this minute ye were plannin' how ye'd do away with yourself. It's a cowl' comfort to go out of the wurrl' on a hungry belly. Here ye have the offer of a roomful of money in twelve months and a day." "Thru for ye," says Willie; "it's a bargain."

Willie, he pitched upon the greatest room in a King's oul' castle that stood in the neighborhood, and told the devil (for it was himself and none other, was in it) to go ahead and fill it. It wasn't any use at all, at all, for the devil to object that it was one of Willie's own rooms he meant. "Ye should always say what ye mean, and mean what ye say," says Willie. "Ye have bargained to fill me a room with gold. There's the room—fill it, or else never afther want to be thought a gentleman of your word." This went sore on the devil, bekase, of all things, he prides himself on bein' a gentleman of his word; so he agreed. But though he wrought hard from early mornin' till late at night of a long summer's, day the room didn't seem to be gettin' more nor half full. "Well, well," says he, "this is the curiousest thing ever I have seen. I never afore seen the room, I couldn't fill inside five minutes if it was as big as a deer-park." So, he was now settin' by, wipin' the sweat off his face with the back of his hand, when all at wanst he noticed the goold lowerin' in the middle an' disappearin' away like corn in the centre of a mill-hopper. He lets a yell out of him and jumps down the stairs, and there in the cellar what does he find only my brave Willie, fillin' bag after bag at a sthream of goold a foot thick, which was pourin' down from a hole in the centre of the floor above, an' havin' them carted away. "Och, ye natarnal nag above ye!" says the devil, "ye've had me sweatin' and swearin' all the day long, and could'nt know how it was I was comin' no speed. It's a purty mane thrick of ye,"

says he to Willie, "an' I wouldn't 'a' expected you'd play it on me." Says Willie, says he, straight back to him. "By yer laive, this is none of your business—there was nothin' mentioned in the bargain at all, at all, again my doing this. Go up, and go ahead with your contract."

Willie had him again, so there was nothin' for him to do but offer Willie better terms if he'd stop the trick an' let him fill the room, an' be done. "Willie," says he, "instead of a year and a day, I'll give seven years and three wishes if you stop that hole, an' let me get done." "Agreed," says Willie. And it wasn't many minutes then till the devil had the room filled—and Willie had the full of nineteen rooms besides. "Now," says the devil, says he, "what's your wishes?" "They're simple," says Willie. "Here's a purse, and I want that any money ever goes into it will never get out till I let it. I want that anyone catches my sledge hammer can never have the power of luttin' go without my lave. And I have an armchair at home that I want anywan sits down on it, not to be able to get out of it till I tell them." "Your wishes is granted," says the devil. "Good-bye, and be ready for me this day seven years." "I'll be ready for ye," says Willie.

Willie had a gay and a rollickin' time and no mistake after that, for the seven years. He made the money spin, as it was never afore known to spin in Ireland. He came to be known all over the country as the greatest sporter and spender of the day. He kept race horses, and steeplechase horses, carriages and coaches—and everything was thrapped out in solid gold. He built castles that had a window for every day in the year—and entertained kings in them. And bards and chiefs were as plentiful about them as rats. The fame of the great rich blacksmith spread over the known wurrl' of them days, and great distinguished tourists and gentry of all descriptions come flockin' from all a'rts and parts to see him, and to receive his hospitality—bekase he kept open house for all comers, and sarvints to wait on them, and coaches and coach-horses to drive them.

But for all his wealth, Willie couldn't stop Time from runnin'. And at long and a last the seven years sparin's was up, an' as Willie was wan day sittin' down to a gran' dinner entirely among

kings and counts an' many learned people, and people of high degree, the door of the great dinin' hall opened, and a tall gentleman walked in. Willie looked up and at the first glint remembered him. "Good morra, Willie," says the stranger. "I suppose you know me, and are ready for me." Good morra, and good luck," says Willie, not a trifle mismoved—"Yis, I know you, and I am ready for ye—as soon as I get through with dinner (it would be bad manners to laive me guests at table) an' make on a set of goold shoes that I've promised the King of Prooshia there below, for his horse—let me introduce you to the King—"King," says Willie to the King, "this is"—"A frien'," says the devil—"A frien'" says Willie. An' the King an' the devil bowed, the devil remarking that he hoped to be further acquainted with him some day. He told Willie not to hurry, an' took his place at the table, and a right hearty dinner, and then went with Willie to the forge, to see him turn out the goold shoes. "Here," says Willie, says he, when he was batin' these out on the anvil, "make yourself useful, and help me through till I be off with ye," handin' him a sledge. The devil took hold of the sledge with both hands an' began baitin'; but the sorra wan of him could let it go when he wanted to, for the sledge stuck to his hands like grim daith. "Come," says Willie, says he, "old man, are ye ready for the road?" "Take away this sledge out of me hands," says the devil. "I don't recall," says Willie "that there's any thing about that in my bargain. I'm afeerd ye'll have to stick to the sledge. Come along," says he, "I'm ready." "Och, ye scoundhril," says the devil, says he, and he dancin' all over the place, with all Willie's guests and friends standin' by brakin' their hearts laughin' at him. "Take away this sledge," says he, at long and at last, "and I'll give ye another seven years sparin's." So, at that, Willie tuk from him the sledge, and the Devil went off in mighty anger.

It was like new life to Willie startin' the next tarm. And he went at these seven years of fun and frolic, like a man at a day's work. And if the seven years afore had been a merry seven, these seven were seven times as merry. His house never emptied, and day or night, the fun and carousin' never wanst ceased in it. There come more throops and bands, and kings

and queens with all their body-sarvints than ever went to visit Solomon in all his glory. His name was sounded in the uttermost ends of the earth ; and in all the wurrl' again there wasn't so great a man as Willie.

But at long and at last, again, these seven years passed, too. And on the very day when they were up, just as Willie, again, was sittin' down to table in the middle of kings and queens, and great foreign counts, the doore of the dinin' hall opened and in steps no other than Willie's frien'. "Good morra, Willie," says he, with an ugly and malicious smile on his face, as much as to say, "I'm going to get even with ye at last, boy-o." "Good morra, and good luck," says Willie, not the laist trifle mismoved, seemin'ly. "Willie," says he, "I hope you're ready to come with me?" "I am," says Willie—"Butler," says Willie, "bring forrid that large chair there behind you and set it here at my right hand for this gentleman, and bring him in a large plate of the best ye can find in the pot—he's going to do us the honour of pickin' a bone with us." Thanky, thanky," says the devil, says he, seatin' himself, and tacklin' the dinner with a hale hearty appetite.

But lo, when all had finished their dinners, and Willie had sayed Grace and stood up, the devil he couldn't rise at all, at all, for he was stuck as fast to the chair as if he had been waxed to it. "I'm ready for the road now, old man," says Willie—"are you?" "Oh, ye notorious villian," says the devil, "this is a purty mane thrick to play on a man in your own house, and at your own table, moreover. Relaise me from this chair," says he. "I don't remember that there was anythin' about that in my bargain," says Willie. The devil he writhed and wriggled, and screwed and twisted himself, till all the gentlemen and ladies present went into stitches with the laughin'. And then, says he, "Relaise me out of this chair and I'll give ye seven years more." "Done," says Willie ; and he relaised him, and let him go off, black in the countenance with anger and wrath.

Willie's pile of money was by no means as big as what it used to be, but there was an odious pile of it yet. And so for the next seven years, Willie run the same rigs he had done afore ; only, if anything, he went it ten times faster and furiouser, and

his house was the resort for ten times as many princes and people from the very corners of the earth itself. And the fun was ten times as great, and the aitin' and dhrinkin' ten times as great and grand. And the likes of it never had been seen afore nor never will be seen again.

But the best of things must some time or other come till an end. And so it seemed with Willie, for these years passed, too. And the day the devil was due, came; and on that day, just as afore, Willie, he was sittin' down till the table to dinner, along with all his great distinguished guests, when the doore of the dinin' room opens, and in walks me brave devil again. "Good morra and good luck," says Willie, as little as ever mismoved, "won't ye sit down and have a pick of dinner with us?" "Not me," says the devil; "you fooled me twicet, but ye'll never have it to say that ye fooled me the third time. Come along," says he. "That's mighty curt," says Willie. "Its your desarts," says the devil. "Lay down the knife and fork now, and throt," So poor Willie; for these seven years passed, too. And Willie had there and then to say good-bye to his guests, an' beg their pardon for this hasty departure, and walk off hungry as he was, with the devil.

It was in the heat of summer, and the roads were dhry and dusty, and the sun burnin' down on top of the two thravellers. After they'd been an hour or more walkin', Willie complained he was mighty thirsty. "Well," says the devil, says he, "the first inn we come till, I'll let you go in and have a dhrink." Says Willie, "But I havn't got a stiver on me; me purse is as emp'y as Mickey Meehan's male-chist." "Neither have I stiver," says the devil. "What'll ye do?" "Why, as for that," says Willie, says he, "you're such a nice obligin' fella that I know ye'll oblige me in this. All you've got to do is to turn yourself until a goold piece whilst I buy a thrait with ye." "I'll do that, with a heart and a half," says the devil. And the first inn they come up till, the devil thransformed himself into a goold piece, and Willie slipped him intil his purse, and closed the purse on him. Then straight back home with him Willie marched, and into his forge. He laid the purse down on the anvil, and gettin' two mier sthrong lumps of fellas along with himself, he put

sledges in their hands, and told them fire away and not spare themselves. So, as heavy and fast as the three of them could, they rained the blows down upon the purse on the anvil ; and every blow come down, the devil he yelled. And they struck away, and he yelled away ; and he cried out and begged of Willie to let him out, and he'd give him more sparins'. And when Willie got all the fun himself and his friends needed for wan day out of him, Willie released him from the purse, on his promisin' to give him seven years more.

But poor Willie's money, which had been goin' all this time like corn in a sieve, was now run purty low. For six of the seven years he had as gay a time and as merry as ever afore—but the money run out with the sixth year an poor Willie had no means of makin' more—for he'd sooner starve than work. His friends disappeared, too, with the money ; and him that thought he could count friends be the thousand, couldn't find as much as one single one now on lookin' round him. The seventh year, then, was a purty hard one with Willie ; an' he was no ways sorry to find the end of it comin', and with it the devil—for he had got heartsick, sore, and tired of the wurrl'.

And when at the end of the seventh year, the devil come again he found Willie, with the stick in his fist waitin' him. And Willie started along with him, this time with a heart and a half. And on ahead the both of them thrudged and thravelled for many a weary, dhreary mile, for further nor I could tell you, and twicet further nor you could tell me, till at long and at last they reached their journey's end, and the devil knocked on the gates and had both of them admitted in.

But behold you, Willie wasn't long in here till he tired of it, and wished he was free again. So he set about makin' himself as bothersome as he could, and *socked* a row with everybody in it, till they could stand it no longer, and put in a petition to the devil to have him put out of here, bekase there'd never be no more comfort whilst he'd be let remain. And the devil himself too, found him so troublesome that he was only too glad to give in, and on the request of Willie that he'd go quietly and laive them in paice. But Willie was conthrary, as always he had been, and he now refused to go till they had to join and put him

out by main force. And when they got him out, and the gates slammed on him, Willie kicked up a racket outside and pegged on the gates for all he was worth, and wouldn't go away till they'd consent to hand him out a torch, that he might see his way be. So the Devil, through the bars of the gate, handed out till him the torch, and told him to begone back to the wurrl' he come from, and spend his time ever afther in leadin' good people astray.

Back Willie come, and from that day to this, he has continued wandherin' afore him, over hill and dale, himself and his torch ; and it's his great delight to attrhact the attention of good people that have lost their way at night, and lead them into marshes, and bogs, and swamps, where they get stuck, and sunk, and lost. And from that day to this, owing to the torch or wisp he carries in his hand, he has been called Willie-the-Wisp.



INFORM.

Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayest prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

—Tennyson.



MEMORY BY MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.



I N the melancholy moonlight
When the world in slumber lies,
They awaken, restless spirits,
Olden loves and memories :
From the graves where time had laid them,
Shaking off the dust of years,
They arise,—sad ghosts of passions,
Wistful wraiths of smiles and tears.

Soft and lonely eyes familiar
Haunt us silvered shades among ;
Phantom lips ask : “ Hast forgotten
Nights like these when hope was young ?”
Where in dew and sweetness sleeping
Mignonnette perfumes the night,
'Tis as if its sprays were heaping
Tombs of dear and lost delight.

Asclepias, Hope's white emblem,
Spectral in the moonlit air,
Breathes not of an earthly promise,
But a message of despair.
Myrtle, late a fav'rite blooming,
Now a waif forlorn and pale,
Symbol meet of love of mortals,
As evanescent and frail.

Hesperus in the fields of heaven
Glorious as in nights of yere,
Blooms, not like our Everlastings,
But a bright Eternal Flower ;
Thus she shone, a golden wonder,
In our childhood's distant time ;
Thus shall sparkle, when, dust under,
We too dwell in memory's clime.

—ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY VISITS HIGH FALLS AND THE CAMERON MICA MINE.

Somewhere in the constitution of the Scientific Society, there is a clause which provides that the members shall take at least one trip during each Scholastic Year, to some point that is likely to prove interesting to those engaged in scientific research. In accordance with the spirit of this clause, the members of the Scientific Society held their annual excursion, on Wednesday, May the twenty-third, when they visited High Falls, situated about twenty-five miles north of Buckingham, and the Cameron Mica Mine, which is also about the same distance north of the town just named.

The primary object of these trips has always been to glean information about the wonders of nature, which cannot exactly be gathered in books, but with the true College spirit, our scientists never fail to make their annual outing a pleasant one in every sense of the word. I can bear testimony that this year's trip was no exception to the rule—ay, in many respects, it may be said to have surpassed all former trips. The society was somewhat influenced in their selection of the place to be visited this year by the kind offer of Mr. Robert Cameron, '99, an ex-member of the society and at present a resident of Buckingham, to take the members in hand upon their arrival in Buckingham, and guide them through the mazy turns of the Lièvre River to High Falls and the Cameron Mica Mine—which, by the way, is the property of "Bob's" Father—where the student scientists could mingle for a few hours in the contemplation of magnificent scenery and, at the same time, gain some information about the mining industry. That they did all this, and much more, it will be my object to relate as briefly as I may in what follows.

In order to make the trip in one day, it was necessary that we should take the 4.10 a.m. C. P. R. express, and this of course meant that we must arise—well, just a few hours before the sun. Everybody, however, and for a wonder too, turned out on time. Still, I quite agree with the third form representative from

Lowell, who, while yet half awake, remarked that "this getting up at midnight is no joke, if you ask *me*." However, as I started, we were all around on time, and when the train pulled out of Union Station, it had on board a jolly crowd of students *en route*, some of them did not know exactly where, but nevertheless, on the way and all happy.

About thirty-five minutes run brought us to Buckingham Junction, where rigs were in waiting, and just as the bell was tolling, six rousing 'Varsity cheers conveyed the information to the slumbering citizens of Buckingham, that "Ottawa College boys are out to-day." Arrived at the steamer, we found our provisions—which had been sent ahead in charge of the President—awaiting our pleasure, and in a short time, everybody had breakfasted, and the whistle of the "Mildred" announced that we were about to leave for the Falls. It was just before seven o'clock, as the little ship steamed away from her wharf, and in a few moments we were gliding over the calm surface of the Lièvre River, on as lovely a morning as we have had this spring. If I must speak about the weather, it will be only to say that the day was an ideal one—not too warm on land, and delightfully cool on the water.

It would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to describe the scenery of the Lièvre. To me it seems to be in a class all by itself—no doubt there are other streams like it, but I have never seen them. It is not more than 300 yards wide at any point but is quite deep and a steamer can run close to its shores. And this is well too, because steamers and smaller crafts can thus avoid the swift current which flows in the middle of the stream and at the same time take advantage of the eddy that is always found near the shore. But perhaps the most pleasing feature of the Lièvre scenery is the foliage that lines its banks. On either side of the river the overhanging trees present a beautiful sight, and many were the compliments passed by the scientists, as the steamer made one or another of the numerous turns, and sailed into a pretty channel of the river, between banks decked with all the beauty of early summer. Another feature, too, of the Lièvre scenery is the height of the hills one beholds on both sides. It seems sometimes as though this stream is a kind of river valley, situated between two large mountains, so high are the

hills. But I was not to describe the scenery—I am willing to leave that to other and worthier hands.

To come back to the scientists. We were all enjoying the scenery, and whatever else was provided for our pleasure and comfort. The early hour, though, at which we had risen, and the motion of the steamer soon began to tell on a few of the younger members, and one by one, they dropped into some comfortable spot, and slipped quietly off into dreamland. Among those who attracted particular notice by the deep sonorous sounds they sent forth, were the honorable member from Calgary, and the "Phat Boy," who hails from somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania. And to complete the trio, the German philosopher, who was to make such a hit in vocal circles in the evening, hung his head over the side of the scow, which was lashed along side for our convenience, and as the breezes gently fanned his noble brow, he shone forth, indeed, a sleeping beauty.

The trip up the river was pleasant. At various intervals those of our party that could sing, mingled their voices in all the popular airs of the day, and so with one incident and another to attract our attention, it did not seem long until we had reached our destination, and were called upon to disembark.

It was just twelve o'clock when we landed at the foot of the Falls. Our first work of course, was to prepare dinner. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cameron, the gentleman who is known as cook at the mining shanty, came along to assist us in the preparation of our meal. In a short while all was ready, and I was going to say, too, in a short while all was gone, but hardly that, though everybody ate as only one can eat when on a trip of this kind. There is nothing to be said about our bill of fare, except that it was first class in every respect. True we had no boneless turkey nor boned turkey either, but we did have some of the most delicious shanty beans—the finest ever baked—and for these again we have to blame Mr. Cameron. Dinner over and the dishes—no, the dishes were not washed—we wended our way to the Falls and here again we were delighted with the scenery. The falls are some feet higher than those at Niagara, though not nearly so wide, but really they are a grand sight. Divided into three sections, one large and two small, they form a beautiful

picture. We looked at them until we thought we were satisfied and then when we had turned to come away some of us went back 'just to take another glance.' There is something grand and noble about falls such as these, and those who were at High Falls will not soon forget the roar and noise and foam of the Lièvre waters as they tumble over that rocky precipice.

From the falls we went to the camping spot again, where we saw one of our party hypnotized by a member who has become quite proficient in the hypnotic art. The subject in this instance proved a good one and at the will of the hypnotist, he furnished some really good amusement for the lookers on. Not the least pleasing feature of his trance was when he filled his pockets full of moss thinking he was landing gold nuggets; and when he chewed his handkerchief while under the impression that he was sucking a lemon, the crowd went fairly wild.

It was now time to visit the mine and after a short run down the river, we landed at a point just a few hundred yards distant from where the mica is being taken out. Unfortunately the mine was not in operation, and the men who are now at work are engaged baling it out before active operations can commence. We saw sufficient, however, to give us a fair conception of what mica mining means, while those of us who had visited Blackburn's mine last year were able to explain the working of the mine to the new members of the society. Through the kindness of "Bob" each of us carried away a small lump of mica and many of these are now suitably inscribed as souvenirs of the trip.

The visit to the mine over, it was half-past four, and we were ready for the return trip to Buckingham. This was made much quicker than the up trip on account of the current, so the time glided past quickly on the homeward journey. No incident of special mention took place during the run down the river. It might be said that all continued to enjoy themselves and, too, that our dear "shad" who had treated himself to a much needed bath in the placid waters of the the Lièvre, came in for much congratulation. As the voices of the singers blended sweetly in that lovely chorus "Floating Down the River," we steamed into Buckingham, and now was to come a feature of the day's outing that so far as the scientific society is concerned, was not on the

programme. The President, who with two other members of the society, had enjoyed the hospitality of the Cameron homestead the night before, was the recipient of an invitation to the society to dine at the residence of Mr. A. D. Cameron on our return from up the river. The invitation was gladly and gratefully accepted, and soon after our arrival, we found ourselves in the comfortable rooms of the Cameron homestead making a hasty preparation for what proved nothing less than a banquet.

The first thing that met the gaze of the members as they filed into the drawing room where the banquet was to be held, was the profusion of garnet and grey with which the room was so tastily decorated. It was a graceful tribute to our College colors, and one that was not allowed to pass without hearty expressions of appreciation. As for the banquet, well, I shall only state that the scientists were loud in their praises of the good things that were provided for them. Well, indeed, might they be, for it was really one of the best affairs of the kind that any of us has ever attended. I should mention, too, that the very homelike way in which our wants were looked after by our hostess, the Misses Camerons, and the Buckingham young ladies whose services were enlisted, came in for special comment. More than one student was reminded of similar attentions that he had received at other times and from other hands, and it is not surprising if thoughts of home and of those who are near and dear to us were aroused in our minds, while we were being so kindly treated by the Buckingham ladies.

The banquet, though of a more or less informal nature, was presided over by President M. E. Conway, and the seats of honour were occupied by our Director, Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Rev. Father Raymond, and our host, Mr. A. D. Cameron. After the substantial part of the banquet had been thoroughly discussed, Mr. Conway arose, and in a few words, expressed the pleasure of the members at being so highly honored by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. He then called upon the Rev. Father Lajeunesse to supplement his remarks by tendering the sincere thanks of the society for the kindness that was being shown them. This the Rev. Director did in a very happy speech, in which on behalf of the Scientific Society, he thanked Mr. and Mrs. Cameron most

sincerely for the pleasant evening they had provided for us. Mr. Cameron replied in a few well chosen words, and when he had resumed his seat, the hearty cheers of the scientists emphasized their appreciation of the host and hostess. Mr. J. E. McGlade paid a glowing tribute to the garnet and grey, and Dr. T. W. Albin sounded the praises of the ladies, particularly of those who had so carefully looked after our comfort at the banquet.

The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. Among those who contributed to the pleasure of the company were Messrs. M. J. O'Connell, T. G. Morin, Geo. Nolan, J. Gookin and H. Herwig. When eleven o'clock came, we began to make preparations for our departure, and amid hearty handshaking and sad farewells, we got ready to return to Ottawa. Just as we were all in the rigs and ready to start, the crowd was called upon to give Mr. and Mrs. Cameron one more good old 'Varsity cheer, as a further evidence of our sincere gratitude to them for their many kindnesses. This was given with all the earnestness that only College boys can put into a cheer, and as the echoes of our voices were dying away, the word was given to start. In a short while we were at the Junction, where we had not long to wait until the express was hustling us over the rails to Ottawa. At about one-thirty, we were back within the College walls, all tired, but all delighted with the day's outing.

I cannot close without saying a few words about the kindness of our old friend and ex-member, "Bob" Cameron. To him much of the success of our trip was due, and for his many services to us, we are very very grateful. The thanks of the society are also due to our Director, Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., to the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and other members of the committee for their work in making the trip such an enjoyable one. The only hope we have now to express is that the Scientific Society may always have as enjoyable and successful an annual outing as was that of '99-'00.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

GOD'S MERCY.

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

The following is an extract from Father Sheehan's excellent poem, "The Canticle of the Magnificat," just published by the *Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, See our Book Notices.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies, timentibus eum.



LIKE the soft manna falling from the skies,
 God's spotless answer to the piteous cries
 From wayward children in the trackless waste ;
 Like midnight dews upon the desert's sands,
 Drawn by uplifting of the priestly hands
 From Him whose love to penitence must haste ;
 Like honey hidden in the desert rocks.
 Where the wild bee its treasury unlocks,
 And piles her luscious sweets for winter's store ;
 Like rain upon the parched and arid plain,
 When men and beasts unto the heavens complain,
 And Heaven answers in the tempest's roar ;
 So does the mercy of our God descend.
 So does His justice in His pity blend ;
 And as a river hast'ning to the sea
 Spreads all its strength and sweetness as it flows,
 Until the desert blossoms like the rose,
 So is the pity of our God to ye,
 Who bend your necks unto His gentle stroke,
 Who meekly bear His burden and His yoke,
 And lower your lofty eyes unto the earth ;
 Who hide in rock-clefts from His awful Face,
 Who wash the pavements of His holy place,—
 To ye and to your seed, from birth to birth,
 His mercy shall descend ; your dead shall wake,
 The little ones be strengthened for your sake ;
 The lowly shall be lifted up on high ;
 As oaks of Bashan by the thousand rills,
 As cedars planted on the storm-torn hills
 Toss their proud plumes unto the leaning sky.

TENNYSON'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS AS POR- TRAYED IN "IN MEMORIAM."

(*Extemporaneous Essay written for Intermediate Examination,
June, 1900.*)

Of the English poets of the present century, which is so prolific in bards and rhymers of every possible order, there is none among Protestant poets, that can claim an equal footing with Tennyson for true portrayal of nature and for his profound religious sentiment. As these two necessities go hand in hand, let us proceed through one of his best productions—*In memoriam*—and see nature and religion as he himself saw them.

Glancing over "In Memoriam" even superficially no reflective reader can fail to see at once that Tennyson was of an exceedingly religious turn of mind. This is seen in every verse from the first to the last. Nor is Tennyson one of these poets of sense and sound with which the world teems to-day; his religion is of a genuine type, for he holds it true "that men may rise on stepping stones to higher things." Now since literary art deals with God, man and nature, and with their practically infinite relations, if we discover how truly these are depicted in the mind of such a man from his best works, we shall no doubt have a fairly good view of his religious convictions.

As is the case with most writers outside the Church, Tennyson has strange—to avoid using "false"—ideas concerning God. This leads him into numerous vagaries and frequent inconsistencies; after years and years of honest research and consideration, he with difficulty arrives at simple conclusions which to a Catholic child are but elements. And as a matter of course, there are numberless other little truths after which he vainly gropes; lacking in proofs, he remains in doubt. In fact he cultivates an immense field of doubt that should have been occupied by faith. However, it seems pretty evident that he saw clearly enough the religious nonsense of the sects by which he was surrounded, for, he says,

"There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Yet, withal he remained outside that Church in which alone truth concerning God can be found. It seems clear also that he

ignored the fact of a true Church having been established by the Most High, for he works strenuously to unravel truths most simple to us but which he claimed could be known only "behind the veil." Let me say again then that, though Tennyson was a very religious man at heart, and one whom I imagine conscientious even to scrupulousness—one like Brutus armed in honesty and living up to his way of thinking,—he was one nevertheless in whom we should have expected considerably more faith and less nonsensical theory.

Just a glance at some of his pet theories—the universal soul, for instance. The Poet, let us say, idealized (?) his love for his friend; he ever hoped that their love, begun in this world should continue in Heaven, but he ever dreaded lest he and his friend, all mankind in fact, after death would be absorbed in the Universal Soul, and hence all individuality being lost, recognition would be once and forever severed. From a natural point of view, so repugnant was this idea to him that by good reasoning he finally rids himself of this tormentor, and rejoices to think of the pleasure they will experience in meeting. Of course he did not believe in the Universal Soul in a pantheistic sense; he saw God everywhere but with proper restrictions. So after all, it is not very difficult to see here again that he had rather misty conceptions of the relations existing between God and man. A little further investigation may discover a like state of affairs in his mind concerning God and nature, or rather concerning God man and nature combined.

Before reaching the middle of his poem, Tennyson launches boldly into the theory of evolution. This he mixes up so thoroughly that it seems pretty hard to say what he really did or did not believe concerning it. Generally speaking, he admitted the theory, but not in its grosser details. He repudiated with disdain the idea that man sprang primarily from the ape—not that he could bring any great proofs to support his objection, but simply he felt that he was "born to higher things." In nature however he clings considerably to the system of evolution—that natural life goes on perfecting itself in sponges, mosses and forests, in corals, fishes and animals. That the present natural phenomena surpassed the original, he maintains resolutely. But he does not stop here. He next applies this belief to society and betrays an evident

inconsistency. He attributes progress to society, and advances the theory of the survival of the fittest, among which number of course he places his friend Hallam. This doctrine he upholds energetically never noticing of course that he contradicts himself when speaking of the "cycling storms" of society; for if society cycles there is no progress, no evolution, evidently. As Father Faber remarks, there is but little difference in the society of succeeding generations. Needless to show how inconsistent it is to apply this principle everywhere, even in heaven. And though, even in heaven as well as on earth it is true to a certain extent, yet the proportion of truth to falsity is a grain of the former to a bushel of the latter.

But though we may criticize severely his false ideas concerning God, man, and nature—though we may censure his great presumption on reason and false opinions in matters of faith—we would be far from doing justice by repudiating him entirely, or by considering him or his works immoral. On the contrary, great benefit is derived from a careful perusal of his poems. Nor should we criticise too severely. Though in his works there are numerous false ideas, yet they are not very dangerous ones and invariably contain some beautiful principle slightly distorted or pushed too far. But is this not characteristic of his works rather than of his religious creed? True but then; his creed is evident from the nature of his works. And be it said of him that his errors are honest errors—the result of mistaken reason but never of intentional dishonesty. Tennyson is thoroughly honest in all his convictions; hence it is we find him so thoroughly religious in all his poems and so severe on "the wild Poet when he works without a conscience or an aim." From his honest religious conviction that there is a God, he rises far above the everyday traffickers of song on sound and sense, and if he has some occasional vagaries concerning truth, we must nevertheless give credit to the religious creed that caused him to seek and to search and frequently to attain the proper relations between God, man and nature; and especially should Catholics do so, for they alone can thoroughly understand the truly Catholic and Christian spirit pervading the mind and heart of this master of English verse.

J. McGUIRE, '02.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.



WHEN lilies sweet have died away,
And prouder blossoms scent the air,
Adieu to us bids Merry May,
That month of May so sweet and fair.
Then, ere the happy spring-time closes,
Comes June, month of the Sacred Heart ;
O gay and pleasing month of roses,
Successor meet to May thou art !

The glowing orb of day rides high
O'er murm'ring streams and meadows green,
Across a clear and cloudless sky.
O'er lakes all bright with silver sheen ;
While Spring from us once more doth part
And Summer's season doth begin,—
Fit time to honor Jesus' Heart,
And with its aid, keep far from sin.

With love for us His heart doth burn ;
And would we reign with Him above,
We must His sacred gift return,
We must inflame our hearts with love.
Then let us in this month all blest,
With charity our homage pay,
Unto His Sacred Heart : then rest
And calm, expect eternal day.

WILLIE CAVANAGH,

Second Form.

A NEW PRIEST HONORED.

The students desired to present some little token of their esteem to Rev. Father James Fallon, O.M.I., and accordingly, a congratulatory address was read to him in the Senior Study Hall on Sunday afternoon, June 10th. Besides the members of the young priest's family, there were present a large number of the Seminarians and Professors.

A ringing 'Varsity greeted Father Fallon as he entered the Study Hall, and as the hearty cheer concluded, Mr. M. A. Foley, 'oo, advanced and read as follows :

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—

“ On this day so full of joy and promise for you, the students of Ottawa University desire to express, though in a very humble manner it may be, their gratification at seeing one whom some knew as a fellow student, and whom all know both as a Professor and Disciplinarian, mount the Altar of the Most High for the first time.

Truly this is a day of days, when invested with the power of God's annointed, you offered up to Him the Body and Blood of Our Divine Saviour in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As Catholic young men, we venerate the priesthood, we honor the priesthood, we honor the priest, whoever he be. But our veneration is increased manifold towards the priest who was our fellow-student, and who is now one of our Professors. Will you accept then, Reverend and dear Father, the congratulations of the student body on this most auspicious occasion.

We confidently expect that you will be an honor to your Alma Mater, a zealous member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, a glory to the priesthood, and a source of wonderful strength to Our Holy Mother, the Church. Be assured, Reverend Father, that we have prayed, and will continue to ask for you the help of the Almighty in the discharge of your sublime office.

Now permit us to add a word in testimony of our admiration for your parents. Two sons enrolled under the banner of Religion ! Two sons doing their Master's work. Surely we love and respect the parents who, so forgetful of themselves, so deeply

devoted to their faith, could give up their sons and see them put on the simple, but glorious robe of Religion, with no other sentiments than those of joy and love. To them and to the other members of your family, we tender our sincerest congratulations.

In conclusion, Reverend Father, we repeat that our prayers will ascend continually for you, and we wish you from the depths of our hearts many years of fruitful labor in God's service. And we humbly ask you to remember the students in the all-powerful requests of a newly ordained priest, and finally we ask your blessing."

The Rev. Father Fallon here rose and thanked the students in a very touching manner for their cordial reception. Following Father Fallon, we had the pleasure of listening to one of our old friends, Rev. Dr. Fallon, who returned thanks to the student body in his own name, in that of his brother, and more especially in the name of his parents. Another 'Varsity cheer was then called for and given with a will as the happy party left the Study Hall.



Borne on seraphic wings, my soul elate,
Drunk with the wine of joy, doth palpitate
 In tremors of tumultuous excess ;
The touch of God, my Saviour, doth dissolve
My soul in rapturous ecstasies that revolve
 Round the wide orbit of my blessedness.

—*Rev. P. A. Sheehan.*



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 10

JUNE, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 10

VALETE.

In a few short days the class of 1900 will have bade farewell to the dear college home where they have spent many a pleasant hour. With a thousand delightful recollections crowding their memory's page, it is especially now, during the still remaining hours of their college-boy existence, that they must truly begin to realize what a world of real, genuine happiness college life affords. It is now that they must feel with painful keenness, how harsh a thing is separation from those dear friends, with whom their hearts so long have beat in unison, with whom their daily lives were linked in college-boy affection, during years of purest happiness destined to be for ever memorable.

THE REVIEW cannot permit the graduates of 1900 to depart our midst without speaking to them at least a little word of thanks,

or without breathing in their wake a sincere prayer for God speed. Much does our college journal owe them for their long untiring efforts in its behalf—efforts that we are glad to say, have been productive of much good, and that have been very highly appreciated. Much do REVIEW readers owe them for the excellent literary treats, they have so often, during the past few years, provided. Graduates of 1900, it is hard for us, very hard indeed, to say farewell ; yet say that word we must. Yes, farewell—adieu. To God you are committed ; in His holy keeping may you rest secure.

A HINT FOR VACATION.

“ Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,
I am not the utter slave which that man is,
Whose sole word, thought and deed are built on what
The world may say of him.”

These noble words of the late Alfred Tennyson should be on the lips of every Catholic student, as he is about to enter upon a period of home life and freedom from restraint, such as is represented by the summer holidays. Now, perhaps you will ask the question : “ How can there be made any practical application of the above sentiment to a boy’s conduct during vacation ? ” The answer is not hard to find and firmly establish, for, at no other time during the year, are students called upon to make such self-sacrificing efforts to prove their claim to true manliness, as during vacation. It is then that they encounter and have to overcome, the greatest number of dangerous temptations ; it is then especially, that the hellish demon of human respect, if allowed to gain even a partial mastery, plays havoc with whatever sentiments and habits of piety they had acquired during the previous ten months of college life.

Far are we from blaming that punctual exactness and perseverance with which many students attend to various pious practices during their stay at college ; on the contrary, in our opinion, such scrupulous fidelity argues well for their future eminence as men of honor and proficiency. Still, after all, it is very easy to be exact in the performance of these duties at college. When vacation comes, however, circumstances are quite different. Out-

side attractions are so numerous as to leave but little time for religious practices. One by one they are abandoned (not however without a pang of conscience) until, at the end of the holidays, the unfortunate student finds himself completely deprived of those noble sentiments which seemed as it were a second nature to him during the greater part of the previous term.

Now, if we were called upon to pass judgment regarding a student's real worth, we would, first of all, feel very much inclined to make inquiries as to how he spends vacation. If we find him just as faithful to duty and to his religious practices during vacation as he was at college, then we can at once conclude that he is a boy of character ; that his piety is not a miserable deceptive sham, only skin deep, but true and God like ; in fine that he is eminently worthy of our highest recommendation. On the contrary, if we find him lax and negligent during the holidays, we may safely cancel, without further inquiry, whatever good opinion we had previously formed regarding him.

There is no use denying that strict fidelity to duty during vacation supposes a generous persevering effort. It needs a noble Christian spirit to be always faithful in matters that, to worldly eyes, seem so comparatively small ; it needs a spirit of untiring self-sacrifice and of staunch independence. The boy that is the happy possessor of this spirit cares not what this one or that one may say about him. He avoids evil companions as if they had the small-pox. He does his duty always in spite of the sneers and taunts and gibes of his less piously inclined neighbors. In a word, though he may not yet have passed half way through his teens, he is, in every way, a true *man*. Such, we are confident, every Ottawa University student will be during the coming holidays.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

We are very grateful for the truly generous response made by many of our friends, to our appeal for funds in support of THE REVIEW. We are sorry however that some of our subscribers seem to have taken too seriously to heart the strong language we used with regard to unpaid subscriptions. Now, by way of explanation, we must state that any seemingly hard things we published

or wrote were not intended for such persons as had fallen behind in their subscription either through forgetfulness, or owing to their not having received a bill regularly every year, demanding payment. If no statements were sent out to subscribers last year or the year before, the present management were not aware of this omission, nor can they hold themselves responsible for it. We were under the impression that bills had been sent to subscribers every year, and, consequently, that those in arrears had either neglected or refused payment. A new editor, upon entering into office, is not likely to be coaxed into very pleasant humor by finding not a single cent in the treasury, many bills to meet, and hundreds of dollars due from various persons, all well able to pay. Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that even the most genial of editors are sometimes highly unpolite?—that in fact their language occasionally borders on profanity? Is it any wonder that they find it difficult to separate the tares from the wheat without inflicting injury on the latter?

We cannot let the present occasion pass without thanking our various exchanges, and likewise our numerous friends for their kind appreciation of our efforts. In fact so many good things have been said about us of late, that, during the past two or three months, we sometimes were sorely puzzled as to what measures we would adopt in order to bring our magazine to that standard of excellence for which we were receiving credit. Let us hope that the future management of THE REVIEW may be at least as successful as that of the past year; such is our sincere wish, and such, we feel confident, is likewise the wish of our numerous staunch supporters.

OUR NEWSPAPER VISITORS.

During the past ten months we have welcomed as constant weekly visitors to our sanctum, several publications, which, not being classified either as magazines or as exchanges, received no notice until now. It is, therefore, with feelings of the most profound gratitude, that we extend to the publishers of these papers our sincere thanks for sending them so regularly to our table, and for thus contributing so generously to our instruction in

matters regarding which every Catholic student should have a correct idea. We further thank them for thus providing us with a means of wholesome entertainment during many a long hour that otherwise would have proved extremely dull. We take great pleasure in recommending each and every one of these newspapers to the kind consideration of our readers. We unhesitatingly pronounce every one of them worthy of the generous support of Catholics.

First of all on our honor list, we find our transatlantic visitor, the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. With regard to this publication, there can be but one opinion, namely, that it is the best Catholic newspaper published in the English tongue. Next on our file, come *The Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, the *New York Catholic News*, and the *Intermountain Catholic*, all the way from Salt Lake City. As far as we can judge, these three are about the best exponents of sound Catholic views in the great American Republic. Our Canadian Catholic papers, although generally inferior to similar publications on the other side of the line, nevertheless give fair indications of journalistic merit.

Our regular Canadian visitors have been the *Catholic Record* from London, Ont., the *Catholic Register* from Toronto, and the *Northwest Review* from Winnipeg, Manitoba. The last mentioned publication, as the representative of the English Catholics of Manitoba, contains some very spirited articles. The best representative of Canadian Catholic journalism is, however, *The Casket* of Antigonish, N. S. A fearless spirit of Independence and an able style are its chief characteristics.

The best examples of the semi-political Catholic press, that reach our sanctum, are the *Pilot* and the *Republic* of Boston, and the *Irish World* of New York. These three excellent papers are the chief exponents of Irish American sentiment, and are characterized, especially the last mentioned, by a conspicuous absence of both love and respect for John Bull & Co. Other publications received regularly are the *Kalamazoo Augustinian* from Michigan, the *Missionary Record*, O.M.I., and the famous Kamloops *Wawa*. We sincerely wish all the above named periodicals a generous measure of success.

FOOTBALL NEXT FALL.

In looking over the schedule of games for next fall, we notice that the first match of the season will be played on Varsity Oval, Saturday, October 6th, when Ottawa College will meet their old time rivals, the Montrealers. A glance at the early date on which this game will be played, should be sufficient to remind our footballers of the absolute necessity of getting down to real hard work as soon as possible. The past few seasons, we are glad to remember, have seen the Garnet and Grey finish in the lead ; but we have not forgotten that, on one or two occasions, the reverse was nearly the case, and this too, for the sole reason that our men were late returning to college or, when they did arrive here, were slow in getting to work. Now it is not asking too much from every individual that intends to don a garnet and grey uniform next Fall, to request him to return to college on time, and to enter into training at the first practice. We are very much mistaken if the prospects for a good team to represent Ottawa College next Fall are not brighter by far than they have been for some years, and we hope that the finish of next season's football will see the championship, not only of Quebec, but also of Canada, safely within our college walls.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

THE REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to the Rev. J. Fallon, O.M.I., and to the Rev. O. Allard, O.M.I., on the occasion of their recent elevation to the sacred priesthood. Father J. Fallon is an old friend of our College journal, and a former member of the editorial staff. We are but interpreting the sentiment of the whole student body, in wishing the two new Fathers, a long and fruitful career in the sacred ministry.

Of Local Interest. J.T.W.

The managing-editor, Rev. Father McKenna, recently tendered the members of the REVIEW staff a sumptuous banquet at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer. The day chosen for the trip was an ideal one and it is needless to say that the members spent a most enjoyable time. "Jerry Hayes" and his brother were the chief-entertainers, and they proved conclusively that on occasion that a little nonsense can be enjoyed by even the *wisest* men. The editors tender their sincerest thanks to the Rev. Father for the agreeable surprise which he prepared for them and wish him unbounded success in his management of our college journal.

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On 23rd ult., our Bicycle Club wheeled to Aylmer, and the day being exceptionally fine, the boys had a very enjoyable trip. A bounteous spread was prepared for the excursionists by the genial host of the Victoria, and this having received due attention, the cyclists visited the beautiful park. After a pleasant ramble had there been indulged in and the "lost ones" brought out of the "Maze" the tired crowd started for Ottawa where they arrived early in the evening and, despite the fact that a few "novices" could not keep out of the ditches all were highly satisfied and readily moved a vote of thanks to those who directed the affair.

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Rev. Fathers Allard and Fallon, '96, celebrated their first mass on Trinity Sunday, the former in the University Chapel, the latter at St. Joseph's Church. At the University the young celebrant was assisted by Rev. Father Henault while Rev. Bros. Roy and Allard acted as deacon and subdeacon respectively. An impressive sermon was preached by the assisting-priest who took for his text the beautiful words of the "Magnificat" "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced..... For He that is mighty hath done great things to me." St. Joseph's Church was handsomely decorated for the solemn occasion while the choir rendered Gounot's celebrated "Messe Solonelle." The Rev. Dr. Fallon, '89, was assistant-

priest, while Rev. Father Benoit and Rev. Bro. Madden officiated respectively as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon for the day was eloquently delivered by Rev. D. A. Campbell, '90.

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At the Trinity Sunday ordinations the following students of the Ottawa University Theological Seminary received Holy Orders from the hands of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel :—

Priests.—A. Barette, '96, J. Fallon, '96, J. B. Horeau, O.M.I., J. O'Neill, O.M.I., O. Allard, O.M.I.

Deacons.—C. Maillard, Art. Barette, O.M.I., E. Lacombe, O.M.I.

Sub-Deacons.—G. Fitzgerald, '97, G. Prud'homme, '97, J. Desjardins, L. Archambeau, A. Lavergne, P. McKinnon, A. Madden, O.M.I., P. Baudry, O.M.I., E. Tessier, O.M.I., A. Hanon, O.M.I., C. Priour, O.M.I., E. Blanchard, O.M.I., C. Soubry, O.M.I., E. McQuade, O.M.I.

Minors.—E. Chatalain, J. Ethier, C. Paré, T. Bouillon, J. Kelly, O.M.I., A. Rivet, O.M.I.

Tonsure.—L. Bruckert, J. LeClainche, O.M.I., E. Plourde, O.M.I.

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Well boys, we have now come to the end and it seems that there is little left for us to do but to bid you all good-bye and wish you a very happy vacation.



In the Library. *M.S.*

The Catholic Student's Manual, compiled under the supervision of the Reverend H. Rouxel, P.S.S. Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Price 75c. to \$2.00, according to binding.

So many manuals of piety for the use of young men and boys have, from time to time, been published, that a new book of this kind, in order to attract much notice, must be one of more than ordinary excellence. Now we are of opinion that the little volume, which at present we have under consideration, is not only destined

to take an honorable place amongst similar works, but is certain, sooner or later, to supercede them all. There are many serious reasons for venturing this prediction. In the first place, the book we are examining is not merely a manual of piety ; it is moreover a most instructive and interesting compendium of valuable instruction on various questions relating to the practice of our holy religion. In the next place, the devotions and instructions contained in this book are set forth in an excellent English style, an advantage which is, in itself, no small motive for commendation. Then again, the fact that it is printed on Oxford paper enables its 708 pages to be comprised in a remarkably small space. Its size,—five inches by three, and three quarters of an inch thick,—as well as its flexible cover, make it convenient for the pocket. The print moreover is clear and sufficiently large, and the illustrations are first class. Our chief motive, however, for so strongly recommending this book to boys and young men, is the renown of the distinguished theologian under whose supervision it has been compiled. Throughout the length and breadth of America, Father Rouxel has long been known as an eminent authority on all matters ecclesiastical and liturgical. The very fact that he has carefully supervised the compiling of this book is in itself, an absolute assurance of the work's exact concordance with theology and with the teachings of the Church in every particular. With regard to its table of contents, we may say that this book comprises everything worth having, in the way of doctrine and piety. In a brief but remarkably lucid manner, it explains the principal feasts, teachings, and practices of the Church. Without the least hesitation we pronounce it the best boys' manual of piety we have ever handled. The work bears the "Imprimatur" of His Lordship, the Archbishop of Montreal.

In Ottawa, this prayer-book may be obtained from the Reverend Sisters of Gloucester Street Convent. Students of Ottawa University can procure copies from the Managing Editor of THE REVIEW at prices ranging from 60c. to \$1.60 per copy.

New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways. By Catherine E. Conway, Price \$1.25. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Maurice Francis Egan in his "Studies in Literature" sets as a standard for criticism of authors that "the poet in spite of himself must be religious." Apply this to "New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways" and we must affirm that Miss Conway has drawn her highest aspirations directly or indirectly from religion. The author of this volume does not take up our time in a dry recital of travel incidents, nor promise "a consecutive relation of experiences new to her, but familiar in their backgrounding, at least to most of her readers; but she proposes to take, here and there, a leaf from her memory's tablets, in which some fortunate incident may be of interest to others as recalling some pleasant reminiscence of their own." With this as a forewarning to the coming intellectual treat, the author of this charming volume delightfully sets forth scenes and incidents of a trip made to Europe during the summer of 1898. Here is an author who has evidently put to use the best of the characteristics of a born traveller—a keen eye, a mind alive to close observation and a memory retentive in picture holding; and, as a consequence, affords us pleasure whilst at the same time imparts information about people and places too little known by many readers. There is that desirable absence of a mass of details and of uninteresting enumerations of places visited, but instead of these dry bones the reader will find clever, graphical and attractive reminiscences of travel in England, Ireland and Italy. Every page of this work is delightful, but we confess a particular appreciation of that short chapter entitled "A Bit of Irish Ivy" and its consequent "A Literary Fairy Godfather and Other People of the Pen" wherein she introduces us to a galaxy of present day Irish poets, novelists and editors with whose brilliancy and scholarly attainments the Bostonian was so much impressed. The reader cannot easily forget her charming felicity in her description of Italian devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the grace with which she outlines the happier side of Italian life. The Catholic spirit and tone that prevail throughout the work, the style clever and often brilliant, the absence of any straining after effect, the true appreciation of the peculiar gran-

deur and greatness of those monuments of religious zeal found in Continental Europe, and finally, genuine fervour and patriotism are the leading characteristics that strongly recommend this work to the reader.

The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant.

by Mary E. Mannix.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The above is the title of an interesting tale recounting the adventures of a young Irish Emigrant boy in America. The volume as the title would indicate, is aptly intended for our young people but without doubt for many of their elders this story is just as thrilling and affecting. Throughout the book many beautiful pictures are drawn of child-like fervour and devotion to religion, of zeal and earnestness and then, here and there is a touch of pathos in the recital of the little emigrant's sufferings that makes this an admirable book to place before children. The author of this novel pays many excellent tributes to the probity and devotedness of the Irish emigrant, and then again not unconsciously perhaps levels some effective sarcasm at those despicable families who distort and change their good old Irish names for fashions sake. This work is characterized particularly by the authors fidelity to nature, for the reality is never overdone, the characters are faithfully portrayed and the incidents gracefully told. Mrs. Mannix, the author of this story has not that great creative power which is characteristic of Father Finn and other writers of fiction for our young people for she is deficient in the spirit of imagination. It is not our intention to pick flaws in this work but there is a severe misuse of words when the author makes Mrs. Olsen say "the young people they like better when the Father preach in American." Now when may we ask did a priest preach in American? Is this a mythical language, or that of the mound builders or the nomadic tribes of Indians or is that descriptive of what is termed English or forsooth Anglo Saxon? Withal it is a story to be commended and deserving of a careful perusal by all our readers.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.
Marlier Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass.

Savonarola has been the subject of many a lecture and essay during the past year, but of those that have contributed to Savonarola literature, the Rev. J. L. O'Neil is perhaps the most reliable and keenest critic of the great reformer. In the volume now at hand a number of valuable documents are brought together which make the new work one of especial importance to those who desire the latest information on this great historical subject. In this book is presented a question which is being fought with vigour in our own time, for many of the cleverest writers have endeavoured to remove the stain and reproach of the ban which is generally believed was placed on Savonarola. But the veil of obscurity which concealed the truth has been drawn back and the innocence of the great reformer firmly established. Father O'Neil first outlines the question, then in a masterly style discusses the problem from the standpoints of canon law and theology. Point after point is thus discussed to prove the innocence of Savonarola and the invalidity of the brief of excommunication published in Florence. The author has certainly placed before the public a valuable and interesting book on a most important historical question.

A Morning Paradise, by the Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.

The Cantic of The Magnificat, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

As we go to press, we are in receipt of the above mentioned two beautiful little books, from the *Ave Maria* press, Notre Dame, Indiana. We regret that want of time and space forbids us to enter upon a minute examination of these works, for they certainly deserve more than a passing mention. During its recent publication in the *Ave Maria*, "A Morning Paradise" was much admired and highly appreciated by our students. It is certainly one of the most touching tributes to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that has so far been published, at least in English. "The Cantic of the Magnificat," proves that its author's literary powers are not by any means confined to the sphere of fiction, in which of late, he has figured so prominently, but can betake themselves at will into the honeyed realms of real poetic talent. These little books should have a very wide sale, as their price, five cents a copy, retail, (paper cover) places them easily within reach of all.

Among the Magazines. M. T. C.

Poets have sighed for balmy spring and dilated on the opalescent beauty of autumn, but if students long for the hazy days of summer when they can steal along by some shady brook or etherialize themselves on some mountain top away from the classic world to enter into communion with Nature, surely we hold the summer numbers of our magazines to account. Certainly there should be no dearth of fiction in a summer issue, but rather a variety of it, and when supplemented by some luminous essays, descriptions, or readable poetry, a magazine is produced whose contents are suited to the most exacting of readers.

Viewed in this light, the June number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is essentially a summer number. "Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell" is the title of an interesting article that recalls some of the leading characteristics of the great Liberator. The writer does not touch upon any of the stirring scenes during the stormy times when O'Connell was battling for Catholic Emancipation, but rather upon those features of his private life, particularly his strict observance of his religious duties, his Christian fortitude, and family affection, which hitherto have been comparatively unknown in comparison with characteristics of his public career. "Donoghoregan Manor" is descriptive of the historic residence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a name dear to American hearts. The fiction of the issue is well selected with the exception of "A Mayme Brannigan" which is indeed a very ordinary production.

Realizing the importance of the question of education at this time of the year, the *Catholic World* in its June issue devotes the greater number of its pages to contributions treating on this all important movement. One of the leading articles of the number at hand is Father McDermott's strong plea for the support of the Chair of Philosophy in Trinity College, Washington. Under the title of "A Plan in the History of Nature," Dr. Seton has an instructive paper bearing on the development of organic life and the wonderful changes in nature. The spirit of the true Catholic Naturalist is reflected in this sentiment "that the study of nature would afford us very little joy if we did not believe that in the

midst of so much that is changing and fleeting, there is an Infinite Being who is guiding all things for our good and who Himself does not change." Monseigneur Paul Terzian contributes a most interesting article on "Religious Customs among the Armenians." Though the majority of the Armenians are still schismatics, yet many of them, through the efforts of our Catholic clergy have returned to the unity of Rome, while only a very meagre number of them adhere to Protestantism despite the amount of American missionary money that is poured into their province. The meeting of Montalembert and O'Connell at Derrynane forms the subject matter of an interesting article in this issue. The French cherish a great reverence and admiration for O'Connell as evidenced in many of the biographies of the great Emancipator written by French authors.



Exchanges. §.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is without doubt, one of the best college journals published in America. The high standard of literary excellence which it ever maintains is equalled by but few of the others. Thoughtful articles on topics of interest, and spicy short stories are interwoven with choice verses, and supplemented by very readable editorial and local matter. "A study of Tennyson" in the issues of May 19th and 26th, is a splendid criticism of the writings of the famous laureate. The tenor of the article may be judged from the concluding sentences: "As a poet he is inferior—in originality, spontaneity and strength of conception—to Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats; as an artist he is next to Milton. His voice is the clearest and sweetest, though not the strongest of the nineteenth century." "Quo Vadis" is brief but to the point. It shows the deplorable strain of immorality which sullies the great Polish novelist's masterpiece. But some of the writer's other statements are, in our estimation, not quite so correct. The element of improbability which he endeavours to point out in some of the passages is, to say the least, ill-founded. He will find very few to agree with him that the portraiture of the Apostles is unnatural, or that the revolu-

tion in the character of Vicinius is not possible, while whosoever has read the book will surely resent the charge of "dullness" which he lays against it.

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"God or no God—Reason's Answer" in the June *Xavier* is a philosophical essay of much merit. The scholastic method of reasoning out the existence of God is explained in detail. "Wireless Telegraphy" is dealt with in a comprehensive but somewhat short paper. It is accompanied by an illustration exemplifying the workings of the transmitter and receiver.

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Good essays are nothing unusual in the *Abbey Student*, and the last issue contains quite a few of them. "Theoretical Study of Oratory" and "Elements of Life in Fiction" are worthy of the highest commendation. They convey a great deal of valuable information, the acquisition of which must certainly have taken time and pains. If we were to find fault with them at all, it would be merely to remark that the style of both is at times seemingly labored. The study of Shakespeare has produced a clever character sketch of Iago, and another paper on the great William's "Indebtedness to Other Writers." But unfortunately it is also responsible for a miserable attempt to sing the praises of the "Sweet Swan of Avon." The only merit of this *poem* is its rhyme. Rhythm or thought there is none, and we cannot see where the author bases his "pretentions to the Muses' fair inventions and their grace." Nor is the "very graceful diction" of the fiction-writer who dished up "The Forest Fire" as apparent as we would be led to believe.

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Other articles in our exchanges worth reading, and which we are unable to notice at greater length, are "The Real in the Inferno," and "The Traveller" in the *Viatorian*; "Fiat Lux" in *St. Vincent's Journal*; and the speeches in the Wisconsin—Georgetown Debate on "Municipal Ownership," published in the *Journal* of the latter university.

We have now come to the conclusion of the year's work. The members of the widespread fraternity of ex-men can at last relax their labors and throw aside their inky weapons. With a sigh of relief perhaps they are generally discarded, but surely not unmingled with recollections of pleasant and profitable hours spent in the company of college papers from far and near. It is sometimes alleged by college journals, as an excuse for the absence of this department from their pages, that the work it imposes upon the writer is out of proportion to the good it may do him. But certainly anyone who has had the least experience in this line will not agree with the statement. Of the heap of college magazines which appear on our exchange table, very few, from a literary point of view, can be classed as poor, the great majority contain as a rule well written and valuable articles, while a large proportion of them, with regard both to quality and quantity, are on a par with many of the more pretentious monthlies. How then can the ex-man fail to derive a great benefit from his work of perusing and criticising these periodicals? Aside from the practice it gives him, the knowledge which he derives thereby, is as valuable as varied. Bearing these things in mind we, who are now bidding farewell to this column may feel sure that we will never regret the work which it entailed upon us.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

The following former students studying at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, received orders on the 9th inst: Deacons—Rev. John Ryan, '97; Sub-deacons—Rev. J. M. Foley, '97; M. J. McKenna, '97; Minor orders—Mr. E. Bolger, '98.

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Rev. D. Campbell, '90, P. P. of Dickinson's Landing, preached the sermon on the occasion of the first Mass of Rev. J. Fallon, O. M. I., '96, in St. Joseph's Church, the 10th inst. The Rev. gentleman called at our sanctum to renew acquaintances.

Rev. E. L. French, '91, of Brudenell, Ont., was here for a few days during the month. The visits of such a true friend of Alma Mater and of THE REVIEW, are always most agreeable.

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Rev. F. J. McGovern, '80, of Gloucester, Ont., is ill at the General Hospital. It is the hope of his many friends that he will soon recover.

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Messrs. P. J. Nolan, ex-'98, and J. Tasse, ex-'96, successfully passed the Ontario Pharmacy examinations at Toronto, and are now fully qualified to make pills and fill prescriptions. Mr. Nolan was silver medalist of the class. THE REVIEW congratulates the gentlemen on their well merited success.

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Mr. R. U. Belanger, ex-'94, has opened up a new drug store on the corner of Daly and Cumberland streets. Good luck Raoul.

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Bede Kearnes has successfully passed the first year's examinations in medicine at McGill, Montreal.

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THE REVIEW congratulates D. E. Murphy, B. A. '92 of Ashcroft, B.C., on his recent success in the political arena.

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After this issue the zero class (1900), many of whom are on the editorial staff, will be numbered among the *Priorum Temporum Fores*, *Sic transit*.



Athletics. T. G. Morin.

A meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on Saturday, June 9th. The meeting was called for the purpose of drawing the schedule of games for the coming season. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs T. G. Morin, '01,

1st Vice President of the I. R. U., and Jas. E. McGlade, '01, President of the O. U. A. A.

The following is the schedule of the I. R. U., senior series for the season of 1900 ;

DATE.	TEAMS.	GROUNDS.
Oct. 6.....	College vs Montreal	College.
" 6.	Britannia vs. Brockville	Britannia.
" 13.	Britannia vs. Montreal	Britannia.
" 13.....	Brockville vs College.....	Brockville.
" 20.....	College vs, Britannia	College.
" 20.	Montreal vs. Brockville	Montreal.
" 27.....	Montreal vs. College	Montreal.
" 27.....	Brockville vs. Britannia	Brockville.
Nov. 3.....	Britannia vs. College	Britannia.
" 3.	Brockville vs. Montreal	Brockville.
" 10.....	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal.
" 10.....	College vs. Brockville	College.



Junior Department.

FAREWELL GREETING.

Ere the inspiring strains of "Home Sweet Home," have stirred our souls with their deepest import and melody, the inhabitants of Lilliput wish to express their most heartfelt sentiments of gratitude to all that have, in any way, aided in making the waning term a pleasant and successful one.

To His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who has shown during his presence among us, the deepest interest in the welfare and happiness of the small boys, we offer words of filial love and esteem. With grateful hearts, we pray that his stay with the younger members of his flock may be counted among the happiest years that he has spent in the "Land of the Maple Leaf."

Nor shall we forget to offer our sincerest thanks to our kind and indefatigable Prefect, the Rev. Father Henault, O. M. I. In

recognition of the unswerving attention that he has always given us in our moments of joy and sadness, we affectionately breathe forth a sincere "Thank you Father." We assure our kind and devoted Prefect that we depart from his care with fond souvenirs of attachment to himself and to our Alma Mater—souvenirs that will long remain engraved on our hearts.

To professors and disciplinarians,—to all with whom we have had any intimate connections, we offer sentiments of grateful thanks.

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The near approach of vacation has not in any way lessened the athletic spirit of our young friends. The first and second teams continue to play baseball games on congé days. A few days ago both teams crossed bats with city clubs and brought victory to the Small Yard.

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The Junior Editor takes occasion to congratulate his short panted friends on the deep interest they have always taken in everything that promoted good feeling in Lilliput. They are now able to look back upon the closing Scholastic term as one full of stirring incidents, dear to every young student. A cursory perusal of the events recorded monthly in the Junior Department of THE REVIEW will prove sufficiently that our young students' lives are pleasant ones. There were a few blurs on the bright pages of the year's record, but we assure our young friends that these faults are now written in water.

Well done then boys ! May the folds of victory ever remain floating over the sportive citadel of Lilliput.

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From the serious application given by the Juniors to their studies, we feel confident that many of them will leave us with the much-sought-for diploma. Though there are some that will not receive the desired parchment, we are assured however that they worked hard and conscientiously in the performance of duty.

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Boys ! Our faithful old friend, Captain Moonlight will drop many a silent tear when, during the course of the next two months, he finds the Junior campus vacant. He is, however, a farseeing

seer, he will untoubtdly visit the homes of many Lilliputian. He has already sent reporters to Chapleau, North Bay, East Templeton, Marquette, Mich., Sweetsburg, Pittsburg, Arthabascaville, and many other *great* cities of Canada and the United States.

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In the April issue of the REVIEW the Local Chronicler kindly advised our less pretentious reporter to use his weapons of wit upon the Lilliputians that belong to the small yard. The Junior Editor answers his friend that the object of *all* literary art is to teach. It is true that our round of teaching *should* be confined to the small yard, but *circumstances* alter cases. If we wish to be successful in leading our young midgets to their ultimate end, we must destroy all the evil influences that the Lilliputians may chance to meet with on their way. But many of these evils drift over to us from the big men beyond the picket fence. As our local Editor therefore does not see fit to correct his fellow students in their erratic ways, we feel justified *through an unbounded spirit of charity* to bring these seniors to a sense of their duty.

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C.—Well you see if the hill doesn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet had better go to the hill.

J.—Yes ! But in what way ?

S.—Why, *Con*-way of course.

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Prof.—There were'n't any *men* came to see you, were there Mr. C. ?

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SPECIAL !!!

Before bidding a fond "Au Revoir" to his young companions, the Junior Editor thanks them sincerely for having allowed him to enjoy existence during his brief career as Lilliputian chronicler. At the outset into his new field of labors, he did not foresee a very hopeful future. Providence has however deigned to smile upon him, and he now wipes his pen, dear friends, pleased with his past efforts and grateful to his young companions for the encouragement they always tended me.—The pen is laid aside.

FAREWELL.

